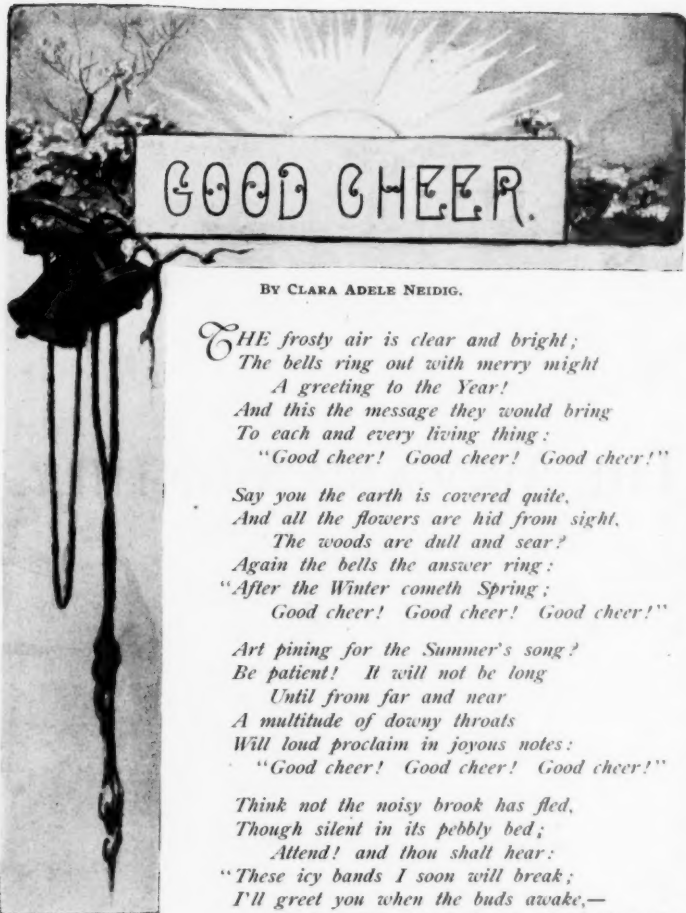


# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

VOLUME III.

*- June*  
JANUARY, 1895.

NUMBER 4



# GOOD CHEER.

BY CLARA ADELE NEIDIG.

*THE* frosty air is clear and bright;  
The bells ring out with merry might  
A greeting to the Year!  
And this the message they would bring  
To each and every living thing:  
"Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!"

Say you the earth is covered quite,  
And all the flowers are hid from sight,  
The woods are dull and sear?  
Again the bells the answer ring:  
"After the Winter cometh Spring;  
Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!"

Art pining for the Summer's song?  
Be patient! It will not be long  
Until from far and near  
A multitude of downy throats  
Will loud proclaim in joyous notes:  
"Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!"

Think not the noisy brook has fled,  
Though silent in its pebbly bed;  
Attend! and thou shalt hear:  
"These icy bands I soon will break;  
I'll greet you when the buds awake,—  
Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!"

Our hearts, alas, too often hold  
Their winter days of frost and cold,  
When all is dark and drear!  
The New Year bids us hope away;  
Its joy-bells, ringing, seem to say—  
"Good cheer! Good cheer! Good cheer!"



OVER SIXTY ILLUSTRATIONS.

KE

XUM

OCTAVE THANET'S MIDLAND "THE PRISONER."

GEORGE F. PARKER'S FIRST CONTRIBUTION TO THE MIDLAND.

THE MIDLAND'S SEPTEMBER 30TH PRIZE STORY, PAPER AND POEMS.

Vol. 3.

JANUARY.

No-1.

# THE MIDLAND MONTHLY

A MAGAZINE  
DEVOTED TO  
MIDLAND LIT-  
ERATURE & ART

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## THE PRISONER.

BY OCTAVE THANET.

ALMOST anyone would naturally stop and look over the trig fence at the farm-house behind the row of Lombardy poplars and the pink azaleas. There was a neatness about the furrows, a fat, sleek contentment about the cattle in the pasture, and the brook under the willows was so pretty. Nevertheless, Adam Hull would have hurried past—for he was expecting to meet his wife at the station two miles away—had not a dog's howls smote his ears. He was a tender-hearted man with animals, and he stopped. His handsome, fair face darkened.

"Well, he *is* a mean man," he muttered, "if he ain't beating that dog I gave Aggie!"

But he reflected that the train would be due in half an hour and, shutting his ears, he lifted the reins. Yet he didn't go on. Instead, with a flushed and knitted brow, he sprang out of the wagon and ran into the yard. The dog's sharp yelps had trailed off into whimpering cries. He lay on the ground and over him stood a man with a whip, who, in turn, was clasped in the arms of a young woman. She thrust her slight figure between the man and the trembling beast. "Whip us both, then!" she cried.

"Let go that dog!" the man said, not loudly but with concentrated passion in his tones.

"I won't!"

"Then I'll make you."

"You coward!" sobbed the woman.

"Oh, you mean, cruel coward!"

The man straightened himself up and, as he did so, shifted his whip from one hand to the other. Something flashed silver white when the right hand appeared again. "If you don't let go that dog and let me lick him for chasing chickens, I'll kill him!" said he.

The woman lifted her white face. "It isn't because he chased chickens that you

want to kill him; it's because he loves me and I love him. You torment him to hurt *me*."

The man stood looking at her darkly. Adam hesitated. There were stories afloat about Ned Bruce's temper and his furious disregard of consequences when in a passion. "If he strikes her, I'll interfere, gun or no gun!" thought Adam, lingering in the shadow of the poplars.

He did not strike her; he flung out his arms in a gesture of anguish of anger, of rage dumb and impotent; then he strode away.

Only the sound of the woman's weeping and her broken words of pity and caressing to the dog, were heard. "I shall have to, poor Jump," she sobbed, "I can't bear to see him abuse you so, day after day! There's where he threw the hot water on you just because you came into the kitchen. Poor Jump, good Jump! Oh, Jump, it won't hurt you, if I kill you! It will be me, me that it will hurt!" The tears were flowing unrestrained while the dog strove to comfort a grief he did not comprehend, by wagging his tail and licking her face. Adam Hull stepped hastily forward. His wife afterward told him that he ought to have pretended to come from outside, after a decent interval and plenty of warning noise; but he blundered in, choking with sympathy.

"Don't feel so bad, Aggie," cried he, "give *me* the dog; I'll take care of it!"

The woman lifted her pretty, tear-stained face and made a piteous effort at composure. "I am just silly as I can be," she said. "Mr. Bruce wanted to whip him for chasing chickens, but I can't bear to have him punished, he howls so!" She rose to her feet as she spoke and arranged her disordered dress. Very pretty she looked as she stood there, in her thin gown with its crumpled roses, and her

cheeks the color of the printed flowers. But Adam Hull was not thinking of her beauty. Rather ruefully he asked, "Does he chase chickens *bad*, Aggie?"

"No, he never chased them before to-day," answered she. And he did not notice that her tone had changed; it was colder and quieter. "I think it was a mistake and just for fun to-day, for he went around the yard with me every day and he never bothered anything. But he is just young and playful."

"I guess he won't bother the chickens," Adam nodded as if reassured. "He's the kind of dog a lady would get fond of, don't you think?" There was a note of irresolution in his voice masked by cheerfulness.

"Oh, yes," said Aggie eagerly, "she couldn't help it. He knows tricks!"

Adam nodded again. "I guess you better let me take him home. I guess he sorter bothers Bruce."

Bruce, for his better convenience in thrashing the dog, had tied a rope to his collar; by that same rope Jump was led away, to be finally hoisted into Adam's wagon. Neither Adam nor Mrs. Bruce noticed that Bruce, behind the grape vines, directed a burning gaze over every motion.

Adam was now in a desperate hurry and Agnes Bruce had no time for more than a single glance at the wistful eyes of the hound.

"Thank you, Adam," was all she said; to which Adam responded in an embarrassed way, "Oh, that's all right, Aggie. Ella will drop in sometime soon and tell you how he gets along!"

Then she was watching the dust and the whirling wheel-spokes. Very soon she turned, there was supper to get in the house; the burden of her daily life sank more heavily, more hopelessly down on her shrinking shoulders.

"I'd like to steal Ned's pistol and shoot myself," she muttered, "I don't believe it would be wicked—the way things are!"

She had begun to set the supper table, wondering drearily how she could ever have been so pleased as she was over the pretty table linen and the new china.

"That was before I was married," she thought. "Oh, if girls only knew!"

But in general her state of mind was too stunned for even silent words. She crawled about the room and, half of instinct, repeated every tidy, usual motion in preparing the table. Once or twice her mind strayed dully after Adam; but his presence, that had once been the center of a young girl's romance, failed to move her now. "He was afraid of Ned," she thought, "and he was afraid his wife wouldn't like Jump. He never really cared for me. I wish I never had seen him. Maybe then I wouldn't have married Ned!"

Dizzily her thoughts crawled backwards through her husband's courtship. First, it was Adam came to see her, driving out from the village, where he kept a store, to her father's farm. Those handsome greys that he was driving to-day used to know the way to Alfred Robbins' gate well enough to traverse it in the dark. One day he brought her a hound with long ears and beamy, dark eyes, so swift and agile of limb that Aggie called him Jump. More than once he brought her candy of a choicer sort than he sold in the store, the boxes decked with paper lace and a flattened pair of tin tongs, to Aggie a truly sumptuous offering.

Aggie's mother went about among the neighbors, incidentally mentioning Hull's presence in the house and his gifts to Aggie. The girl never remembered seeing her mother so cheerful. Mrs. Robbins was a gaunt woman with more wrinkles than her years needed, an anxious eye and a stoop of the shoulders. By unremitting energy she had kept a thriftless husband's head above water; and unwelcome as every one save the eldest had been, she had loved and tended all her great family. Aggie, however, was her idol, and to have Aggie marry well, marry a man who could "do for her," as she expressed it, was the one vivid hope in her colorless life.

Aggie was nineteen, teaching school, and flinging her meager salary into the hole of the family expenses. To nineteen,

the first lover who has straight eyes and a good coat on his back is gilded by romance into a hero.

Aggie regarded Adam's narrow shoulders, untanned cheeks and white hands with admiration; she saw how kind was his nature; and she had no doubt that she loved him.

But one Sunday night Adam did not come. Instead, Ned Bruce, who was her father's landlord, followed him into the kitchen. His dark face flushed as he greeted Aggie.

"What's the matter with him?" thought Aggie, carelessly. But he was a lenient landlord and she bestirred herself to help entertain him, although her ears ached, straining after every sound outside which might be twisted into the rattle of wheels. Bruce laughed loudly at her girlish pleasantries. He seemed uncommonly interested in her scholars. After a while, to do honor to the guest, a plate of apples was brought up; and Aggie's mother praised a certain tree in Bruce's orchard.

"They do taste good," said Bruce. "Say, Mrs. Robbins, let me send you over a barrel to-morrow."

The children's eyes were all shining. Each had been provided with half an apple, which was rapidly disappearing. Mrs. Robbins said she wouldn't have children eat much just before they went to bed, there was nothing so unhealthy. The oldest boy sat near Bruce and furtively smoothed the fur cuffs of his overcoat. "I like you," he said, shyly.

The speech made Bruce redden again. "Well, that makes it even," said he, "for I like *you*." But he looked up and smiled at Aggie.

The next day the barrel of apples came. Casually, also, Bruce gave little Jonas a new pocket-knife with more blades in it than any Robbins boy had ever seen. Jonas was sure he was "an awful nice man," and frankly demanded of his sister why she wouldn't marry him instead of Adam.

"I'm not expecting to marry either of them," replied Aggie, tartly. Nevertheless, she experienced a certain gratitude

toward Bruce because he had diverted her mother's thoughts from Adam's absence. She winced at the thought of her mother's disappointment. In fact, she suffered more from the dread of that, than from any wound in her own heart.

Since she was ten years old, she had been her mother's confidant. She knew every small economy that was practised in the household. It was she who declined the meat always at supper, meat made her have bad dreams.

"Well, I don't see what's become of Adam," Mrs. Robbins did say a few times during the next fortnight, "seems to me he acts awful queer!" But before the fortnight was over an interview with Bruce had changed her approbation of Adam into irritated dread. She only feared now that Aggie cared for him, and she heard with actual relief of his attentions to Ella Rhodes.

"They do say," she told Aggie, "as how he has been courting Ella for a year, but they had a tiff of some sort and they've just made it up. Mrs. Martin told me. I'm 'bout sure she just wanted to be hateful. But I matched her. 'He's been awful attentive to Aggie,' says I, 'but I guess it was only tryin' to keep his mind took up. I *hope* so,' says I, 'seeing how Aggie has another beau she likes better—'"

Aggie's delicate cheek grew hot. "But you know I aint, ma—"

"I know you *have*, Aggie. Ned Bruce spoke to me 'bout you this week, and he's a man Adam can't hold a candle to. Look at the way he's done that farm since his pa died! He owns two big farms and our little one, and there aint a more respected man. He could go to the legislature any day if he'd only turn democrat."

Two months later Aggie married Bruce. To-day, the first months of her married life were passing before her, unformed and shapeless, here a mist, there a startlingly vivid scene. "He was good to me, for a while," she said to herself, "but then, they always are, they say, at first."

He was "awful kind," he really was, until that day he came back from town full of the gossip he had heard about her and Adam. He asked her about it and he asked in such a tone that she grew angry. And then—she had heard Ned had a temper, but she did not know what the words meant.

On the table stood the pretty cups and saucers, sent her by Adam for a wedding present. One by one her husband hurled them savagely at the empty stove. She started up to save them but he held her at arm's length with one iron hand, while the other wrecked cup after cup.

It was just as he turned away, the last saucer gone, that Jump crept into the room. A snarl, like a wild beast's, escaped Bruce. "*He* gave him to you—that's why you're so everlastingly fond of that d—dog!" he yelled. Remembering, Aggie put her hands before her eyes as if thus she could shut out the vision of the rage-distorted face of her husband, the brutal motion of his foot and the hound's body flying through the window.

That was the first outburst. She was too angry to reason. She locked herself in her room. He did not come to it; maybe because he had read the note she left down stairs. Did she perchance hope that he would disregard her hot words and plead for forgiveness? If so, she was disappointed. When she came down to breakfast she found the fire lighted and the milk strained as usual; and he was standing, very tall and strange looking, by the kitchen table.

"I just wanted to say one word to you," said he, not raising his eyes, glowering at the buckle of her belt. "You don't need to lock your door; I wouldn't touch you with a ten-foot pole, now I know you think more of another man than you do of me!"

Aggie's lips parted; yet she did not speak. She did think more of Adam, who was always so kind to beasts, than of this torturer of her dog. And while she hesitated, he darted at her one strange, tormented look and strode away.

Then began a woeful life. Ned threw himself doggedly into work. Most of

the time he did not speak to her at all; but occasionally an excess of anger would possess him, making him almost like a maniac. He never laid his hand on her, but once he cruelly flogged Jump because he would not go back to the house at his command. Another time he flung boiling water on the dog for coming into the kitchen with muddy feet. He had said, the last time, that he didn't mean to hit the dog. The first time his only remark was, "That'll teach him to mind, next time."

Yet he was not always unkind, though never pleasant and gentle any more. One day, she found a great box on the table and, ranged beside it, a dozen cups of the exact pattern and size of those that had been broken. A note was open on one of the cups. It read:

These are as good as those that fellow gave. I would have sent them sooner, but they had to send away for them.

Aggie had experienced a movement of forgiveness, almost of attraction towards him. But at supper, he bore the same lowering brow and rigid mouth that she had grown to fear; and her carefully studied words of kindness ebbed away from her lips, as birds fly at the sight of a hunter's gun. Her hand held the new tea cup towards him, trembling.

"I'm obliged for the cups," she said. Fear made her voice cold.

"That's all right," said he. In a minute he added, "Did you count them?"

"No," faltered she.

"There's two extry for those there, holding flowers," said he, "and I want them."

"Why, Ned," she asked, "what's the harm of keeping them?"

"No harm maybe; it's jest my little notion." So saying, he made two strides to the window where pansies bloomed in a tea-cup lacking only a handle and a saucer with but a slight nick; cup and saucer he took up in his hand. First, he dropped the cup on the newspaper which she saw had been spread on the floor, and ground his heel into plant and china until they were a shapeless mass; next,

he flung down the saucer to splinter it, in the same fashion. Something in his face, in his cold fury, frightened his wife. She was silent.

"I don't want any of that d— fool's truck round!" said he, sitting down at the table. He ate in morose dumbness; but she noticed—what she might have noticed before, had she been older or less absorbed in the tumult of her own feelings—that he showed her a certain deference and observance. Her plate was never empty that he did not proffer something to refill it. He lifted the heavy tea-kettle and poured the water into the dishpan, after supper. He carried the pans of milk into the ice-house where they were kept. He always filled the ice-box in the pantry and the wood-box in the kitchen. And until to-day she had at least kept her domestic misery to herself. In one respect, too, her husband had not disappointed her; his kindness to her people was all she had hoped it would be, and more. There had gone over to the farm, where her father lived rent free, a continual overflow from Bruce's plenty. Jonas had a colt of his own. Her mother had Brahmas and Plymouth Rock fowls among the barn-yard pitebeians of the leaner days. She never wore but she continually gloried in a black silk bought her by her son-in-law. Every time Aggie saw her mother's face, with its new look of placid satisfaction, she resolved afresh not to complain. And Bruce had helped her. Did Mrs. Robbins come, he would always detain her for the next meal. During the meal he might be grave, but he was neither cross nor sullen; and sometimes he spoke to Aggie almost in his old manner.

"There aint no need of pestering the old lady with our bickerings," he said.

Afterwards, she wished she had thanked him for showing her that much consideration, but at the time her misery choked her.

Trivial incidents of the same sort thronged on her. "It seems as if he wasn't *all* bad," she thought, "but then—he can be so hateful, and what will I do if he should be cruel, cruel to—"

Even at the thought the poor child broke down and sobbed. "O! what shall I do—what shall I do?" she moaned over and over. "I am so frightened. Oh, I hope I'll die! Oh, Lord, I've tried to be a good girl. *Please* let me die!"

She got up, restless in her agony and began to walk the floor. As she passed the window, the pictures outside froze her into a statue of chill fright. A peaceful picture a stranger might have called it,—the old-fashioned garden flooded with tranquil evening light, and, darkly shaped against the glow, his figure rimmed by the setting sun, a man leaning on an axe-handle. Over the fence clambered a dog with a weight dangling at his heels. The weight—which was such as is used to hold gentle horses,—caught on the fence and kept the dog captive, writhing and howling. Aggie understood it all in a flash. Adam had let the dog out of the wagon while he was waiting for the train, and Jump had dragged his weight all the way home. Her heart was in her ears, pounding her breath away, as she looked at the faithful, meek creature struggling to crawl up to the feet of the man with the axe.

"He'll kill him! He said he would kill him!" she muttered. Useless as she knew her intercession to be, she tottered to the door—and stopped.

A most amazing thing had happened. The axe lay on the ground and Ned was patting Jump's head. His hand slipped down to the dog's neck—Jump all the time wagging his tail so violently Aggie could hear the thumps on the ground—and strap and collar fell together.

Bruce waved his hand, saying something at which the hound bounded away, to burst through the spring door and jump joyously on his mistress.

Bruce remained, his head sunk on his breast, in the attitude of one pondering deeply. At last he shook himself and walked briskly up to his own door. He entered but did not come into the dining room, going directly up stairs. She could hear him moving about in the chamber which he now occupied.

What did it mean? What would he do next? Memories stirred in her heart of the days when he had been kind, when she had not shrunk from him, when even a timid affection and a pride that was very sweet, in his manly strength and daring, had begun to console her. She brushed away thoughts and visions; she cried out that she hated him, had always hated him; but his eyes would seem to shine again as they had once or twice; she felt a kiss timid as passionate on her hair, and, in a mixture of feelings she could not understand, found the tears rolling down her cheeks. His step aroused her. He was passing through the hall. Hastily she dried her eyes. He did not come in. She saw him going through the yard, wearing the good clothes he always wore to town. "He is going to town; I am glad. I *am* glad!" said she. And as she rose and went again to the window she repeated, "I *am* glad. I wish he'd stay!"

But in a minute she had left the window and gone out on the piazza to ring the bell. "He ought to have something to eat before he goes,"—so she excused her action to herself.

He was half way to the barn, where a hail had stopped him. Behind the honeysuckle, Aggie, unseen herself, could see Adam Hull's horses trotting up to the gate. In the wagon beside Adam sat his wife, shielding her new blue outing suit with her husband's linen duster, and slipping her arms out of the duster as she drew in sight of the house.

"*She* will have to know!" thought the poor wife. She lingered and did not step out; though why she waited she hardly knew. Bruce stepped up to the wagon. He spoke with perfect calmness and civility.

"I was just going to hunt you up, Hull. Good evening, Mrs. Hull." He removed his hat. "Say, Hull, the dog you took came back and I was glad enough to see him. I got in one of my damn-fool tempers at him for chasing a little sick chicken that's a pet and follows me about; and I wanted to cut the heart out of him. My

wife punished me just right by giving him away. But I guess she punished herself, too; and, anyhow, when the feller came back and, you might say, begged my pardon, I felt all-fired cheap—"

"Did he get back?" cried Mrs. Hull. "I told Adam that was where he'd gone."

"Yes, ma'am. He came back with the weight on him—couldn't keep him; and the happiest dog you ever saw to get back! Now, that's what I'm coming to. I'd like to buy that dog of you, Hull. I've a Hereford calf—"

Adam interposed hastily, with the warmth of a much relieved man. "Oh, take him, you're welcome—you see we keep chickens, too."

"We wouldn't have him for a gift if you ain't going to hurt him," chimed in Mrs. Hull.

"I shall never lick him again," said Bruce very sternly, "but look here, you've *got* to take that Hereford calf. Your wife can take it if you wont. Say, Mrs. Hull, just come over to the barn and look at it, once!"

Adam Hull wondered if he had dreamed of the violent passions of husband and wife, when he heard Ned Bruce asking his own wife to stay to supper, and calling Aggie to come out and help him keep them; and Aggie prettily seconding the invitation. "I guess they aint so mad at each other, after all," he reflected.

But his shrewder wife noted Aggie's red eyelids and said to herself, "Humph, Ned Bruce may be awful nice, now; but I've heard of his temper before; I'm glad he aint *my* husband!"

She accepted the calf, which Adam had fain declined; but she would not stay to supper. Ned and his wife ate the meal alone and almost in total silence. Neither of them had any appetite. After supper, Ned as usual filled Aggie's dishpans and then went out in the yard. He was gone so long that the dishes were washed and his wife's brown head was bent over her sewing in a white halo of lamp-light, when he stood on the threshold.

He looked at her thus for a few moments,—his handsome dark face work-

ing,—before he entered. He did not notice, being strongly moved, that she thrust her work into the basket near her; but he did notice her frightened eyes and how she half rose at his entrance as if for a stranger. His mouth quivered a little. But when he spoke his voice was gentle and sad. "Aggie," said he, "when I get mad I don't know what I'm doing; and I got mad at Jump. I was angry at other things, too. I—aint—I aint so angry, now. I'm sorry. I bought the dog back from Hull. He aint Hull's dog any more, he's *mine*. Will you take him for a present from *me*? I'll never lick him again. Will you?"

Aggie did not look up yet. "Yes, Ned, she said, and she added a timid "thank you."

"That's all right. May I sit down here a minute? What's that you got there, sewing?" He only said it to make talk, he was so embarrassed, this young husband before his estranged wife.

Before she could interpose, he pulled the dainty bit of silk and flannel out of the basket. His face changed; his eyes flashed from his hand to her crimsoning face. Slowly the red dyed his own face. He could not speak; but she bent her head and, not raising it, she lifted the basket and pushed it in front of him.

"Wait—wait a minute," he gasped, "I—I can't—I'll be back pretty soon."

Then she was alone and he had rushed out into the night. She did not know how he felt; she did not know how she felt herself; but suddenly she found herself at the door calling his name. More than once she called before he came.

"Don't you be running and hollering and exciting yourself," he said, as he came up the steps; and he stood back until she should enter the house. He handed her a chair but he remained on his feet and, during the conversation that followed, sometimes he would walk up and down and sometimes lean over the back of the empty chair in which he had sat, and sometimes talk with his back to her, staring out of the window,—in all postures or motions showing an agitation that

was plain likewise in his pallid face and somber eyes and knitted brow, with the wet, black hair dropping over it.

"Aggie, I've got to talk to you. I aint much hope it will make you feel kindly to me, but I've got to try to make you feel you don't need to be afraid of me like you are! You don't know how I feel, Aggie. I've got to begin at the beginning. Aggie, I've been getting fonder and fonder of you for a year. You thought it was business; that I came over just for a few minutes to see your father. It wasn't, it was you. And at last I made up my mind I'd try to marry you. I knew Hull was waiting on you, but I didn't care; you had a right to choose your own beau. And I came and you married me. I knew you had done it as much because I could help out your family as because you liked me; but I hoped you'd get to like me. Sometimes—at first"—he turned his black eyes, which were soft and wistful now, for a single glance at her—"it seemed like you *were* fond of me. Oh, Aggie, couldn't you *see* how I loved you then? I loved you so much I was 'fraid of you. But I did tell you, sometimes. I was so happy. You see since mother died I never had anybody to love me and I didn't know how to say things to women folks. Mother thought everything of me but she never petted me; I used to wish she would. And of course I know lots of men, and I get along all right with them, if I do get mad and charge round some. But I didn't know how to handle women folks. I used to ask your mother about what things you'd like to have and then I'd hustle 'till I got them—"

"You were always generous, Ned, everybody said that," Aggie managed to say.

"But they all said, too, I had a devil of a temper. That's true. That's what's making me fit to kill myself I'm so d—miserable—"

"Oh Ned!"

"Excuse me, Aggie, I didn't mean to swear—"

"Oh, not that, Ned, I meant—I felt sorry."

He halted in his nervous pacing of the floor. "That's kind of you, Aggie." There was the slightest break before the name, as if he had a tenderer word in his mind that he did not venture to use, but his wife was too agitated to observe. "Yes, I am as a miserable a d—feller as there is anywhere out of the penitentiary, I guess. You saw that dog awhile ago and the weight on him holding him so he couldn't get away, not if I had come at him with my axe—well, Aggie, that's just my fix. I got this temper on me and I can't break away from it. Now, see. I had it when I was a little feller; but I was the only one and ma and pa didn't cure me. Sometimes they got mad at me and gave me a good whipping; but they might have whipped the life out of me before I'd give in. So I guess they got discouraged; and then pa died and I never crossed ma. I liked her so, and I was a hard worker, so it went on; she humored me and I didn't often get mad. I truly *never* got mad at her. But I'd have these fits at other folks and at things. I was like a crazy man in them. Once, when I was a boy, I got mad at another boy and I beat him so he was sick. He wasn't really very sick I guess; but I thought he was and that they'd take me to jail and hang me if he died. I never said a word, but I had my little bundle ready for a week to run away. It didn't matter who it was when the fit came on that roused it up. The teacher, he tried to punish me, once, and I bit and kicked and somehow got away so I could pull my knife. I'd have stabbed him if he'd tried to touch me. He sent me away from school, but he didn't hit me. That's how I'm so poorly educated. Once it was a horse that maddened me. I aint often unkind to beasts—not very often—"

"I never saw you mean to anything except Jump," said Aggie.

He looked grateful. "That's good of you to say, Aggie. But once, once, I had a balky horse and I got mad. He was worth a hundred and fifty dollars, but I pulled out a pisol and shot him dead. I was a fool to carry a pistol." He passed

his hand over his forehead, tossing away the damp hair. "I'm just like Jump, Aggie. There's a weight I can't get rid of, holding me down. I run a little way; I pretend I'm free; but it always drags me down. I ain't a free man. I'm a prisoner!"

"No, you're not, Edward Bruce," cried his wife, rising, "you *can* conquer yourself, if you will."

He was at the window, his back to her, and his answer came in a groan. "I thought I could down it. I thought I was free of the cursed thing. I didn't get mad once those two months. Then—then Mrs. Martin told me about Adam Hull's quarrel with Ella and how he'd made it up; and it all came over me *that* was why you married me, you were mad at him. And she spoke of seeing you and Adam at the postoffice, talking a long while and—I know I'm a fool, but I remembered how you *would* go to town that mean, drizzly day—"

"But Ned," interrupted Aggie, "it was to get ma's silk that came by express, her birthday was the next day and she'd never had such a splendid present. It just happened I met Adam and—and—I was thinking he never would have been so good to ma. And I was glad I'd married you."

"And I spoiled it all," groaned the man. "Aggie, I've been in—never mind, that ain't what I set out to say, it was that this morning when I saw Adam speaking to you I run away. I didn't *dare* to stay for if I'd seen he or you do a thing, like you cared for him, I knew I'd have killed him. I run, Aggie. I went out and chopped wood till I cooled down a little. But Aggie, what I'm coming at is this. In the worst of it, I wouldn't have hurt *you*. I'd have killed *him* if I'd seen you give him one kind look; but I wouldn't have touched *you*. And Aggie—if—if—you don't know how it makes me feel to think that maybe, sometime—when I saw what you were making—Oh, Aggie, you don't think, bad as I am, I could be cruel to a little child?"

As he spoke he turned his face to her and something in it moved his wife as she never had been moved before.

"No, Ned, no!" she cried. He sank down on his knees before her and buried his head in the folds of her dress. His sobs shook him. But she could distinguish the words he whispered between them. "Oh, I've been so mean to you. And I didn't know!"

"Ned, it was my fault as much as yours," she answered. Indeed, in that moment she believed it was, for she had a generous nature. "And don't feel so bad. I'll help you get rid of—of that weight you talk of, and I know I can for I shall never be 'fraid of you again."

She was smoothing his hair while at the same time she wiped her own fast-flowing tears away. Such different tears from those that had scorched her cheeks before that day! Even as she spoke he withdrew himself gently from her and stood up a little way off. "You needn't be afraid, ever, Aggie dear," he said; "and you needn't be afraid, either, that I'm going to bother you, like I did at first. I'll keep my place."

But his wife, with her eyes shining and a new, divine courage and trust in her heart, came up to him and laid her head on his breast. "You wont bother," she whispered, "I guess I missed you all the time. And—dear, it will need us both!"

Three years later a man, a woman, and a very active little child were driving along the highway from Ned Bruce's farm to the village. Behind the wagon trotted a fat hound. Presently the man looked

back. "I do think Jump's tired," he said, "shan't we let him in?"

"I'm 'fraid he's muddy," said the woman, dubiously. "Ned, you just spoil Jump!"

The man laughed and gave the woman, who was young and very pretty, a playful hug with his left arm. "And I spoil Baby, too, you say," said he, "how about *you*?"

"Oh, every one knows you spoil *me*!" returned the young woman, deftly removing the arm. "For shame, Ned, the Hulls are just behind; how it looks!"

"It looks as if I was a happy man, and I am," returned the man, stoutly, patting the cheek of the child, who looked up laughing.

"She's got an awful sweet temper," he continued in a graver tone; "she's got her mother's nature and her ways. Aggie, I'm glad."

"I don't know," the wife answered. "Ned, I'd like her to be more like you."

"Temper and all? Aggie Bruce, I heard of the awful whopper you told at the sewing society."

"That you were the best-tempered man I knew?" said Aggie fondly. "Ned, you are. Do you kow, Ned, I wonder sometimes how you *did* master your temper the way you have."

Ned smiled. "I loved you, Aggie," said he, "and,"—touching the rosy little face at his knee—"I loved *her*. You did it, not me. But"—drawing a deep breath—"it's been a big job and no mistake! And there's plenty left to do, still!"

## UEBER ALLEN GIPFELN.

*Ist Ruh,  
In allen Wipfeln  
Spuerest du  
Kaum einen Hauch;  
Die Voegelien schweigen im walde.  
Warte nur, balde  
Ruhest du auch.*

—GOETHE.

Over each summit's brow  
Rest bideth now.  
Scarce stirs the breeze;  
And hushed the song  
Of birds in forest trees.  
Wait only these,—  
Thou too shalt rest ere long.

Walter B. Moer.

## MYTHS AND SYMBOLS OF JAPANESE ART.\*

BY MRS. L. H. CLEMENT.

JAPAN is itself a study in art. In the convulsions and upheavals that have been going on for ages in this island world, we read a deeply interesting story. From the snow-capped crown of Fuji-Yama, the Divine, Peerless Mountain, fabled to have risen from the sea in a night, and all along the rippling rivulets to the broader streams, tumbling and foaming into the valleys beneath, the tread of the silent pilgrims on their sacred journey comes echoing and reëchoing to us through the thousands of years since the first saint "rubbed his chaplet" and chanted his prayers to the "Great Measureless One" who stands guard over this monument of antiquity. The venerable and gigantic trees which line long avenues for miles, and which have shaded generations of travelers as they passed to and fro through their beautiful country, bear their own symbols and legends. Their huge gnarled and twisted trunks send up branches of dense, glossy foliage a hundred feet or more into the air, and, stretching out their arms one to another, they twine and intertwine, forming a "stately gallery of rugged stems and towering crests," through which one may wander in a dim green light, "solemn and delicious, like that of a vast cathedral," and there decipher the hieroglyphics which enshroud the past of this wonderland.



THE SACRED RED BRIDGE, NIKKO.

Surrounding all this luxuriance of landscape are large, flowering trees of the richest coloring and rarest tints; lagoons where acres of the pink and white lotus-flower of poetry and song gently wave their magnificent blossoms in the lazy breeze, or languidly recline on their broad leaves, as "oriental beauties on soft couches"; and the graceful wisteria, flinging its long, purple pendants into the enchanted air, help to render the scene bewitching as a glimpse of fairyland.

With such environments as these, and with a people especially endowed with genius for art, one would suppose that the impress of these scenes would at once be strikingly felt in the pictorial art of the Japanese. But it is exceptional that subjects are drawn from nature. By their hermit life, or by natural causes, they seem to be lacking in the breadth of view and scope of thought necessary for grand combinations. When landscape is seen, it is extremely conventional in treatment; all laws of perspective, of light and shade, seem to be utterly disregarded; and the lavish use of bright and glaring pigments stamps the work as of the graphic Chinese style—for to China belongs the introduction of painting into Japan. Symbolism alone seems to have appealed to the weird fancies of this people; therefore their favorite subjects are portraits of semi-divine and royal personages, grotesque images, scenes of ceremony, birds, flowers, insects, and animals of evil omen and ancient fable. Their arts smell of antiquity. Their pictorial as well as glyptic art abounds in mythical history of the supernatural and superhuman.

The "tatsu" (dragon) is a typical creation of this kind. On account of the endless manifestations and accomplish-

\*"Myths and Symbols of Japanese Art" was awarded the prize for "the best Descriptive Paper," in the September 30th Competition.

ments of this creature of ceaseless motion, the dragon is an ever new myth, and appeals with great realism to the superstition of the native mind, which from childhood has been filled with tales of his power to keep or to crush. Dr. Griffis has thus described him: "In his head are all the powers of tooth, fang, tusk, and horn. With eyesight as of a demon, and breath as of fire, he can bite, shrivel up, poison, or devour. . . . The flight of birds, the glide of serpents, the motion of fishes, are his. Able to rise, to go forwards, backwards, sideways, to live and have being in any element, he can cover the sun, swallow the moon, and rock the earth." What wonder that such an embodiment of the "indestructibility of energy" should enter richly and abundantly into the art folk-lore of the nation!

According to tradition, "the first born of a brood of nine sings and is a lover of sweet sounds; therefore its figure is always cast on bells. The blood-thirsty one has an appropriate place on sword-hilts. The climbing and restless one twists on gable ends and the pillars of temples, while the bibulous one is carved on drinking cups."

In legendary language the dragon is applied to the divinely descended emperors in the way that the "ruffling of the dragon's tail is the displeasure of his most exalted Majesty"; and the dragon's wrath is likewise a disturbance of the otherwise calm vicar of their god—the Son of Heaven.

Surely these various metamorphoses are sufficient to satisfy the mood of any Japanese painter or sculptor. We see him not only in gold and stone, but also in plaster, trailing along the ceilings of houses and entering the domain of home.

Ancient myths point to the Sun Goddess (*Amaterasu-o-kami*), the divinity that looks from heaven, as the origin of all art in Japan.

In glyptic art—stone and wood carving—as well as in pictorial art, there is no lack of portraits and images of which



THE SLEEPING CAT, NIKKO.

there is not even a surmise of the date of their production.

The regalia of sovereignty consists of "three precious things"—which holy things are a mirror, a sword and a crystal ball.

The invention of this mirror, which is used in the worship of these immortalized beings, has greatly exercised antiquarians, and by native archeologists its date has been assigned to the first century.

Swords and other metal work are said to have been skillfully fashioned and decorated as early as the fourth century. But an old legend ascribes to the sword a heavenly origin. The "Sun Goddess sent her grandson to rule over Japan, and with his heavenly sword he sounded the ground beneath him before he settled upon the Island." His successor was Jimmu Tenno, 660 B. C., and this sword was used upon his accession to the throne, by this Tenoho-Daijin. In this way the first emperor of Japan traces his lineage back to this august deity, who holds the highest place among the gods in the Shinto religion.

The mirror used upon this occasion was presented with these words: "Keep this mirror, my picture, and thy dynasty will last as long as heaven and earth!"

A pretty little myth also places the mirror upon the heavenly list. This Heaven-Shining Great August Deity had a very mischievous brother—who was also a god—who used to play all sorts of pranks upon his sweet and amiable sister, by destroying her pretty rice-fields, and by annoying and frightening her and her

maidens at their looms. One day, quite exasperated, she ran into a cave and fastened the rocky door so tightly that immediately all heaven and earth became dark as night, and there were also dire signs of coming woe. This alarmed the eight hundred thousand gods, and they took council how to draw the goddess from the cave. Accordingly several blacksmiths, detailed for the purpose from heaven, were set to work to forge a mirror out of the heavenly mountains. When completed, this was fastened to the branches of a tree which overhung the cave. Then Suzurne, the laughing Goddess of Happiness, danced in a funny way on an inverted tub which resounded like a sounding-board, at the noise of which the gods burst into laughter. This so amazed the goddess in the cave that she slipped open the door and peeped out to see what was going on, and immediately the mirror was pushed before her face, and, as she beheld her beautiful image reflected in it, she came out. Heaven and earth became at once full of light.

This is also said to be a naturalistic myth, which accounts for the eclipse of the sun.

One of Japan's first professional sculptors was called the "Bird-like carver of idols," because of the resemblance of his head to that of a bird. His images of Buddha have been preserved throughout the country, each one bearing his own peculiar legend. But the most curious of these stone images of Amida, the "Measureless One," are found at summer resorts, where they line the wayside avenues following the river or the sea. All very old and covered with moss, they present quite a ludicrous appearance, with prayers and wishes written on slips of paper and pasted on the breast or forehead; little stones marked in a similar way and laid in the lap of the "Unspeakeable." Some of these images are small, some large even to life-size, all weather-beaten; some noseless and earless, but all bearing the same calm and stolid expression, which even the rudest artists

have preserved. The exact number of these is still mythical, and so great is the reverence and superstition concerning them that it is believed that they cannot be correctly counted, and that no two persons can arrive at the same conclusion as to their number.

Numerous monuments have been erected to represent personal characteristics or meritorious action. A very ancient one is that of a tomb seven feet high, erected in the sixth century. Its sides are embellished with figures, which are said to represent "a judge conducting an examination of a criminal who crouches, naked, at his feet, while near by stand four pigs, representing either the object or the atonement of his crime."

The great Buddhist temple at Asakusa, near Tokyo, is crowded with fabulous beings in painting and in stone, and bronze and iron sculpture. The ceilings are hung with lanterns and votive offerings. Outside the entrance hangs a picture representing—by the figures of two men and a tiger, all asleep—life as nothing more than a dream; while the reality is symbolized by a Buddhist priest representing the power of religion. Under a ceiling profusely decorated with angels is seated a figure of Bindyaru, the helper of the sick, and a member of a pious band of priests called the "Sixteen Anchat," from which, as legend has it, he was expelled because he violated his vow of chastity by remarking upon the beauty of a woman. Hence his place is outside the entrance.

One building within these grounds is of great interest. It is of wood covered with red lacquer, with a base of black lacquer, standing upon stone pedestals of the shape of a lotus leaf. In this building is a bookcase which revolves upon a pivot, and is said to contain the Buddhist scriptures. A tablet over the door explains the peculiar use of this ancient library, as follows:

"There being 6,177 volumes of these scriptures, it is impossible for any human being to read them all through, but merit equal to the task will accrue to him who

will cause this case to revolve three times on its axis; more than that, long life and prosperity shall be his reward."

Desiring these rich gifts, we tried to turn the sacred case, but alas! the gods held it fast, refusing to vouchsafe such wondrous knowledge to despised Christians and foreigners.

Of all the symbols that are happily used, the flowers seem the favorite, in that they typify the inner life and characteristic of the true Japanese. This love for flowers is almost immoderate; but their combinations and uses must comply with traditional rules. Thus, the Lotus (Hasu) is a religious symbol, representing the Buddhist spirits, and is used chiefly for mortuary purposes. It is mostly done in metal work, as it is said that the motion and color of water upon the green, oleaginous surface of the leaf are exactly those of quicksilver. The morning-glory ("asagao") means "the face of the morning," and it adorns most all Japanese works of art.

Here is a charming little folk-tale which illustrates the true artist spirit even in rural life:

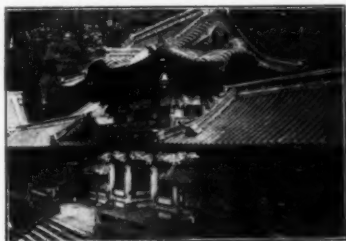
"A Japanese girl, going to the well in the morning, finds that a convolvulus during the night has twined its crimson and purple blossoms and green tendrils around the bucket. It is so beautiful that she abandons it to the invader and goes elsewhere to fill her pail."

Out of this comes the famous song:

" <i>Asagao ni</i>	"Since the convolvulus
" <i>Tsurube torarete</i>	Has taken the bucket.
" <i>Morai Midzu.</i> "	I borrow water."

The pine, plum, and bamboo, the "three wise things of Japan," together with the stork and tortoise, are emblems of longevity and decorate articles used for weddings and times of rejoicing. The needle-shaped leaves of the pine are also credited with the power of driving away demons, and this somber green foliage the Japanese are never weary of imitating, with the feathery foliage of the bamboo. But the Chrysanthemum, the regal "long-lasting plant," with its hundreds of varieties, is the most conspicuous in every decoration.

A beautiful ideal connects the butterfly with the Japanese death-day (July 15th). On that day of every year the spirits of the dead come back. At night, fires are lighted before the doors of those who have lost friends, and lanterns are hung in the windows, to light these spirits back to their relatives on earth. The butterfly entering at this time signifies the soul. As with us, the butterfly in Japan is an ever-present reminder of the soul's immortality, and is plentifully found in painting, metal and lacquer. The little Japanese girls have a fanciful song for it, as attracted to a plant by the name of *na*. It is this: "Butterfly, butterfly, light upon the *na* leaf, but if thou dost not like the



THE BEAUTIFUL GATE, NIKKO.

*na* leaf, light, I pray thee, upon my hand!"

But the crowning glory of Japanese art is seen at Nikko, a range of mountains otherwise called the "Hills of Brightness, or Orient Illuminating Hills." These mark the resting place of the two most famous Shoguns or Dairnjos of the Tokugawa dynasty, Iyeyasu and Iyemitsu. Memorials, chaplets, temples, tombs and gateways, superbly adorned, make it a region of "barbaric splendor," bewildering and fascinating. Early in the Seventeenth century, painting in exquisite coloring, also wood, bronze, ivory and stone carving, seem to have reached their zenith, resulting in the most fantastic architecture, wonderful bronzes, gilding, lacquer and enamels, yielding a rich treasure house of legend and folk-lore. This vast assemblage of magnificent art productions is reached by two long bridges; one is of red lacquer



FIVE STORIED PAGODA. NIKKO.  
Height 124 feet.

with crests of gold scattered variously over the railings. This is a very sacred bridge, because of the legends connected with the spot on which it is built,—therefore the gates are opened only twice a year for the passing of emperors and pilgrims. The other is an ordinary one, and is for the use of common mortals.

In one of the courts rises a great tree, which is said to have been carried about by Iyeyasu when riding in his palanquin. Near by is a sacred stable containing the veritable white pony which his Majesty rode to the wars. During the succeeding generations the animal has become quite a venerable old nag, and changed his color to a dingy bay. By paying a few cents, travelers are permitted to feed him with beans, presumably left there for his use by the gods. This horse is placed in his stable backward, according to our ideas of utility. A lady visitor in Japan said she never afterward could see a horse stabled without thinking of this nursery rhyme:

"See, see, what shall I see,  
A horse's head where his tail should be!"

Under the roof of this stable, in admirable wood-carving, are the life-size images of three monkeys, in sitting posture, surrounded by emblematic flowers, all painted in exquisite coloring. One monkey has his paws over his eyes, another has his over his ears, while the third

covers his mouth, in exemplification of the proverb, "One shall never see, nor hear, nor speak any evil." Another tradition has it that they typify the three countries, India, China and Japan.

Over a gateway leading to the tomb of Iyeyasu is a sculpture in wood of a sleeping cat, beautifully shaded in black and white. The pose of the cat is supposed to symbolize the character of the great Shogun who, according to history, was ever ready to seize upon his unwary victims. This cat is supposed to be endowed with superior wisdom, as he is "declared to wink when the rain is coming."

Although cats are not generally believed in or held sacred by the Japanese, yet that people look upon them as supernatural, and believe that they tend to become goblins, which tendency can only be checked by cutting off their tails in kitten-hood. Worse than this, they are also under a curse, as "only the cat and serpent wept not at the death of Buddha," therefore these shall never enter Heaven.

Strange to say, cats are also greatly petted by and often become the companions of emperors and the favorites of empresses, as the following chatty little fable shows: "On the 19th of August, Chohogane, a noble cat belonging to the Imperial Court, gave birth to several kittens. The *Udaijin* and *Sadaijin* of the empress' suite were present at the birth. A set of lacquered trays and bowls as well as a box of valuable clothing were thereafter given to the cat, which also had a skilful nurse appointed to attend upon her."



A MURAL DECORATION — DEAF, DUMB  
AND BLIND MONKEYS.

But of all the exquisite, artistic sculpturing in wood, the "Beautiful Gate" with its long cloister stands preëminent. It is as glorious in color as the "Alhambra in the days of its splendor," and may well take its place among the masterpieces of the world of art.

This is not simply a gate, as the term is generally understood, but is a long building two stories high. Stationed at the two sides of the outer doors are the colossal figures of the two gate-keepers — Ni-o ("Venerable Kings"), guardians of the place; these are among the largest and most effective products of Japanese art.

Two massive pillars supporting the porch are elaborately carved; one has a tiger and cub so curiously wrought that the curving and waving of the grain of the wood give the pretty shading of stripes of thick fur; while that of the other pillar bears the same pattern upside-down! But it was thought that the whole structure, by being too near completeness, would bring misfortune on the house of Toku-gawa. It is called the "evil averting pillar."

After passing the porch one becomes confused with the splendor that meets the eye. The heavy roofs of the main

structure find their support in twelve pillars of snow-white wood, at the top of which is a frieze bristling with Chinese white lions. Tier upon tier of decoration rises above this frieze, each one projecting above the other in an intricacy of beams and brackets, till all terminate in a heavy curved roof, over a balcony which is one mass of ornament, growing more and more resplendent with emblems and trappings of Buddhism. Groups of children at play, phoenixes, storks, flowers and animals are in such profusion that it seems as if art had expanded into full tropical luxuriance. As one has said, "It is a jewel of a thousand rays, whose beauties blend into one." Whole legends are here depicted in bronze, lacquer and stone, and the tales of folk-lore are the keys to the myriads of designs that drape these matchless shrines. No word-painting can convey any adequate idea of the loveliness of the compositions, or the harmoniousness of the colors of this palace of art. Even the air you breathe seems laden with the legend:

"*Nikko wo minai uehi wa  
'Kekko' to in na!*"

The legend freely translated is:

"Do not use the word 'magnificent' till you have seen Nikko."

## LOVE'S CLAIM.

I DID not choose. The way was dark and cold.  
Before the blast I could but shrink and bow.  
The spirit's gloom enwrapped me, fold on fold,  
And Sorrow set her seal upon my brow.  
If then Art came with soft persuasive hand,  
And strove to veil in white Grief's shrouded form,  
And drooped her wings to shield me from the storm,  
And pointed gently to her shining land,  
I could but yield. Is thine a stronger claim,  
O friend, upon a tired and restless heart?  
Take that is thine. There is no room for Art  
When on the portal Love shall write his name!  
No base intruder sits upon the throne  
Whene'er the King shall come to claim his own!

*Fanny Kennish Earl.*

## THE HINDU WOMAN.\*

By B. NAGARKAR.

THE Hindu woman is a type of Oriental women. She is medium-sized, being neither tall nor short—not quite so tall as her American sister, nor so decidedly short and undersized as Japanese women. In her early life she is thin in her make and slender in her build; at an advanced age, especially when she is the adored mother of her little sons and daughters, she shows a tendency towards a fuller and stouter appearance. Her movements are highly graceful and dignified, but not so active and full of life as those of women who are born and brought up in a freer social atmosphere. She has a broad forehead and dark eyes, eyes that seldom look you full in the face. She has a straight nose and high cheek-bones; her lips are thin and well-cut. Her teeth, always clean and pearly-white, look all the more so in contrast with her dark complexion. The more than premature decay and disfigurement of teeth so common among Western women and men is very seldom seen among women of India. The general look of Hindu women—as indeed of all Oriental women—is slightly languid and downcast; the general cast of the Hindu countenance is characteristic of the Aryan mould. The hair of Hindu women is invariably jet black—often soft, silky, and long. It is parted flat in the middle and tied at the back of the head, elegantly braided and gathered. Hindu women (even when quite girls) never appear in public with their hair floating loose on their back. No woman (unless she happens to be a widow, and this, again, only in certain parts of the country) will ever allow her hair to be cut or



B. NAGARKAR.

trimmed on any account. The complexion of Indian women is, generally speaking, olive coloured, or a few shades darker than what is called "dark" in America. At the same time, one often comes across women, especially among the higher classes, who are fairer than Spanish or Italian women.

From her very childhood, the Indian woman grows without the artificialities of "stays," "corsets," "tight lacing," and "narrow-pointed and high-heeled shoes," and so she develops in her person a certain amount of ease and natural grace that one fails to find in women of the Western world. In India, women do not wear shoes of any kind. It is only very recently that women in educated circles have taken to light shoes and stockings, and that, also, when they go out in public. At home, both men and women walk about without shoes or

\*EDITORIAL NOTE.—Mr. Nagarkar was born in 1860, of Brahman family of the highest order. He was for a time in the Christian Mission High School and the Free Church College of Bombay. He is a graduate of the English University there. He is a resident of Bombay, a writer and lecturer on theism and a leading member of the Brahmo-Somaj, a new religious cult in India having for its fundamental principle harmony of faiths and unity of prophets.

Mr. Nagarkar visited America in 1893 as a delegate to the World's Parliament of Religions. In that distinguished body he was throughout a conspicuous figure. To him was assigned the honor of replying to the address of welcome on behalf of "the New India," and from that time he was readily recognized as one of the strong men of the congress. Mr. Nagarkar remained in the United States one year. He visited and lectured in most of our large cities, was everywhere warmly received, and left behind him many sincere friends when he sailed for Bombay last July. Prior to his departure, Mr. Nagarkar put himself under promise to his friends to write a paper for THE MIDLAND MONTHLY on the Hindu Woman, and the following paper, mailed from Bombay, October 20, 1894, is in prompt compliance with that promise.

stockings. Women of the working classes, such as farmers, artisans, and labourers, wear sandals, the same as their men.

The fashions and frivolities of the Western world have not entered into our society—except in large cities—and, therefore, the dress of Hindu ladies, even in well-to-do, respectable circles, is extremely simple and inexpensive. The whole costume consists of a light jacket and a piece of garment, called in the Indian language *sari*, about two yards wide and eight yards long. The material of these pieces of dress is cotton or silk, simple or ornamented, according to one's means and station in life. Over the whole of this costume is thrown a light shawl when the ladies go out. Women from the working classes do not wear this shawl.

The wardrobe of a Hindu lady is very much limited; it is nothing like the milliner's show-room that the Western woman of fashion owns. Four or five such *saris* as described above are enough to fit out a lady for the entire year. Then there is no milliner's heavy bill to pay, since there is little or no sewing needed, except for the jacket. The thin *sari* generally has silk or gold-embroidered borders. It may be green, blue, yellow, orange, or of any other colour.

Green is considered to be an auspicious colour, and as such is worn by women on every auspicious occasion. For instance, the bride, on the bridal morning, is dressed in green, and so also are the other ladies that form the bridal party. The house of the bride's father on this morning is decked and decorated with green—green plants, green shrubs, and green festoons. The bridegroom, however, wears a white or some other light (never black) wedding dress. The Hindu widow generally wears a white *sari*.

The garments for daily use are washed every day in the house, either by the ladies themselves or by their servants. This ensures a clean change every day and avoids the expense and the inconvenience of the laundryman. What a contrast this from the West, where the fair slaves of fashion have to keep their long dresses boxed up in the closet after having dragged their skirts and trimmings from evening to evening in the dust and and the dirt of the streets! What is wanted in fashion the Hindu lady makes up by wearing the same garment in a variety of ways, but never too tight nor too loose, always close and compact around the person so that she can move about freely and without any impediment.

Love of adorning the person is something innate in the fair sex of every nation. Perhaps this is an instinct of woman nature. The Indian woman is no exception in this respect. She has a passion for gold and silver ornaments, and—where means will permit—for rich jewellery. These are usually worn on foot-toes, ankles, wrists, fingers, around the neck, on the head, sometimes in the ear and in the nose! What finery in dress is to the Western woman, this love of jewellery is to the Eastern woman. What an amount of torture she will undergo in the way of having certain parts of the ear and the nose

pierced through in order that these may be ready for ear-rings and nose-rings! At the mention of the latter the civilized Western woman may feel shocked. She thinks that nose-rings are savage, barbarous, preposterous! But pray, why so? If boring holes through the ear is no mark of savagery, why should boring holes through the nose be looked upon as such! If the ear, why not the nose, too? If the one does not vitiate any canon of beauty, why should the



HINDU LADY OF THE  
BRAHMO-SOMAJ.

other be supposed to do so? The fact is that both are equally the relics of barbarism; to me both are savage—though I must admit that I have seen several faces as bewitching with nose-rings as others there are with ear-rings! But hist! whither are we wandering!

As a rule, no respectable woman would ever wear false ornaments; I mean of brass gilded and made to pass for gold, or of false diamonds. If she can get it, she will wear gold and silver, but never its make-believe. Hindu women of the upper classes wear silver ornaments on their feet, and gold ones on other parts of their person. Those of the other classes that are not rich enough to have gold, wear silver bracelets, etc., but this is only among working classes.

It is a general rule throughout the country that no women except those that are born in royal family should wear gold on their feet. It is evident that this rule must have arisen when Hindu kings were powerful, and when none but ladies of royal birth could afford to have such an amount of gold. In these days of the depreciation of Indian money, it is hard to get enough silver—letting aside gold altogether—consequently all such rules are now meaningless.

The toilet of Hindu women is not a long nor a laborious affair. In a united family where several brothers, each with his wife, live under the same roof, the women rise early in the morning and help each other in the work of their toilet in the way of doing up their hair, etc., after which they apply themselves to their duties. These must necessarily differ in different families. Where it is possible to have servants, they do all the heavy work and the women do all the light work.

The Hindu woman is naturally shy, modest and reserved. She is very retiring in her habits. In the generality of cases she is not able even to read or write—not to speak of anything higher than these mere elements. It is not true that all the women of India are immured within the walls of the terrible zenana. It is only a small fraction of them. The ze-

nana is purely a Mohammedan institution and was forced upon the Hindus of certain provinces, as those of Bengal and Northwestern country, in which the sway of Islam was very powerful. And even here in these parts the light of the open sun has begun to penetrate the heavy walls of the close zenana, though somewhat slowly.

It would be wrong to imagine that these women in the zenana must all be wretched and miserable. Happiness is a comparative term, and we are so apt to apply our own standard of happiness to the condition of other people. Let me not be misunderstood. I have not the least sympathy, either by ancestral instinct or by present education, with this unjust institution; nevertheless, in spite of all this, I must say that in this as in several other matters, people in the West are used to have quite exaggerated accounts and false pictures. So eminent and philanthropic a lady as Lady Dufferin, who has done so much for female hospitals in India, has publicly stated that every zenana is not so dark and dismal as it is usually painted. But, all the same, the minds of the zenana women must be stimulated with fresher impulses and nobler aspirations. Apart from this institution of the zenana, which can never be called a Hindu institution, the intellectual horizon of a Hindu lady is very much limited. She has little or no interest in what is passing on outside her narrow circle of family or friends. She has no intellectual pursuits, no literary amusements. She has no Channing Club or Emerson Society to go to of an evening; nor can she "talk" about the latest novel or the freshest periodical! In the daily papers she cannot mark any passages for the perusal of her husband when he returns home in the evening. Such is the Hindu woman of the old type. Between herself and her husband there is no intellectual participation. In the world of thought there is nothing common between them.

In spite of this indifferent education—or, more properly speaking, want of education—the Hindu woman is a power in

her own home ; she is an adoring daughter, an able and dutiful mother, and a devoted wife. To me all this testifies that the innate resources of the woman nature are unfathomable and inscrutable. It is only when their nature is warped or violated by false education or by the artificialities of life that she loses her self-possession and becomes unfit for the sphere for which God has meant her.

To the Hindu woman the whole world is centered in her home and home-circle. Having nothing outside to deviate or divert her attention, she brings all her mental, instinctive and intellectual resources to bear upon the welfare and well-being of those who are entrusted to her care. The typical Hindu wife is an excellent house-manager ; she has complete control and perfect mastery of every little detail concerning her home. When placed at the head of a large and growing family she knows how to make a little go a long way. On critical occasions, such as sickness, or serious accidents, or some sudden catastrophe, she shows an amount of self-possession and tact that would do credit to any highly educated and cultured mother from the West.

The orthodox Hindu household is an extremely complex and complicated machinery, and it needs great patience and self-composure on the part of the ladies to be able to manage it without any clash or collision ; and I think that it speaks well for the good sense, natural sagacity and high intelligence of Hindu women who acquit themselves so well in their responsible position. There is something peculiarly majestic in the dignity and the sense of authority with which woman in India, or in any other country for matter of that, moves in the sanctuary of home and home life. I wish outsiders could see this side of Hindu home life in the light in which it is seen by the Hindu. It needs something more than a superficial glance at the Hindu household as one sees it from the outside.

But does not this position of the Hindu woman, as it stands at present, admit of any reform or improvement ? Not even the most ardent admirer, the staunchest

advocate of Hindu orthodoxy, can answer the above question in the negative. To-day it is admitted on every hand in the Hindu community that the women of India need to be educated. The difference between the advocates of Hindu orthodoxy and the Hindu reformers is, not in the object sought to be accomplished, but regarding the method according to which it is to be accomplished. These differences and discussions, however, are of a purely local interest ; very few outsiders can enter into their merits or demerits. For the information of such of our friends as are interested in their Hindu sisters in distant India, I may say that the main line upon which the work of reform must proceed is in the way of pulling down the old ideal of unquestioning submissiveness on the part of women to the will and the wish of men. Carefully analyzed, the ideal of womanhood as inculcated in all the religions and civilizations of the old world will be found to be founded upon this idea of woman's submission to man and to man's will, simply because it is man's will. It is this false ideal that needs to be pulled down. The Hindu woman is, indeed, a beautiful figure, but her beauty has a painful pathos about it : it is the beauty of a figure that is always in a suppliant and supplicating attitude. She must be released from this attitude and taught to take her place not at the feet of man but by his side, hand in hand ; so that if she may sometimes need to be sheltered and supported by him, at other times he too may receive the same kind of support from her. This means educating women not only by enabling them to read and write—but, what is still more important than all this, by enlarging their minds and widening the field of their horizon, so that they may realize that true loyalty and devotion to the highest interests of their own little home does not mean remaining cooped up within its narrow boundaries, but taking lively and intelligent interest in much that is passing outside. How to do this in an effectual manner, even if only in a limited degree, is at present the main social problem in India.

## IN DE GLORY LAND.\*

BY BIRCH HARDWICKE.

NIGHT, silence, and troops of dewy stars.

"Hist!"—from the depths of a small upland thicket. After a moment, and in the same husky whisper,—“Somebody's comin'—lay low.”

There was a nearing sound of bushes parting to allow a moving body to pass, and springing into place again, followed by slow, uncertain footsteps among the fallen leaves; and, against the faint glow of fading day far down in the west, a man's form, traced in black silhouette for an instant, glided noiselessly into the shadows again.

“Hello!” It was a human voice, low and doubtful, the tones held in check, suggesting a searcher cautiously testing his surroundings. The word, vocally designed for delivery in a far-reaching key, could have been heard, in fact, scarcely a dozen yards away. From the thicket came the response—

“Hyar—straight 'foh you.”

The man, thus guided, picked his way to the point sought. In one hand he carried a basket containing food, in the other a small squirrel rifle. He stooped to enter the thicket, and depositing the basket on the ground he sank down, in a half recumbent position, to wait.

“Your supper,” he briefly announced, addressing the two forms indistinctly seen among the shadows. “Team's waiting. We'll start as soon as you're ready.”

“Thankee, Mas'r Andrews. We's pow'-ful hungry.” The deeply resonant voice, with an elusive, underlying quality of richness recognized wherever heard, could have but one source—the vocal organs of a negro. “Moon be up 'bout midnight,” the voice presently added. “Get there 'foh that time?”

“Midnight?” repeated Andrews reflectively. “Sixteen miles by the sectional

lines—after eight now—take steady driving to make it; but we'll try.”

The two negroes ate on in silence. An air of suspense and expectancy seemed to invest the time and the place.

“Leave the basket right there,” said its owner, getting upon his feet and stepping out into the open when the others had finished eating. “This way. There's little danger, but keep together, and don't get skittish if anything happens.”

They moved, single file, down the long, easy slope of the hill, around clumps of wild, tangled shrubbery, through intervening, grassy glades, turning now to the right, now to the left, their ears alert to every sound, their eyes prying and vigilant. Near the foot of the hill their way led into a strip of forest, with arching, half denuded branches overhead, and cool, umbrageous gloom beneath. Within hearing distance of purling waters they found the team tied to a sapling. The wagon was a light one, with old-fashioned springs, a black oil-cloth cover, and a framework afflicted with a complication of infirmities. In a few moments after making the start it went abruptly down a short, steep bank, bringing up at the bottom with a sudden jerk just as the horses, with noisy splash of feet, began crossing the pebbly ford. An upward climb from the bed of the stream, a five minutes' drive by a circuitous route through a grove of young hickories and walnuts, and they emerged upon a wild, grass-grown meadow, at whose outer margin the hills formed a semicircle of dark and ghostly settings against the lower background of the sky. Entering a dim road they began their night's journey toward the north.

\*“In de Glory Land” was awarded the Prize for “the Best Original Story” in the September 30th competition.

The necessity for vigilance and caution seemed less imperative after reaching the open region of the hills, and, at the driver's suggestion, a section of each side of the wagon-cover was rolled up to admit air, and permit a better view of their surroundings. The negroes sat together well back under the cover, Andrews alone occupying a place in front.

"Dis und'ground railroad mighty 'commodatin' ins'tooshun, Berry," said one of the negroes to the other in an irrepressible burst of levity.

"Shoh it is, Tim," returned Berry. "We's been skulkin' and hidin' nigh onto three weeks, an' I 'low ole Mas'r LaGrange gittin' oneasy 'bout dis time 'count our cuttin' up sich dis'pectable way."

"I 'low he's doin' pow'ful sight o' cussin' 'cause we ain't shuckin' our rows wid de udder niggers in the cawn-fiel'," observed Tim.

"No, Tim, Mas'r LaGrange never 'dulse in no cussin'," Berry replied reprovingly. "Mas'r's too 'spectable fer dat. I has a curi's hankerin' feelin' fer de ole place. 'Taint nat'ral, nohow, fer us to be clairin' out dis way."

"Hit's de ole woman you's hankerin' fer," returned Tim with a chuckle. "Don't yer know we's all aboard fer Canada and de norfwe's, Berry? What's er use er yer bein' so full er hankerin', 'n only sixteen miles t' nex' skulkin' place?"

"I'd give mighty fine span mules to see Rosa 's near freedom 's I is," Berry stoutly affirmed.

"Is she your wife," Andrews asked.

"Yes, sah, and when you set yeh eyes on my Rosa ye'll see a mighty likely sort o' cullud gal—de whites' teef, an' de brightes' eyes, and laws-a-mighty how dat gal can sing! Aint dat so, Tim?"

Thus appealed to, Tim delivered himself of an extravagant rhapsody in her praise, and Berry went on—"Married nigh onto year and a half, now. She couldn't come dis trip, but I 'low she'll be a-movin' norf in de good Lawd's own time. Will you do your bes' fer de gal when she gits dis fur 'long, Mas'r Andrews?"

"Trust me for that," replied Andrews, reflecting how limited Berry's ideas must be to regard this as the only route by which Rosa might secure her freedom. "I have a wife and two little children myself over at the house. When your Rosa reaches this station she'll receive every possible attention, and she'll not be the first black woman I've helped on her way. Does she have a hard master?"

"Oh, Lor' no! Mas'r LaGrange's mighty kind to his niggers 'cept when their ornery triflin' riles him—then look out, I tells you. But Mas'r no sort o' notion o' holdin' spite agin nobody. Jis let a nigger tell Mas'r he's sorry fer his triflin', and go to blubberin' and whinin', and jis like Mas'r to tell dat nigger he's sorry too, and he mustn't trifle no moah. He says his sym'thies allus goes out to de under pup in a fracas. Dat's de kind of a man Mas'r LaGrange be."

"Would you go back quietly with your master if he should catch you?"

"Oh, yes—Mas'r'd take me anyhow. And den I'd clair out 'gin de fust chance—he couldn't keep me no moah, nohow, 'thout killin' me."

Shortly after midnight a soft, nebulous haze began to spread its fingers upward over the eastern sky, and a crescent of luminous copper swung into view above the hills, retiring from duty the timorous stars along its course. Andrews turned his team from the road at a certain point, and, crossing a small, open area of native grass, he turned by degrees and approached a dimly outlined farm-house from a direction opposite the road.

"This is the next station," said Andrews, addressing the fugitives. "The man's name is Graham. Stay here with the team while I reconnoiter."

The air was calm and cool. There was the sleepy twitter of an awakened bird in the grass, and the bark of a watch-dog from a farm-house half a mile away. These sounds alone disturbed the dreamy quiet of that midnight hour.

"Everything clear," said Andrews, returning after a brief absence. "There are no thickets or trees here. The best

hiding place is a patch of slough grass at the head of the ravine back of that corn-field. If you keep down and don't show yourselves, there is little danger of your being discovered; it's an out-of-the-way place where people seldom go. Food and water will be carried to you before daylight, and you will not be visited again till after dark."

Andrews, before setting out upon his return journey, partook of lunch and hot coffee in Graham's kitchen, the two improving the time discussing such subjects as most interested them. A suspicion prevailed among Graham's neighbors, themselves divided on the slavery question, that he was in some way connected with that mysterious agency known as the Underground Railroad, and that certain clandestine movements of his during the hours in which others slept had something to do with his duties in that capacity.

Late the next day three strange horsemen rode into the neighborhood. As they passed the Graham farm they were observed to look sharply over the premises, as if its appearance of thrift and enterprise had not been expected in so new a country, and interested them. Graham, who had a wider knowledge of the scattered population than had his neighbors, recognized two of the strangers as they passed, and the recognition caused him to stop suddenly in his work and reflect. They took supper with Robert Dane, a farmer living a mile farther north. Graham and Dane were not at this time living upon terms of friendship, a heated political discussion having once embittered them against each other.

The year was 1858,—the month, December. The smoky haze of a belated Indian summer still hovered over the brown pasturage of hill, and valley, and plain. Slowly the day drew to its close. The twilight of evening gathered, and ghostly gray shadows came stealing over the landscape, blotting out its more distant features.

"Hark—sumfin' trampin' in de grass!"

It was Berry who spoke. He inclined his head and held his breath to listen. "A critter's feet," he presently added. Then, half-raising himself to scan their surroundings over the tall grass—"Good Lawd, Tim! Three men ridin' hosses! They're scattered out an' headin' this way! Keep down."

Berry's last caution went wholly unheeded. Tim could not well repress his own curiosity, and his head went up when Berry's went down. The horsemen, widely abreast, were moving with steady, methodical pace down the long incline of the hill from the north, drawing every moment nearer the rendezvous of the fugitives. Tim glanced furtively from side to side, his eyes dilating, his face losing a shade of its ebony hue in the panic of his overmastering fright.

"Down! Down!" whispered Berry with suppressed intensity, at the same time emphasizing his direction by the forcible use of his hand.

"I'se gwine to break fer de cawn!" replied Tim, his face distorted with apprehension and terror.

"Not yet," commanded Berry. "Keep down out o' sight—d'ye heah?"

Tim sank into a gasping, trembling heap with his face buried in his arms.

"Oh—ooh—oh!" he groaned in an undertone burdened with agony, "Oh—golly—oh!"

The corn-field lay along their right some ten rods distant. The wild grass land began under the fence where the corn-field ended, and, sweeping away in easy undulations toward the west, merged at last, a confused blur, in the gloom of the thickening night. The course of the horsemen lay parallel with the margin of the field.

After a moment Berry cautiously peeped out again. "The horse nighest the cawn'll step on us shuah!" he announced in a breath. "Git up on one knee, Tim,—be ready fer de run. We'll have ter make tracks d'rec'ly."

He paused, every muscle rigid, every faculty doing sentinel duty. Presently he added in short, explosive whispers, "Now fer it, Tim, now—*run!*"

The horseman nearest them was startled by the spectacle of two dark, stooping objects rising from the grass and dashing away in a headlong race toward the cornfield. He nearly lost his place in the saddle by the rear and plunge of his horse. But promptly securing control of the animal, he snatched something from his belt and called out, "Hold on there!"

The fleeing fugitives paid no heed to the order.

"Stop!" he shouted, a note of warning in the command.

The next instant a bright, spiteful tongue of fire leaped forth, the concussion of a pistol-shot broke sharply on the air, and one of the negroes sprang upward and, with a cry that sank away into a groan, fell limp and bleeding on the grassy sod.

"Stop that shooting!" came quick and imperative from the next horseman. "I told you firearms were not to be used. Take them alive or not at all."

Additional words and angry retorts followed as the three gathered about the prostrate negro.

"It's Berry!" exclaimed the second horseman. "Berry, are you hurt?" he asked, anxiously bending down to look into the black face. Berry feebly opened his eyes and groaned.

"Dat you, Mas'r LaGrange?" he asked, speaking slowly and with difficulty. "You's cotched me—but oh, good Lawd, Mas'r, I spec' you's done give dis nigger mighty bad hurt—"

"I didn't do it, Berry," LaGrange interrupted, his voice charged with protest. "I told them not to shoot—they disobeyed orders, and"—here he stood suddenly erect and addressed the author of the deed—"you'll answer for this or there's no law in the land!"

"It's all an accident, I told you," came the half impatient, half craven reply. "My aim was over their heads to frighten them. I regret it as much as you do, sir."

"Regrets are tardy things for saving a man after you have murdered him," was the bitter rejoinder. "Here, lend a hand. We'll examine the wound."

LaGrange, possessing some crude knowledge of surgery, located a small, round, purple spot just under the negro's shoulder blade. He stanchd the flow of blood with his pocket handkerchief, and calling for a waterproof cloak which was strapped to his saddle, they improvised a stretcher and carried the sufferer slowly and with difficulty to Graham's house, that being the nearest at hand. This course was adopted and followed over the protests of LaGrange's companions.

"Whose work is this?" demanded Graham, as soon as Berry had been made as comfortable as pillows and blankets could make him on the kitchen floor.

"An accident," LaGrange explained, noting the hesitation of his companions.

"Doubtless such an accident as should condemn to the halter the man who did it," returned Graham with unsparing directness. "I'd help hang a man just as quick for shooting a nigger as I would for shooting anybody else."

"Would it not be well to hold that subject in abeyance until this poor fellow is properly cared for?" LaGrange asked in conciliatory tones.

"Right!" admitted Graham, his aggressive attitude yielding. "We should attend to that first. I'm subject to your orders."

"We want the best medical attendance to be procured," said LaGrange. "Let it be understood from the first that this is my patient, and that there must be no lack of skill or nursing. I hold myself responsible for whatever expense it may be necessary to incur. Call a physician at once."

The doctor came after a wearisome delay. He probed and dressed the wound, saying very little. He was a kindly, methodical old gentleman who shrank from inflicting unnecessary pain. His face, as the negro sought to read it by the candle light, gave no sign by which his thoughts might be interpreted.

Aside to LaGrange he explained: "I have failed to locate the ball, but its course need not make us unduly apprehensive. Much will now depend on the

patient's mental condition. Should he become despondent, the case my terminate fatally in a few days. The best tonic, under the circumstances, is a light, hopeful spirit." He left minute directions and went away, promising to call again the following afternoon.

Breakfast over the next morning, Graham sought and obtained a private interview with LaGrange.

"You have already informed me that this negro and his companion are your slaves," he began, "and that they were escaping to the North, and that these two indifferent acquaintances of mine whom you have brought into the neighborhood were employed by you to assist in effecting a capture. Merely calling attention to the fact that your trespassing upon my premises in such a manner is scarcely sanctioned by law or usage, I will let the subject rest there. You doubtless had some encouragement to follow that course or you would not have entered upon it. What I especially desire to learn is more of the inner facts connected with this shooting."

"To begin in inverse order," replied LaGrange, "I wish to say to you that upon reflection, and after an hour's conversation with the two men in my employ, I am nearly convinced that the shooting was purely, though inexcusably, accidental. Did I deem it malicious I should speedily invoke the law to bring the offender to justice. Judging by all I have been able to gather, and by what I myself witnessed, I should say that a severe censure for carelessness is the most, perhaps, that should be urged. As to the other matter, that of trespassing upon your grounds or your rights, permit me to plead guilty. In the heat of pursuit, I overstepped the bounds of caution and did what I should not have done in a more deliberate moment. I beg to apologize most sincerely for the offense."

"Granted—freely granted," returned Graham, grasping the other warmly by the hand. "Let it pass as if it had never happened. And now, referring again to

the party who is responsible for the accident, it may not be unseemly to suggest that, measured by some of his reputed utterances, he is a man thoroughly in sympathy with your Southern institutions and entertains an undisguised dislike for the negro. Had the fugitive worn an Anglo-Saxon instead of an African cuticle, and had he been a human being instead of a chattel, might not the likelihood of this occurrence have been greatly lessened?"

"Mr. Graham," replied LaGrange, "your irony has a cutting edge, and it opens a subject which you and I can scarcely discuss with profit, though we might, by the exercise of forbearance, be able to do so dispassionately. We occupy more nearly common ground, however, than you may surmise. I do not believe, and no intelligent Southerner believes, that a negro is a soulless chattel. With all his limitations and disadvantages, I am not prepared to affirm that his prospects for immortality are a whit less promising than yours or mine. And when the time for his liberation shall have come, to which the prophetic finger of current events seems to point, I anticipate being among the foremost in conforming to all the lawful requirements."

Graham was nonplussed. "I little expected such sentiments from an owner of slaves," he said.

"And that suggests to my mind," added LaGrange, "that very much of the antipathy we of the South entertain for you of the North, and contrariwise, may have its origin in misconception and misunderstanding. We cultivate distance and sectional prejudice instead of that sympathetic interest in each other that makes all men kindred. We repel each other by our positive, unyielding, often unreasoning assertion of opinion, forgetting that charity suffereth long and is kind. It is this want of clearer views on the subject that makes your Northern sympathizer with the South so unreasonably bitter against the negro, and so prompt to take vengeance upon him for a trivial or an imaginary offense. The

negro and his owner are not properly understood, and—"

"Just notice that walk! It's Tim, as I live!" LaGrange pointed to a figure which had at that moment emerged from the corn-field at some distance away and was coming toward them.

"Is Tim your other runaway?" asked Graham.

LaGrange turned a quick, puzzled look into his questioner's face. Failing upon the instant to penetrate the masquerade which had so unexpectedly confronted him, he abandoned the effort and, after a brief pause, rejoined, his tones flowing evenly, "Yes, it is Tim, and he is the other runaway. The black rascal lacks Berry's nerve and perseverance. He has doubtless lost heart and wants to repent of his folly."

They stood quietly watching him as he approached. His apology was on his tongue's end, and he began its delivery as soon as he was within speaking distance.

"I fergot to ask you fer a pass to come Norf, Mas'r LaGrange," he called out. "Hope you won't be too hard on a mis'-ble nigger 't hain't got no sense nohow!"

LaGrange eyed the trembling culprit silently for some moments after he had come to a standstill, waiting to hear sentence pronounced. They were embarrassing moments for Tim, and seemed dark with the shadows of impending doom. At length LaGrange spoke. He spoke sternly, separating the words to make them impressive.

"What did you run away for?"

"'Cause—jis' 'cause I'se so triffin'. I allus was a ornery nigger."

Another embarrassing pause.

"Go into the house and take care of Berry. Don't you leave him until he's well or in his grave. Hear me? Do your duty, now, and you may save a part of your worthless hide."

"Thankee, Mas'r, thankee." The black fellow shambled away, the hunted look fading from his face at what seemed such a prompt and easy solution of his perplexities.

"A sample of the negro's dependence and inefficiency," observed LaGrange, turning to Graham.

"And of what slavery has done for him," came the ready rejoinder.

"You abolitionists stick close to your favorite line of argument," said LaGrange with a smile.

"Why shouldn't we?" asked Graham.

"Do you know any line of argument more strongly supported by the logic of facts or by the force of Christian ethics?"

"I might quote our Southern pulpit utterances at length in rebuttal," said LaGrange; "but we have reached the point beyond which argument loses its force by reason of contact with prejudice. We can neither convince nor convert each other by carrying it further. But there is one other remark you have made to which I feel I may now frankly reply. You referred to the encouragement to invade your premises which you surmised I had received. It must by this time be well known to you that you have the reputation, both at home and abroad, of being actively engaged in the work of the Underground Railway."

"Yes; I have had intimations of that fact," Graham placidly replied.

"Following an obscure and unpromising trail of my runaways into this section, their possible hiding place was pointed out to me."

"No doubt. Was the graveyard to which I consign the remains of those who dare express opinions antagonistic to my own pointed out to you?"

It was a cool, disconcerting smile which LaGrange now had the opportunity of studying in the other's face. "Perhaps my last remarks are of an intrusive nature," he said, his voice and manner expressive of doubt. "My object in making them was a double one—to explain why I became a trespasser, and to enable you to vindicate yourself if you had been falsely accused. I had begun to entertain the belief that the intelligence you represent could not endorse some of the newer arguments against slavery."

"To what arguments do you refer?"

"To such as have been employed by John Brown and his followers."

"Mr. LaGrange, waiving the opinion that many of the reputed deeds of the Free-State men are grossly exaggerated, I want to say with emphasis that I draw the line at John Brown. His detestation of slavery, with the ground of his belief, as I understand it, is identical with my own. But the ends, however desirable, will never justify inhuman or brutal means. We enter the domain of lawlessness the moment we begin doing evil that good may come."

"Is not slavery lawful?"

"It is, and supported by the highest judiciary."

"Do we not, then, commit a disloyal act when we designedly place an obstruction in the way of one who seeks to recover his lawful property?"

"Another point beyond which argument loses its force by reason of contact with prejudice. Your employes are strolling this way—let us change the subject."

In the afternoon the physician dressed Berry's wound and reported to LaGrange that there had been no material change in the patient's condition. He repeated his former statement that a buoyant spirit would prove the best tonic.

LaGrange passed a sleepless and troubled night. Many conflicting thoughts and emotions pressed themselves upon his attention. During the previous day he had discharged his two assistants, his original purpose to prosecute having been abandoned. The alternatives of a heavy pecuniary penalty, or a bruised and broken conscience now seemed to promise the only means of escape from a turmoil of doubt and perplexity into which he had drifted. Quite early in the morning he excused Tim from the room in order that he and Berry might be alone together, and seating himself by the wounded man's bedside he began: "Do you feel well enough to talk a little, Berry? I have something of interest which I wish to say to you."

"I feels heap easier dis mornin', Mas'r."

"How long have you lived on the old place, Berry?"

"'Bout fourteen years, Mas'r."

"Did you always have enough to eat?"

"Allus plenty."

"Enough clothes to wear?"

"Yes, Mas'r."

"A good cabin to live in?"

"Allus had good 'nuf cabin. I like de new one me and Rosa lives in mighty well, Mas'r."

"Then why did you run away?"

"It's dis a-way, Mas'r; when you shet a bird up in a cage and treat it bes' you knows how, will dat bird want to stay shet up in dat cage? Wont it flop 'gin de wires and pine fer de air and de woods? It's jis de same with us niggers. We's been shet up, and now we's a-wantin' our freedom, and I reckon we's goin' to pine and flop 'gin de wires till we git it." Berry closed his eyes wearily. The effort was beginning to tax his strength.

After a pause, LaGrange waiting patiently, Berry opened his eyes again. "Did you ever know me to tell a lie, Berry?" LaGrange asked.

"You tell a lie, Mas'r? I shoaly never did."

"Then listen to what I have to tell you now. I'm going to start for home this morning, and when I get there I'm going to send Rosa back to be your nurse in Tim's place."

"Do you mean dat, Mas'r?"

"Every word of it. And if you get well, mind, *get well*, I'll give you and Rosa both your freedom, and pay you good wages to come back and work in your old places."

"For de good Lawd's sake! I don't know how to 'spress my feelins', Mas'r."

"Never mind, don't try it. You need to save all your strength, and you must talk very little—no more than is absolutely necessary. But you must get well, Berry, you *must*. That is the only condition upon which I promise you and Rosa your freedom."

"I'se goin' to do my level bes', Mas'r. But Rosa—it's a long road, and de gal—"

"I understand, Berry, and I'll let Rosa come in the old family coach with a maid and the steadiest driver on the place. Never you mind about that. It isn't quite two hundred miles, and Rosa will be well taken care of."

"Yes, Mas'r, an' thankee."

Half an hour later La Grange was threading his way across the brown prairies toward his home in Missouri.

A small body of armed horsemen with four footmen, prisoners, in their midst, and a motley, mud-stained, travel-be-grimed assortment of men, women and children, black and white, trailing out behind—in wagon, on foot, and on horseback—came filing over the hills from the southeast. The curtains of darkness and of a storm-set sky had descended, shutting out all details of form and color. But the muffled tramp of hard hoofs, and a steady rattle and rumble of wagons moving along the muddy road gave notice to the attentive ear that the procession acknowledged the authority and leadership of an animating spirit, one whose restless energy and intrepid daring were making for him a recognized place in the history of his country. Small, grizzled, erect, with an eye capable of beaming with kindness or kindling and blazing, and a face which might express paternal regard or stern disfavor, he kept well to the front, riding a gaunt, iron-gray stallion much jaded and dejected from hard service.

The Battle of Spurs, a bloodless farce resulting in the impetuous flight of a United States marshal and the capture of four of his many deputies, had just been fought on Spring creek, and without further opposition or molestation John Brown with his followers was sweeping northward.

From the summit of a hill this retinue of phantoms, moving along the Jim Lane road, let itself down into the crooked little valley below. Crossing a narrow arm of meadow, it mounted by gradual ascent to the top of a slight plateau from which could be traced, just ahead, a line

of naked forest trees marking the course of a wayward and winding stream. To the left a small log cabin loomed dimly out of the darkness.

"This is the place," said one of the mounted figures to the leader.

"Halt!" came the low, prompt command. The word was caught up and carried back along the motley procession, always short and always low until it died out at the end for want of other figures to repeat it.

The two horsemen separated themselves from the others and, riding up to the cabin, dismounted. One of them, still holding his bridle rein, knocked at the door. There was an interval of silence, and a repetition of the knock.

"Hello, there!" came from within.

"Hello!" returned the figure at the door.

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"Do you remember Kagi?"

"Yes, and now I recognize your voice. Just wait a moment, and I'll be out."

After a little time the door swung inward, and to the man, now dressed, who appeared in the opening, the man outside apologized—

"Sorry, Mr. Andrews, to disturb you at such a late hour. Business pertaining to fugitives and the north star brings us here. Mr. Andrews, permit me to introduce you to Mr. Brown." Having said this much the speaker returned to his company.

Andrews extended his hand with the inquiry, "John Brown?"

"John Brown."

"Of Ossawatimie?"

"Of Ossawatimie."

"What is your mission?"

"Piloting rescued blacks to freedom."

A pause in which the owner of the cabin stood irresolute, as if collecting his thoughts.

"What is your number?" he presently asked.

"Forty-six all told," returned Brown.

"Twelve negroes, thirty armed whites, and four prisoners who live in Atchison and will be set at liberty in the morning."

"My cabin measures fourteen by sixteen," said Andrews. "I can feed forty-six, but I can't shelter so many."

"Certainly not; it isn't expected," Brown replied. "We are becoming accustomed to rough fare, and can provide our own sleeping accommodations. But there's a black woman in the company with a young babe in her arms. Can you provide for her? The youngster was born on the route, and has been named in my honor. I'm proud of it. Its mother's name is Rosa."

"Rosa? Where's her husband?"

"He ran away from his master some weeks ago, and his wife is now following. She calls him Berry."

Andrews stopped abruptly and tapped Brown on the shoulder. They had been walking slowly toward the road.

"Do you know," he began in a surprised way, "that the identical Berry of whom you speak lies in a critical condition at the next station, sixteen miles ahead? If Rosa wants to see her husband alive she must cover that distance without delay. I was there and had a short talk with him last night. He is sinking slowly and will probably die. It is the old story of a reckless deputy with a too ready pistol in his hand, and a black man for a target."

"Are you sure that it's the same Berry?" Brown queried.

"Well, in speaking of his wife he calls her Rosa, and—let me ask right here, did her master send her on this journey?"

"No. Her master knew nothing about it. He was absent in pursuit of Berry. She is one of the number we liberated over in Vernon county, in your neighboring state, Missouri. The rains and high waters have hampered our progress and made vexatious delays, or we should have been in Iowa before this time, baby and all."

"That completes the chain of evidence, and it looks as much like fiction as anything I ever read. Berry's master was at his bedside less than two weeks ago, and he went away promising to send Rosa to

nurse him back to health. Rosa's nursing will avail little to save the poor fellow now."

Brown meditated.

"You deem Berry's condition really critical?" he asked.

"I do—reflecting the opinion of the attending physician."

"If I provide a driver familiar with the route, can you provide a conveyance? None of our horses are at present fit for rapid travel."

"My team is at your disposal, but my wagon is out of repair. The route will have to be a roundabout one, on account of swollen streams."

"Very well, then, we'll start the only carriage at once. O'Connor will drive. O'Connor is careful and safe."

Brown issued a few brief orders, and half an hour afterward the carriage was under way.\*

In the cool gray of early dawn Berry feebly opened his eyes. The previous day had been to him a day of acute suffering, but he had sunk into a stupor at nightfall, and this was his first return to consciousness.

Without were sodden fields, and a damp, clammy atmosphere. Sullen clouds with frayed and tattered edges went drifting in solid phalanxes across the sky. Winter, long delayed, seemed now poisoning for a reluctant descent upon the earth.

At Berry's bedside stood Rosa patiently waiting, her eyes eloquent with sympathy and love. The hours of her vigil had been few, but through them love had run, like a golden thread, sustaining her wavering hopes.

"Berry," she said, bending down and speaking tenderly.

He turned his head, and a smile of glad recognition lighted up his dark face.

\*The incident, connected with one of John Brown's midnight marches, is substantially correct as related. The prisoners were kept under guard the next morning until the main body had been an hour under way and were then set at liberty. I was an inmate of the cabin, and have Andrews' written account of the affair now in my possession. He is still living, and his name is not Andrews.—THE AUTHOR.

"My own Rosa!" The words were feebly spoken, but they came from an overflowing heart.

"Yes, Berry, it's Rosa," said the wife.

"Is you glad to see me?"

"I'se mighty glad, Rosa," returned the husband with a painful effort. "I'se wanted to see you so many times, and you wasn't here. Did Mas'r give you—your freedom?"

"No, Berry. I done runned away from ol' Mas'r LaGrange wid Cap'n Brown's sojers. We's goin' to freedom together, now, Berry."

"Goin' together? No—no. I spec' I be—free first—in de glory land. I'se dyin'—Rosa—"

"Oh! don't, Berry! Don't talk dat way—'bout dyin'. Our baby's come to live

with us now." She turned, and catching up the little, shapeless bundle, she held it down so that its father might look upon his first born.

"Thank de Lawd!—I'se goin'—now—Rosa." His voice, sinking lower and lower, died out in a feeble gasp for breath.

A look of suffering flitted across his face, then passed away, and a new, glad smile took its place.

"Don't die, Berry—*don't!* You *musn't* die!" moaned the poor, distracted wife in an agony of helplessness and despair.

His eyes sought her face pityingly. His lips moved, but no sound escaped them. There was a tremor, a short, convulsive sob, and with that smile of peace and contentment on his face he entered Glory Land. Berry's freedom had come.

## THE CELEBRATION OF IOWA'S JUBILEE.

BY GEORGE F. PARKER.

ON the 28th of December, 1896, the state of Iowa will reach an important point in its history. Fifty years will have passed since it was admitted, formally, into the Union. Its people will then be able to celebrate the jubilee of the founding of the most distinctively American state thus far admitted into the historic sisterhood; one which, everything considered, owes most to domestic conditions and least to outside influences. Nothing, it seems to me, could be more appropriate than such a commemoration; so I avail myself of the permission of the editor of THE MIDLAND MONTHLY, to set forth, briefly, some of the reasons which, to my mind, make it both desirable and imperative that this milestone in history should be set with every ceremony that can be useful or impressive.

Whenever an accidental or hereditary ruler has reigned fifty years—a rare event in modern history—it is celebrated with all the pomp and circumstance that ceremonial can give it. Only seven years ago this great dignity was reached by the

Queen of England, whose character graces a throne little accustomed to the remarkable union now seen of the domestic virtues with prudence, sagacity and good sense. Everything that could show the progress during the preceding half-century in all that makes for freedom and the improvement of human conditions was emphasized and celebrated. Progress in manners and in material happiness, in science and its application to the needs of men and in the mental and spiritual condition of a great people, was duly commemorated. It was not the old that was celebrated with such enthusiasm; it was the achievements of the new, the work, which, under the wise and beneficent guidance of a good woman, had been done during a generation and a half of human life.

Thus far in our history only two states, other than the original thirteen, have been able to count their hundred years of separate relation with the Union. Vermont and Kentucky were already important communities when the struggle for inde-

pendence ended and were able to secure admission almost as soon as Rhode Island, the laggard in accepting the Constitution. It was not until 1796 that Tennessee attained this honor, so that it may fitly celebrate its centenary when Iowa shall number just half its years. Ohio, the next in order, did not come until 1802, from which time the increase in states has been continuous, though by no means regular. Almost without exception the centenaries of historic events have been celebrated ever since the great one of 1876 set the example; and every one, small or great, has been a distinct advantage in that it has promoted the growth and development of that sentiment which alone differentiates one people, nation, or community from another; and no opportunity should be lost or neglected which can, in any way, contribute to this wholesome result.

Iowa, then, has a chance to do its part. Heretofore the work of the pioneer has been so exacting, one step in material development has followed another with such rapidity, that it has not been possible to stop and ask why it was taken or

who directed it. The approaching jubilee year affords the opportunity to do this. It finds a State in the full vigor of youth and so well developed that it is possible to foresee its future progress. Its people are intelligent, active and watchful, its growth steady and wholesome; and everything favorable to a careful review of what has been done and a generous recognition of the men and women who have made it what it is. It is now in order to take a breathing-spell before proceeding to the even greater tasks that yet remain.

The fact is sometimes overlooked that Iowa as a State is a product of the curious series of compromises which were so dear to statesmen during the first three-quarters of a century of our national life. This particular compromise may best be described in the words of that chronicler of our early history, Thomas H. Benton, who, writing of the admission of Iowa and Florida, in his "Thirty Years View," says:—

"At this time were admitted into the Union and by a single bill two states which seem to have but few things in common, to put them together—one the oldest, the other the newest territory—one the extreme northwest of the Union, the other in the extreme southeast—one the land of evergreens and perpetual flowers, the other the climate of long and vigorous winter—one maintaining, the other repulsing slavery. It would seem strange that two territories so different in age, so distant from each other, so antagonistic in natural features and political institutions, should ripen into states at the same time and come into the Union by a single act; but these antagonisms—that is, the antagonistic provisions on the subject of slavery—made the conjunction and gave to the two young states an inseparable admission. It happened that the slave and free states had long become equal in number, and a feeling of jealousy or a calculation of policy operated to keep them so, and for that purpose to admit one of each character at the same time, thus balancing and neutralizing each other. The bill for their admission was passed without a struggle and furnished but little beyond the yeas and nays—these latter a scant majority in either house—to show the disposition of members. In the Senate the negatives were 9 to 36 yeas; in the House 48 to 144. Numerically the free and slave states were



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United States Consul at Birmingham.

thus kept even : in political power a vast inequality was going on—the increase of population being so much greater in the Northern than in the Southern region."

While one can have no wish to make comparisons in a paper like this, it will not, I am sure, be amiss to show by a three-line tabular statement, how short-sighted the compromisers were in assuming that equality in number meant even the slightest approach to equality of power :

	Population 1840.	Rank Among States 1840.	Population 1890.	Rank Among States 1890.
Iowa...	43,112	29	1,911,896	10
Florida.	54,477	27	391,422	32

The futility of such compromises is also shown by the fact that Florida made its way slowly towards a complement of two members of the House of Representatives, while Iowa had, by nearly the same time, so grown that it was entitled to eleven, and, during the same period, probably furnished to the newer states of the west a population quite equal in number to all the inhabitants now living in Florida and those sent out from it as its contribution to other communities.

While Iowa has now a great variety of population, born in many countries, speaking divers tongues and professing many varied creeds, it was not always so. Her early settlers were almost distinctively American and Protestant. Every state then existing contributed some share, large or small, to the people who lived on the soil of Iowa in 1846 or who came within the succeeding ten years. But the foundations of toleration were laid so broad and deep that opposition to men born in foreign countries never existed. The followers of other creeds were not compelled to break down any prejudices. No riots met them and no destruction of houses and churches was visited upon them. They came and were welcomed as part of a people anxious and determined to build up a new American State and were only asked to enter into hearty coöperation with those already on the ground. Not only was Iowa a

distinctively American community in its beginning, but it was almost as emphatically a western one. Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York and New England, the seed plots of domestic colonization, furnished less than one-sixth of the people in the state at the time of its admission, while considerably more than one-third came from Ohio, Indiana, Kentucky and Illinois. It is true that nearly all of them were the descendants of people, only one or two generations removed, of the older states; but enough time had elapsed materially to modify the character of the men who "moved on" to the then remote and still newer west.

More than any other of the western states settled since the development of railroads, the pioneers of Iowa had to make their own conditions and surroundings. In Kansas, Nebraska and all the great West, except the Pacific States, settlement followed the railroad, even in their territorial days. In Iowa it was more than twenty years after her admission into the Union before the railroad began tardily to follow the course of settlement.

When my father removed to Iowa—forty years ago this month—he settled a hundred and eighty miles from the terminus of the railroads on the east bank of the Mississippi, opposite Keokuk or Burlington, and it was twelve years later before I set my youthful eyes on the iron horse in our new home. So, if there ever was such a thing as independence, the early settlers of Iowa came near to the enjoyment of it. We were little more indebted to the East,—then almost as remote from us as a foreign country,—for moral and mental sustenance than for material gifts. We had our own schools, taught in their rude way by our own people; and our preaching was done, still more rudely perhaps, by men rich in nothing save knowledge of and belief in the gospel which they proclaimed. When the influx of population from the older states began, it was welcomed, and I know of no community that absorbed the best it could get from everywhere more gladly

or thoroughly than did the Iowa of the early days.

So, too, from the first this remote community developed a State pride which has never been lost. Its people were justly proud of their position as the powerful builders of another modern commonwealth; of their place almost in the center of a great continent; of their schools, churches, and comfortable homes; of the absence of either poverty or riches; of their helpfulness and hopefulness, and of the capacity for efficient self-government which they so early developed.

They soon had reason for pride in their public men and the success with which all the problems of government were met and solved even from the beginning. While we are sometimes inclined to exaggerate the work of those who pass their lives immediately about us, and to exalt some individuals beyond their merits, we are far more prone to look through the wrong end of the telescope and so not fully to appreciate the work of those who, under our plan of government, serve us. We take the service, but we are not always far-seeing enough or so generous as to acknowledge at the time that it is thoroughly good; that the man who has given it has put more of himself into it than was absolutely necessary or than he had been paid for, and that this overplus was just as truly a gift to the State as if he had put his hand into his pocket and out of his earnings endowed a library or college or built a church. No state has been able to command more of this service than Iowa. It has been my good fortune to have an acquaintance, generally close and intimate, with every Governor from Samuel J. Kirkwood—just lost to us in the fulness of years and honor—to Frank D. Jackson, the incumbent. I have had a like acquaintance with every United States Senator from Iowa, save one, from Augustus Caesar Dodge to John H. Gear, as well as with dozens of Representatives and scores of State legislators, and I do not believe that any State within my knowledge—and I have been a voter in five—has been able to command more

unselfishness, more ability and more honesty than the one which will soon be entitled to celebrate its jubilee. Local government, carried to such perfection among us, has been the one school of citizenship higher, than all our educational systems which has trained our people in a way to be seen only in an American Community. It is always with surprise on the part of the listener that I tell the story here of what real Home Rule is among us, how the affairs of the State, of every county, city and village, and of every school and road district are managed by the people of each community, without clashing, without injury to any individual or element, and without either waste or parsimony. It is the one thing that cannot be understood even in the mother country from which we have inherited the genius of local government and where experiments in its extension are now being carried on in the most liberal way.

The most important product of this new State during the first half century of its existence has not, however, been its government, its public men, its material comfort, nor yet its various institutions; but its people, the confident, intelligent and independent population, that have created a new entity in the world, a Christian State. It is these who deserve commemoration and celebration,—the modest, silent, unknown masses who have worked together "without haste, without rest." They have created the force, they *are* the force, which has made Iowa,—not like some other community, according to specification and model, but according to the plans and in harmony with the character of its early designers. The world has had to recognize the success of a purely agricultural people in erecting and maintaining institutions, progressive and at the same time conservative, where the work and mind of the individual have had full recognition, and yet where every wholesome social scheme has found sympathetic trial. There is no community in the world so free from outside interference, from the influence of any centralized authority as a New American State, none

which runs so nearly by its own momentum. All peoples have that genuine love of country known as patriotism; but with us it is spread over more objects than is possible elsewhere in the world. We take a just pride in all the paraphernalia of the federal government. But then, happily, Washington is a long way off, and, whether things done there are wise or foolish, the men who do them are, after all, the representatives of individual States, chosen under local laws from districts whose metes and bounds are fixed by local authority, and they are always amenable to the public sentiment of their various neighborhoods. It is a mistake to think or to say, as one sometimes hears, that state rights were killed by the Civil War. On the contrary, at no time in our history has the sentiment of state patriotism been stronger or more jealously guarded everywhere or the authority of this great economic entity greater than during the past twenty years. It behooves us, therefore, to nurse this patriotism well, to develop until it is still stronger, and thus to preserve intact the institutions we have inherited or created. The great glory, the distinguishing feature of our institutions, is the opportunity the individual has to develop his powers, and no man can look over the history of our State and see how every boy and girl within its borders has had this without being anxious to preserve, defend and appreciate all that promotes its develop-

ment. Most of all, it seems to me, the importance cannot be overestimated of teaching the present generation that these things have not come by accident, but that, under God, they are the natural result of the work their fathers and grandfathers did by taking advantage, under conditions harder than we can fully know, of all the opportunities presented to them.

It is not for an exiled son of the State, which sheltered and taught him and gave him opportunity during a quarter of a century, to make suggestions as to the details of the celebration of the jubilee which it is a pleasure to him to suggest; but none can have more pride in its people or their achievements or be more anxious to see honor done to both in order to show in the days of maturity and strength that we do not neglect or forget to pay a just tribute to those who wrought in the days of childhood and weakness. If appeal be properly made to the patriotic sentiment of Iowa, I believe that its Legislature and its people will gladly provide the funds necessary fittingly to celebrate, two years hence, the fiftieth anniversary of its admission into the American Union, and those who have gone forth in search of career or adventure may, even though absent, join in spirit with the two millions of her industrious and aspiring citizens in giving honor to what has been done and to our predecessors, as well as in good wishes for the successful accomplishment of all that remains.

## A MIDNIGHT TRAGEDY.

LAST night there was never a cloud nor haze,  
And the small stars all were out,  
Bedecked in their brightest gala rays,  
Tossing their twinkles about.  
  
But out of a dusky cloud in the east  
The moon stole stealthily nigh,  
And, just when the stars expected it least,  
With bright beams deluged the sky.  
  
Then the white flood spread like a tidal wave,  
And one by one from sight  
The little stars sank to a dismal grave  
In the sea of silver light!

*Ellis Parker Butler.*

## OCTAVE THANET AT HOME.

BY MARY J. REID.

"We say, for brevity's sake, that he deals with *life*, because he deals with that in which life really consists."

*Matthew Arnold's Wordsworth.*

AROUND the three provincial towns, Quabbin, Portsmouth and Davenport, three American writers, representing different literary generations, have cast a magical spell, which no counter enchantment may remove. By their united efforts they have given to the term, "The Provincials," a native wholesomeness and sweetness quite undiscovered in Eighteenth Century vocabularies. Quabbin is a realistic view of the New England of fifty years ago,—a picture as truthful in its way as Aldrich's "An Old Town by the Sea," but sturdier and heavier; a reflex of life during the first great literary generation of America, without the illuminating grace of imagination. Portsmouth, under the slight cover of Rivermouth, has quite another history. It is the

home of many of Aldrich's real people, such as Tom Bailey and Governor Wentworth, but it is also inhabited by fantastic creatures who, like Gautier's Clarimonde in "La Morte Amoreuse," owe their existence solely to their author's subtle imaginings. The *spirituelle* Marjorie Daw, notwithstanding Aldrich's efforts to annihilate her, will live for many a day in a Colonial mansion with a gambrel roof, situated somewhere on a winding road leading out of Rivermouth; and the "Queen of Sheba," did she not lose her dainty shoe somewhere in that region? The picture of Davenport, Iowa, drawn by Octave Thanet in "The Stories of a Western Town," is more modern in form and *motif* than either Aldrich's sketches of Portsmouth or Underwood's "Quabbin." Octave Thanet's style might be called a cross between Aldrich's elaborate studies, daintily finished to the minutest detail, and Underwood's broad, sturdy, charcoal outlines. Among all the short stories descriptive of Mid-western types and scenery, none are so pure, so graphic, so full of the real life of this region as "The Stories of a Western Town," for while the delineation of character is the leading object, the finish is apparently unstudied, and Miss French's style is, therefore, the very perfection of art. Very carefully has this sovereign of the American Short Story cultivated her fair domain! There are some of her sketches, as "Mrs. Finlay's Elizabethan Chair," "The Mortgage on Jeffy," "Mother Emeritus," and "An Assisted Providence," which are absolutely flawless. One may read them twenty times, pick them to pieces, compare them with the works of other writers, and until one has reached the twentieth reading, the fineness of their workmanship will scarcely be discovered.

Miss French has described Davenport with such exactness that, as she remarked



MISS ALICE FRENCH.

From her latest Photograph, by White, Davenport, Iowa.



MISS FRENCH'S DAVENPORT HOME.

but lately, even the names of the streets are not changed in her sketches of this little city which she knows the best of all. The opera house where Tommy Fitzmaurice made his valedictory speech; the old college "with a wooden cupola perched on the roof like a little hat on a fat man"; Lee Hall, the home of her late uncle, Bishop Lee; the granite soldier on his shaft, and the cathedral with its pure Gothic lines and fine acoustic properties, are all there, just as she has depicted them with her magical pen. And any day, the literary wayfarer in search of the ghosts of Kurt Lieders, Mrs. Carriswood, Mother Emeritus, Harry Lossing or Colonel Ben "may catch bird's-eye glimpses of the vast river that the Iowans love; the three bridges tying three towns to the island arsenal; . . . the steel-blue glint of the water, and the remorseless pencil of a railway, where all day and all night slender red bars rise and sink in their black sockets to the accompaniment of the outcry of tortured steam."

Years ago, when William Cullen Bryant lived at Roslyn, Long Island,—cold and precise though he was,—the very atmosphere of that little town seemed charged with his presence. So it is in a far greater degree with the city of Davenport, for one feels Miss French's influence in the Episcopal Cathedral she loves so well, the editorial rooms, the public library, the shops, the manufactories, the jails. But particularly is the light of her presence seen in those large charities of which she and her family are the leading benefactors in Iowa. Last year Mr. B. F. Tillinghast, editor of the Davenport *Democrat*, wrote me:

"At her home, Octave Thanet is more highly esteemed for what she is than for what she writes, although her friends are the most appreciative of her readers. Here she is known as Miss Alice French, a woman who engages in the causes of charity in many of its local forms. She has taken an active interest in the Davenport Public Library, serving for some time upon its directory. In all the educational, scientific and charitable institutions of the

city her patronage is invariably asked and never denied. She is an intensely busy woman, one whose humanism is as characteristic as her literary talent."

As a friend in private life, Miss French is marvelously genial and sympathetic. One who knows her intimately once wrote me :

"The trait which has impressed me the most in my acquaintance with Miss French is a studious regard for her word. She never forgets to keep a promise. I could enumerate several instances where she has rigidly kept her promise in times of great trouble, when most people would forget everything but their own griefs."

Miss French's maternal grandfather was Marcus Morton, one of the governors of Massachusetts, a lineal descendant of the Mortons who came to this country in the Mayflower. Her paternal great-grandmother was a Revolutionary heroine, who ran the farm and reared the family while her husband fought in most of the battles of the Revolutionary War. His tombstone is still standing in an old Massachusetts churchyard, and his rank, that of lieutenant, is still decipherable upon the storm-beaten stone. Miss French's father, George Henry French, inherited his handsome features and his love of art and literature from his mother, while the energy and business ability for which he was especially characterized came from the father.

A very pretty story is told in the family about Mr. French's courtship and marriage with Miss Morton, the governor's daughter. When a young man, Mr. French happened one day to look at some daguerreotypes in the window of an artist's studio. Among them was the face of a young girl, not strictly beautiful, but possessing the quiet, restful grace of the ideal Puritan maiden. He took a great fancy to it, and stopped for some moments to regard it with more attention. Day after day, while passing the window, he looked for the picture, until he began to feel in an indefinite way that the daguerreotype belonged to him. But one day it was gone. Acting upon a sudden impulse, he went inside and offered to purchase it.

"Why, that is the daguerreotype of Governor Morton's daughter," the artist replied, with evident alarm. "It is impossible for me to sell it, and it ought not to have been placed in the window."

That was enough information for Mr. French. If the young people of the two families were not known to one another, their elders were. By exercising some little tact and patience, he succeeded in getting an introduction to Miss Morton, and it was not many months before they were married. That daguerreotype is now one of Miss French's valued treasures, and always stands on her writing table in the Davenport study. When Mr. French died, Mrs. French could not bear to look at it, nor to inhabit the suite of rooms since occupied by our author in the Davenport homestead.

Alice French's birthplace was Andover, Massachusetts. The family resided while there in an old mansion, the home of one of Mr. French's ancestors, a Revolutionary parson. The house was bought by Mr. French because of its associations, and sold when he left Andover for the West. It is remodeled now into a beautiful Colonial mansion with all the modern conveniences, but it was a quaint and staunch old house when Miss French knew it,—which to be sure was not long, as the family left Andover when she was five years old. Her chief recollections of the old place are the wainscoting and the hot-house for grapes. Mr. French removed to Davenport before the Civil War, some time during the 50's, and became interested in the Eagle Manufacturing Company, which is now owned by the family.

Miss French's brothers live within a stone's throw of one another at Davenport and are associates in the business which their father built up. All the reading world knows about Alice French's life-long friendship for a certain gentlewoman whom she has called "Jane" in "An Adventure in Photography." Jane owns the plantation at Clover Bend where Miss French spends several months of the year. To her brothers, our author is

more than an ordinary sister, she is a comrade who feels every pulsation of their lives. And this comradeship, so unusual in a sister, has enabled her to portray many a masculine type, as Shuey Cardigan in "Harry Lossing," quite beyond a woman's general range.

"I tried for years," she once told me, "to like boating because my brothers did, but I was always sea-sick and intensely miserable on board of a yacht and I finally had to give it up."

This sympathy with the masculine pursuits of her brothers partly accounts for her skill as a whist player. Those who have read of Lowell's famous whist parties, where the sparkling conversation was quite as much a feature of the evening as the game, will understand that an evening with Miss French at the whist table is an experience not easily forgotten. Such a flow of apt quotations, anecdotes and repartees, too bright and evanescent to be recorded, flash forth in rapid succession, that no one story or saying clings to the memory,—one simply remembers the occasion as an ideal game of whist and wit. During the evenings on the plantation at Clover Bend whist is often the only recreation within easy reach of our author. Jane's partner has an inexhaustible fund of local tales, both tragical and comical, with which he delights to amuse Miss French. Some of them she has used as the skeletons of her stories, or the thread around which the mineral gradually crystallizes.

While the negotiations were pending for the translation of Octave Thanet's stories into French, Madame Blanc visited her at Clover Bend in order to gather the materials of a sketch for a French magazine. Madame Blanc was much interested in tracing the numerous bits of description and narrative which had been used by our author in the creation of her stories. Through the swamp Madame Blanc followed the path taken by "Ma' Bowlin," noting the vivid descriptions of actual scenery which accentuate the beauty of that charming story,—but alas, the real "Ma' Bowlin" always remained an idiot.

In an audacious moment I once asked Miss French if she could tell me whether she were the more indebted to the Frenches or the Mortons for her talent as a writer. She gave me one of those inscrutable glances, characteristic of her at times, and answered: "I never analyzed myself sufficiently to find out." And indeed it would be difficult for even the keenest critic to trace the lines of descent in either her face or mind—for they interlace and harmonize like a web woven in a unique fashion by some master hand.

Although her manners, dress and voice are often studiously quiet, yet there is something remarkable about her personality which cannot be hid from the observant eye. Without being positively beautiful, her face is very attractive, and may be described as at once vigorous and feminine; her forehead is intellectual, and her mouth has a peculiarly humorous and kindly expression; she has a fine and commanding physique, and eyes which fathom one's innermost thoughts so easily that one is glad to have nothing evil in one's heart when meeting her gaze. One is quickly impressed by a certain grandeur and largeness of character, easier to comprehend than to describe. But her chief charm is her winning manner. I greatly doubt if George Eliot, Mrs. Browning or our own Margaret Fuller excelled her as a conversationist and in the gentle art of winning friends. I say this not at haphazard, but with a distinct conception of the influence that triad exerted upon such men as Lewes, Spencer, Landor, Browning, Poe, Emerson and Greeley. The time has not yet come to tell how many persons, young and old, ignorant and wise, look up to Octave Thanet for strength, consolation and light. She is also silently influencing a number of young writers by the sanity of her realistic theories; theories which exclude socialism, but enjoin a study of the wisdom of the past and of the great masters of style in connection with the larger studies of humanity and nature.

In an age of female novelists, when Octave Thanet must contend with Miss

Wilkins and Miss Jewett at the East; Miss Murfree, Mrs. Catherwood, Mrs. Abbott and Mrs. Atherton at the West; as well as that host of English novelists, "Iota," Miss Beatrice Harraden, Madame Sarah Grand and Mrs. Humphry Ward, it seems relevant to ask: Are these writers all on the same plane? How many simply take photographs and draw caricatures in a crude fashion, and how few find what the artist Kemble calls "the vital line!" Without hesitation it may be said that all the American novelists above quoted find the vital line. But they accomplish their work by wholly different processes. Mrs. Catherwood writes from her visions of the past:

"How can we care for shadows and types, when we may go back through history and live again with people who actually lived!"

Miss Wilkins and Miss Jewett haunt the New England shores, and Miss Murfree is scarcely herself outside of Tennessee; hence a narrowness of view is observable in their works. But it is a mistake to suppose that Miss Murfree, for instance, has been repeating her types of late years. One of the greatest stories of our day is "Where the Battle Was Fought." With the exception of Mrs. Humphry Ward, the English women writers are standing where our women novelists stood ten years ago. I would advise that reader who earnestly desires to measure the progress of the American novel during the last decade to compare "The Romance of Dollard" with "Ships That Pass in the Night"; "Where the Battle Was Fought" with "The Yellow Aster," and "Expia-

tion," or "The Stories of a Western Town," with "The Heavenly Twins." That this is the opinion of several of our best writers one cannot fail to see. Edith M. Thomas makes a poet say in a letter to the Book-Buyer:

"Do you suppose any "Heavenly Twins" or other precocious bantlings not running on metrical legs *would be accepted as having a reason for being*, if the offspring of a poet's brain?"

Also in a recent letter to the writer, Colonel Higginson remarked:

"I feel with you a little jealous of the attention given to fantastic novels by English women about women, but do not think it will last."

While a celebrated novelist writes:

"There is a sort of eruptive literature that only shows the disease in the social frame; but it soon passes away with a healthy nation—and we are healthy at bottom, we Anglo-Saxons, and there is an end of it."

Miss French's only English rival in the feminine field is Mrs. Humphry Ward, a writer who has inherited much of the literary talent of the Arnolds. These two gentlewomen,—separated from one another by the broad Atlantic, and by a thousand miles of territory teeming with the new intellectual life of America,—resemble one another in more respects than are at first apparent to the casual observer. Both have a long line of virtuous and scholarly ancestors and in their own families have seen examples of the highest types of manhood and womanhood. Visions of the "Christ-like Man" have appealed to them quite as much as to Madame Sarah Grand, although they proclaim it less and without asperity. Both have an inherited taste for speculative, economic and humanitarian subjects. If one adds to these similitudes a close familiarity with the scenery, homes and types of England and America, one about reaches the limit of their likeness to one another. Mrs. Ward has not been subjected to the rivalry which has stimulated Octave Thanet, and she therefore lacks those powers of rapid characterization and of vivid concentra-



CLOVER BEND, MISS FRENCH'S  
ARKANSAS HOME.



MISS FRENCH AND HER FRIEND, MME. BLANC—MME. BLANC IN CARRIAGE, WITH MRS. CRAWFORD'S NEPHEW DRIVING.

tion which are Miss French's peculiar gifts. But in the delineation of love-scenes Mrs. Humphry Ward is the superior. While Miss French draws young girls with rare delicacy and grace, her love-scenes are rather too brief, although full of life and reality. Unlike the two romanticists, Mrs. Humphry Ward and F. Marion Crawford, Octave Thanet treats love as an episode of life, not as the sole theme of the novelist. In her address upon "The Short Story," delivered at the World's Fair, she said:

"An instinct has guided the American story-teller to a perception of the infinite possibilities of human passion outside of the single passion that he used to describe. There are worlds of motives outside of the attraction that draws the youth to the maiden. Though there is no motive quite aloof from that all-embracing and comprehending love which is the greatest thing in the world.

Our short stories, when one comes to think of it, are seldom tales of love. What has the blind god, for example, to do with stories like *Miss Grief* or *Easter Lilies* or *Passon Jone*? And after all is it not true that the very hospitality of the short story to every kind and rank of emotion adds to its precision as the reflector of life? Some of the cruelest pathos has nothing to do either with death or love."

Octave Thanet can see nothing but deadly harm likely to come from such schemes as *Bellamy's* and *The Traveler from Altrurias*. The only type that she is shy of and thoroughly dislikes is the labor leader, "the man who makes the everlasting failure with the everlasting blindness." In a letter to me during the Pullman strike, she wrote:

"The unions are steadily degrading labor, not capital. . . . This socialist business is like a beautiful fruit rotten at the core."

Her faith, however, in the second thought of the American people is best expressed in a letter dated April 29th:

"I am not afraid of the Coxey army nor of the labor trouble, for there is in the American people a vast, indolent, common sense that always awakens in time though often it seems dead asleep."

"The Farmer in the North," "The Farmer in the South," "The Provincials," "The Working Man" and "The People That We Serve" show her innate instinct for collecting odd types which other writers would reject as too commonplace. In her hands they cease to be commonplace, for she covers them with her genius as Mother Nature covers the

bare rocks and the steep hillsides with the creeping grass and the dainty ferns. An author describing Greuze, the French painter, says:

"Greuze is the poet of every-day grace, of truth in rags, of the sentiment of the common people, the poet of the chimney corner. . . . In his pictures of village life, how everything recalls to you the thatched roof."

These sayings but half express Octave Thanet's view,—for the rich and normal have their places in the fair world created by her as well as the poor and abnormal. No novelist whom I have met, except Octave Thanet, has seemed to see every type of humanity through the eyes of the Universal Mother. It is not, however, to be supposed that she is equally interested in every type she discovers. She lingers with a loving hand over the descriptions of the General and the Kentuckian in "The Farmer in the South," and Miss Maria Keith in "Miss Maria's Fiftieth" as if she loved them the most.

But on the other hand, no one comprehends better the easy-going natures of Madison Monroe and Eben Coates nor more fully appreciates that humorous irony of life which makes indolent men invariably successful in obtaining industrious wives.

It is as the portrait painter of our time that Octave Thanet will live in literature. In Theodore Winthrop's story of Cecil Dreeme, Pensal sketches his brother artist, Sion, so skillfully that he seizes and combines all of Sion's possible looks in all possible moods. In such a manner Miss French draws her types. Types that we had "always known, but never perceived that we had known" until we find them upon her canvas. Her range is so wide, her sight is so far-reaching that in the hereafter her portraits of Harry Lossing and Colonel Rutherford will stand as the types of America even as Talbot Wynne and Adam Bede picture England.

## BEATRICE.\*

### A STORY OF BAYOU TECHE.

BY ALICE ILGENFRITZ JONES.

#### CHAPTER XVIII.

JACK went straight to his brother's box and began to question Mabel, who told him all she knew of Beatrice's history, beginning with her own early acquaintance with the little isolated child.

Nothing had ever come into Jack Vandever's life which moved him so deeply as this pathetic story—pathetic in its facts if not yet in its effects upon Beatrice. Indeed, there was all the more pathos because of her innocent unconsciousness. He could not doubt that she had accepted the present happy conditions of her life in good faith,—though it did seem a little strange that this should be so. She was like a skater gliding gaily over thin ice which might break at any moment; though she was not daring, she did not seem to know the ice was thin.

She was a girl of spirit too, and of quick and delicate sensibilities. He had seen manifestations of this in her attitude toward the arrogant Mrs. Priestly,—a little touch of offended dignity blending felicitously with the grace and beauty of her youth. How carefully the La Scallas must have shielded her then in order that she might not feel the sting of her cruel position! Of course she must feel it somewhat, and this accounted for the deep mournfulness he had sometimes noted for the space of a moment or two in those brilliantly beautiful eyes! He had wondered at this fugitive shadow, had fancied it might be merely the effect of the long dark lashes drooping a little lower than

\*"Beatrice" was begun in the January, 1894.

MIDLAND. Back numbers can be obtained by writing the publisher.

their wont. Whatever the secret of it, it had drawn him to her each time with an inexplicable tenderness. He understood now, and the tenderness was increased a thousand fold. He felt a strong impulse to go and take her in his arms and carry her away somewhere, away out of this brutal society which would sooner or later crush her beneath its velvety foot. Ah, if he could but take her before she knew, before anything horrible happened! He knew his world and what it was capable of. Mrs. Priestly had coarsely voiced the sentiment of it.

Jack himself had as robust and haughty a prejudice against the colored race as it is possible for a well-born and well-bred American gentleman to have; a prejudice which expressed itself in an attitude of cool, unconscious superiority and a not unkindly condescension. *The colored race!* Good heavens! was not this peerless Beatrice white, was there another woman in New York with so flawless a skin? What mattered a drop of African blood? It was the greatest absurdity, this race prejudice! Who had drawn the lines,—and were they parallel lines which might never converge? Where was the root, the far-back beginning of this deep-seated, cruel prejudice? Could nothing reach it, was our boasted civilization no more than skin deep?

So he sat and talked to himself, or let himself be penetrated by these questions which he could not answer. His eyes were upon the stage, following the motions of the singers as they came and went with their bows and smiles and recalls, not seeing them and not hearing them, and taking no note of the applause conscientiously awarded to each successive performance.

But finally when the stage manager stepped before the curtain and announced that owing to unforeseen circumstances the *Duet from Norma* would have to be omitted, he excused himself hastily and got up and went back behind the scenes, wondering whether anything had happened, whether Beatrice had been insulted. No, there had been a scene Mrs.

Thompson said, but she had kept Beatrice out of it, she was still in the Green Room and Miss Convers was with her "like a lioness on guard."

Mrs. Priestly had gone home. "I found her in the dressing-room putting on her things," Mrs. Thompson explained, "she was furious about the imposition which she declared had been practiced upon her."

"Did anybody hear her except you?" asked Jack.

"O, yes; Mrs. Priestly said,—in reply to my caution,—that she did not care who heard her."

Mrs. Thompson spoke in her usual quiet way and with almost her usual serenity of countenance; and Jack wondered at a philosophy so deep and calm as not to be disturbed even by such a terrible catastrophe as this.

"It is dreadful but we must make the best of it," Mrs. Thompson added without so much as the contraction of her eyebrows.

"What do the other singers say?" he inquired.

"O, they are dumfounded of course, but none of them feel as Mrs. Priestly does. They are all dreadfully sorry. But you and I know, Jack, that people—even those who are the most kindly disposed—will by and by adjust themselves to the discovered facts, and their attitude toward Beatrice will not be the same. It is human nature, our feelings are modified more than we know by conditions and circumstances."

"Not yours," he said with an affectionate look.

"Yes, mine, too; I suppose I am no exception. But in my case there will be no adjusting here; my strong attachment for Beatrice is of long standing, and there is no danger that I shall neglect or desert her when she most needs a friend!"

Mrs. Thompson gave a little "spread" at her house after the entertainment was over, to which the participants and a few others were invited. Madame Derouen had her young ladies in charge and was obliged to decline, and Mrs. Thompson promised to send Beatrice home later.

Everything had been planned beforehand with extreme care; and Mrs. Thompson and Grace, assisted by Jack, — who rather overdid the matter — made noble efforts to have the affair pass off pleasantly, but the spirit had gone out of the evening and no persuasion could bring it back.

Jack escorted Beatrice home.

It was rather a silent drive. He was painfully preoccupied, and Beatrice was undergoing the natural reaction from her recent high excitement, and perhaps unconsciously feeling the pressure in the moral atmosphere. Once she asked, "Do you know why Mrs. Priestly did not sing? Some said she was ill, and others that she was angry; she went away, you know; I did not see her at all."

"She may have been offended about something," he replied. "The people were greatly disappointed, they wanted to hear you again."

"And her, too, of course," Beatrice answered; "what a splendid greeting they gave her when she first came out!" Then added with a sigh, "It is a beautiful duet."

Jack made no reply. When the carriage stopped he helped her out and went up the walk with her and stood beside her on the steps until the door was opened. She wondered at the severe gravity of his face as he bade her "good-night." She wondered also why he had had so little to say about the concert and her singing. It was a little disappointing. Somehow it had all ended in disappointment! — no, Burgoyne's pride and delight in her compensated for everything! This was her last thought before she dropped asleep.

Jack returned to his hotel and passed a restless and troubled night. The whole aspect of life had suddenly changed for him. His mind went back and dwelt continually upon every event of the past days and weeks which had any connection with Beatrice, and he saw with a mingling of surprise and pain and pleasure how entirely she had come to occupy his imagination and his heart. If only

the knowledge of what occurred to-night could be kept from her! he said to himself over and over. Ah, but this was not all, there were the hard and cruel facts. If it was only to protect her, he felt that he could do that, he *would* do that if she would allow him. But he could not remove the rock against which his own soul beat helplessly.

In the morning, while he sat indifferently toying with his breakfast and wondering — while his eye roved over the telegraphic news in the *Morning Messenger* — how humanity had contrived to muddle things up so in this world, he recollected that he had a brother newly wedded, and a lovely young sister-in-law to whom certain courtesies from him were due. He got up from the table and prepared to walk down street. Nothing in the familiar sights and sounds interested him in the least as he threaded his way through the blockade of jostling humanity. He entered a florists little shop on Broadway, and examined from force of habit the various samples displayed in pots and vases, and selected an elegant pink rose of a new and fashionable variety, and gave his order.

"I will see if we have enough of those," said the young man in attendance, and stepped into the supply room.

Jack took his newspaper from his overcoat pocket and opened it out for a look at the city items. At the head of a column on the society page his eye fell upon some startling headlines:

A YOUNG LADY OF THE BON TON SINGS AT A FASHIONABLE CHARITY CONCERT AND IS DISCOVERED TO BE AN EX-SLAVE GIRL OF MIXED BLOOD!

There followed a sensational description of Beatrice and her singing, with an extravagant account of her "past lamentable condition and present good fortune" — in which connection Madame Derouen's "high-toned academy" received a conspicuous and flattering notice.

The writer went on to say: "When the secret leaked out among the participants in the concert, one of New York's most popular and talented singers, a lady of exalted social station, flatly refused to

go upon the stage with the beautiful young quadroom, or octoroon, or whatever the degree of color may be; and the disappointed audience was obliged to forego one of the choicest gems on the program."

Thus the enterprising public press pilloried the rare and lovely girl to whom Mr. John Vandever had secretly, and with much pleasure and a good deal of trepidation, contemplated making a proposal of marriage! He had gone as far as that, and the thought had touched all of his little attentions to her lately and given them a tender and delicate significance. In his own mind he had almost committed himself. Should he draw back now? Ah, that was not the question,—should he relinquish the dearest hope he had ever cherished? This was the point. It was not likely that a girl so young, so innocent, so unsuspecting had given a thought to the significance of his attentions. It was only himself who was interested so far, he had only his own feelings to consider. Well, what should he do? The man came back with the roses, neatly packed, and he paid for them, gave the address and passed out. Instinctively his thought turned to Mrs. Thompson. There was a woman to whom a man might go in any emergency and be sure of wise counsel and generous sympathy! He started off briskly in the direction of her house.

Mrs. Thompson received him in the down-stairs sitting-room, standing beside an immense night-blooming cereus which had just been wheeled in from the conservatory. It was about to display the wonder of a blossom, and a few people, she told him, were coming in the evening to watch the phenomenon,—would not he like to come?

She looked at him as she asked the question and observed that he was not interested either in the flower or in what she was saying, which in a man of his quality would have seemed discourteous to any other woman but this woman. She could see that something was wrong; that there was some new cause of disturbance, or that the occurrences of last

night affected him even more than she had supposed.

"Come over here and have a seat," she said, moving away from the plant.

He crossed the room, but continued to stand.

"I—have you seen the morning papers?" he asked.

"I have seen *a* morning paper," she replied.

He pulled the *Messenger* from his pocket and watched her as she read the hideous article, and was gratified to see that her face grew grave over it.

"Oh!" she cried, "how unfortunate, how dreadful!" And then in a moment, "What shall we do?" It was not a mere emotional exclamation, but a practical facing of the question looking to prompt action.

"It is the most monstrous piece of effrontery I ever heard of!" Jack broke out. "There ought to be a law to punish such offenses and put a stop to them."

"Yes, perhaps; but we have not time to lobby with the legislature just now, Jack,—we must take up the case in point. The question is, would I not better go over and see Beatrice? May be the *Messenger* has not penetrated to the Knickerbocker Palace."

"O, there is no doubt of that. Madame Derouen takes it every morning with her *dejeuner*, to see what is going on in the social world."

Jack walked to a window and stood looking out for a moment or two and then came back.

"Mrs. Thompson, you don't know how this — cuts me up," he said appealingly.

"Yes, I know—I know," she replied in a way to show that she understood but did not invite his confidence. She had been the recipient of enough confidences to know that they are usually a mistake when other people are involved.

"It is awful, horrible," she went on. "Some time, when this old world is thoroughly fraternized, people won't suffer half as much as they do now. We have come up 'through great tribulation,' but we'll reach the Perfect Day by and by."

"I can't wait for the millennium," he answered ruefully.

"It may not be so far off as you think," she returned with the sweetest of optimistic smiles.

Jack hastened his departure in order not to delay hers.

Mrs. Thompson did not invite Grace to accompany her, but went alone. She asked first to see Madame Derouen, and was taken up to her private room. Madame was manifestly in great distress. Her kinky, lusterless hair was more unkempt than ever, and she made no concealment of various shortcomings in her dress. She caught up an exquisite point-lace handkerchief from the chair where she had dropped it the night before, to wipe her tear-stained cheeks, and broke into a torrent of lamentations and invectives against the vile, execrable newspaper. This scandalous exposé would be the ruin of her School—her School which she had been at such pains to raise to the highest pitch of respectability. And why did the wretch of a reporter have need to mention her School at all? She would go to her lawyer and see if it was an actionable offense, and, if so, would bring suit for damages against the *Messenger*. Ah, *bon Dieu!* how horrible it was! She was quite unreasonable, almost hysterical. Mrs. Thompson tried to reassure her. "My dear Madame! no one can blame you in the least. You were as ignorant of the facts in the case as any of your patrons, and they will not hold you responsible. I do not see how any harm can possibly come to you or your School."

Madame Derouen's swarthy skin grew a degree swarthier, but she was silent.

"I do not suppose," went on Mrs. Thompson, "that Madame LaScalla realized what an embarrassing position she was placing you in. I am somewhat acquainted with her, and she seems to me to be a woman incapable of a mean or deceitful act. There is something about this matter we do not understand. However, there is little profit or satisfaction in retrospect. Tell me how

the situation is here,—how is it with Beatrice?"

"Ah, Beatrice!" returned Madame, bitterly, "you might know—but, *ouf!* there is in that young girl the *élément sauvage*, one *nevair* could have foreseen such *conduite extraordinaire!* You might think she would hang her head, weep. *Les bon cioux!*" A shrug expressed what could not be put into words.

Sitting in Mrs. Thompson's large-hearted presence, under the light of her frank eyes, Madame Derouen told rather an evasive, incoherent story about the occurrences of the morning. But Mrs. Thompson was able to gather the main facts. It appeared that Madame, the moment she had glanced through the sensational article in the *Messenger*, had rushed into Beatrice's room with the newspaper in her hand. Beatrice was up and dressed, and turned to her with a smiling face and exclaimed, "Ah, good-morning, Madame! how kind of you to come and see me the first thing! I got home all safe and sound, but it was after midnight. Mrs. Thompson had a beautiful little supper, but everybody seemed tired, and I really think we should all have felt better if we had come home when the concert was out—as you did." All this in one happy burst of words before Madame Derouen could open her lips. But there was the paper held out to her, and she took it with a quick blush and pretty confusion of manner, expecting without doubt to see a complimentary notice of her singing.

As she read, her face took on a deadly pallor, and she raised her eyes, dilating with a kind of terror, and gasped, "That was why Mrs. Priestly would not sing!" This thought was the first that presented itself, but a dozen others instantly flashed through her brain. She remembered certain curious looks which had been directed to her by the other singers at the close of the concert. She understood now why Mrs. Thompson's supper had been such a failure; and comprehended the compassionate friendliness of Mrs. Thompson and Grace,—yes, and of Mr. Vandever!

But there was no time to dwell upon these things, for suddenly she became aware — as a knight in the tournament stunned by the shock of encounter becomes aware that his adversary is again bearing down upon him with even a more tremendous charge — that Madame Derouen was talking to her, was telling her that she should expect her immediate departure from the School!

Madame declared, with feeling, that she had not meant to be unkind, and Mrs. Thompson understood that; she had simply been totally blinded by self-interest. For once her shrewdness had failed and her tact went with it.

"But the way Beatrice looked at me!" said Madame. "*Mon Dieu!* ne vair shall I forget! I feared she would in one moment fall dead at my feet. I screamed and ran toward the door, but she was before me; she sprang and locked the door, crossing the room at a bound. 'No, you shall not let anyone in,' she cried. 'God help me!' I said, for I was frightened for my life. The strength forsook my limbs and I fell into a chair. And then it was as if my presence were forgotten. She did not notice me but raged round the room like a tigress, a wild tigress which has just been trapped and caged. Her beautiful costumes, about which I had taken so much pains, were lying over the backs of chairs, carefully smoothed out and ready to be packed away; and the magnificent bouquets thrown upon the stage to her last night were all in vases just as the girls had fondly placed them after we came home. We brought her things all back with us, you know. And they were as fresh and sweet as though they had but just been cut, — the flowers. Well, she snatched them up, one bunch after another, and even the pretty baskets in which some of them had been carefully arranged, and crushed them in her hands and dashed them upon the floor with the greatest violence. And she tore the lovely costumes into shreds and stamped upon them. And all so quickly that I had not time to interfere. *Bien entendu*, I should not have dared!

And all the time she uttered not a word, but at last threw herself face downward upon the floor and moaned like a dying creature. I unlocked the door and slipped out and sent Miss Avery in. Miss Avery came and informed me a few moments ago that Beatrice was up and was beginning to pack her trunks, so I suppose she has recovered her senses, — surely they had deserted her! I can not understand, — one would infer that she had never known who and what she was, and that it was as much of a surprise to her as to — anyone else! How do you account for it, Mrs. Thompson?"

"The secret probably lies in her point of view," returned Mrs. Thompson. "In my opinion there can be no other explanation." She asked what the feeling was among the girls, and learned that they had immediately drawn up a petition, signed by every one of their number, praying that Beatrice might be permitted to remain in the School.

Miss Avery reported the proceeding to Beatrice, at Madame Derouen's own instigation; and Beatrice, as Madame had wisely foreseen, furiously rejected the friendly overture. "Which relieved me of a great pairplexity," said Madame, "for though the dear young ladies were so vairy sweet and gracious in the matter, the parents would doubtless take a different — a more practical view. I of course let the young ladies suppose that their petition was granted — after assuring myself it would be pairfectly safe to do so. Now the blame lies with Beatrice herself."

Mrs. Thompson rose abruptly and asked, "I wonder if Miss Beatrice will see me for a few moments."

Madame could not say, but sent a messenger to ascertain. Beatrice hesitated at first but finally consented. When Mrs. Thompson entered the room she stood in the midst of trunks and boxes and scattered garments, her great somber eyes and smileless lips giving abundant evidence of the storm through which she had passed. The change in her was so dreadful that Mrs. Thompson with all her

self-command could hardly control her voice and features. But still there was an unquestionable dignity in Beatrice's look and bearing, for which she breathed a fervent "Thank God!" She went up and put her arms round the slender erect figure, which shook but did not yield.

"I have come to advise you, dear," she said, in a voice as soft and caressing as a mother's. "Would you not like to return to your old home in Louisiana for the present—with the Vincents and Mr. La Scalla? Mrs. Vincent told me last night that they expected to start this evening. I can go and see them and make the arrangements for you."

"O, no, no, not there—not with them!" Beatrice answered with a shudder, as if seeing in this awful calamity the vision of Helen's fateful hand.

"Then there is just one alternative—and I like it the better! you must come home with me."

Beatrice raised her eyes. "With you?" And Mrs. Thompson took advantage of her moment of surprise and hesitation and threw off her cloak.

"I am going to help you pack these things and then we can send a man for them," she said. "You can ride back in the carriage with me."

She began to fold up the garments that were lying on the tables and chairs, but Beatrice stopped her. "Mrs. Thompson, I can not—I must not go with you, I—I will find some place, some place where no one knows me, where—"

Mrs. Thompson drew her to the sofa and sat down with her arms around her. "Now, dear, just listen to me a moment," she said. "You are not the one to judge in this matter. You need a friend who is older and more worldly-wise than yourself, and I wish to be that friend. Let me tell you something; I was attracted to you the first time I set eyes on you down at L'Île Dernière! I wanted you then, and tried to purchase your freedom so that I might bring you away with me and adopt you as my own. You were practically free at that time, as shown by Monsieur La Scalla's will, but I did not know

that. And since meeting you again, here, I have loved you every minute, and it seems as if a kind providence has at last given you to me! Do not thwart the kind providence, come with me, come!"

The tension of Beatrice's body relaxed a little, but she answered, "If it is a disgrace for me to be in the School, and if it would have been a disgrace for Mrs. Priestly to sing with me, it would disgrace you to take me into your home. I—I *must* go away, there is no place for me here,—or anywhere in the world. I have no right to live, I had no right to be born. I do not belong *anywhere*!"

She shook with sobs though her eyes were tearless, and Mrs. Thompson held her closer and felt that she had need to rally all the forces of her generous philosophy.

"Dear child, we do not live by the consent of men," she said. "You are thinking only of the little cobweb conventionalities of society—of a very limited society, bound up in its narrow traditions. There is a Universal Law, as high as Heaven, as broad as—Infinity, which gives you just the same right to live and be happy that any other human being has."

"But I—I love society," Beatrice answered, "and I believe in tradition, and—and respectability. It is this which makes it so hard—to be shut out."

"Beatrice, let me tell you something; there is going to be a new society made up of liberated spirits, of people who have come up through all the stages of civilization and learned the real meaning of independence. And they may come from Africa, India, Japan, and the Isles of the Southern seas; and a St. Peter will stand at the gate and admit them only on their personal merits. Think of it,—an aristocracy of souls! And you, and such as you, are needed more than any others in this new régime. Perhaps you were created—with all your rich gifts—on purpose to show that the time for race conflict and race prejudice has gone by! I prize our traditions, too; they mark the long course over which humanity has toiled and fought. But we must not wrap ourselves in our ancestral cloaks and rest

content with the legacies of the Past;—and fancy there is nothing left for us to do! We, too, must make traditions for the coming generations. We have a new gospel, the gospel of Brotherly Love. But this grievous experience of yours show how far we are from its preaching and its teaching. Will you forgive me, dear, if I tell you that you were occupying a false position?"

Beatrice started, and opened her lips to speak, but Mrs. Thompson went on. "You did not mean to deceive anybody, I know. You simply accepted the conditions that came to you—as we all do if the conditions are pleasant. We should always meet the facts of life courageously,—as courageously as our forefathers met their foes on the battle-field. Though in a certain narrow sense you may have no background, remember that just as much of the culture of the ages has gone to the making of your mind and character as of any other in this land! Just keep fast hold of your self-respect, my dear! As a matter of fact,—by nature, and by moral and intellectual law,—you rank with the best. Be brave! The Earth is just as full of beauty and brightness to-day as it was yesterday, and you will not lack for friends,—and the friendships you make henceforth will be as good as gold!"

Mrs. Thompson's voice had a soothing and hope-inspiring quality. She spoke slowly, and with many pauses which were full of tender meaning and her words were like drops of oil trickling on a grievous wound. Beatrice allowed herself to be comforted for the moment,—because she was already so weary of her burden of sorrow. But she felt that there was a fallacy of some kind in this new preaching, that no personal triumph, or vindication of herself as an individual or of the peculiarly unfortunate class to which she belonged, could compensate for the terrible desolation which had swept her beyond the pale of all that she most loved and longed for.

She made no further remonstrance when Mrs. Thompson again turned to the packing of her trunks. When this was

finished they put on their wraps and went quietly out. Beatrice refused to see anyone. But many a tearful face was pressed to the frosty window panes for a last look at her. As she passed under the iron arch Kate Kavanagh glanced at the motto above her head and exclaimed, "'*Last en Rust!*' we ought to tear that down, it has served its time."

#### CHAPTER XIX.

That same morning about the time Mr. John Vandever got up from his sumptuous but unappreciated breakfast, Herr Wilhelm briskly invaded the semi-fashionable restaurant where he was in the habit of regaling himself with a piece of stale rye bread and a cup of coffee. His hearty greeting of one or two persons he knew made all the other occupants of the place look up or turn round in their chairs; and the moral barometer recorded a cheery change in the character of the hour. People began to thaw out and talk to one another a little. It was as if each said to his neighbor, "Come, what is the use of being surly!"

The Professor sat down at a little table which he had all to himself, signaled a waiter and opened a German-American newspaper.

At the farther end of the room the leader of the orchestra which had played at the Charity Concert was partaking of a much more elaborate meal, and glancing from time to time at the *Morning Messenger* spread out on the table at his left. When he had finished his breakfast he came up and laid the paper down beside the Professor's plate, directed his attention to a particular article, and passed out.

Herr Wilhelm read it through with many explosive grunts and snorts and half-suppressed ejaculations of astonishment; and jumping up from the table he crushed his hat on his head and rushed out into the street and looked up and down wondering audibly, "where dat fiddler vas disappeared already!"

A Yankee acquaintance passing at the time hailed him jovially, "We gates, Professor?"

*Wie eine Gans, auf zwei Beinen!*" snapped the Professor.

He went back into the restaurant, muttering to himself, "It is our schance, de schance off a life-time! Dis exposure vill seriously affect de yong laty's social standing, off course. Oder laties vill feel de same as Mrs. Priestly, why not? But vhat is socially objectionable vould be professionally a tremenjose advantage,—de schtrong card. It vould be sensational, and de great Northern public vould be immensely piqued. I haf de prophetic instinct, I vas sure somet'ing vould sometime come my vay, und here it is *hein!*"

His eyes danced with the pleasure of his anticipated success, and he swept a look round the room as he rose to go out which carried cordial good-will to everybody.

He had a few urgent matters to attend to, and when these were despatched he took a cab and went over to ask an interview with Beatrice; only to learn that she had gone away with Mrs. Thompson. He betrayed his chagrin like a disappointed child, and was about to depart when the maid Susanne came to summon him to Madame Derouen's presence. Madame's object in wishing to see him was simply to spread the news of Beatrice's withdrawal from the school; she was considerate enough to state it in that way. In reply to the Professor's very direct questions she admitted that she knew but little about Beatrice's affairs; but supposed her to be entirely dependent upon the LaScallas, and she thought a girl of her spirit and with her talent and ambition, and her peculiar history, would be only too glad to avail herself of the opportunity to win fame and fortune for herself—since these were the only things she could now ever hope to have!

The Professor was much encouraged. "I vill make her sing dat de whole vorld goes t'underschtruck!" he declared, fairly intoxicated with his magnificent idea. Some hours later he presented himself at the Thompson residence with a request to see "Mees Be-at-ricc La-Schalla."

Miss Convers came down to receive him and to excuse Beatrice.

His beaming smile turned to a scowl. "Vhat! she vill not see me? But it is a matter off great importance; I beg your pardon, but I must insist—"

"If it is your bill—" began Grace with a twinkle of amusement, but he interrupted her with a gesture of scorn.

"I haf no bill, and I am not in de habit off personally presenting my bills—like a green-grocer, Mees Graze!" A green-grocer was the farthest antipode to a professional gentleman he could think of at the moment, in the English tongue.

She promptly apologized and put him in such a good humor with both himself and her that he immediately proceeded to make her acquainted with his project, and begged her to intercede for him.

"Very well; I will see what I can do," she replied, and added—smiling back at him over her shoulder as she left the room, "I don't see how any girl in her senses could look with indifference upon a prospect so utterly dazzling."

"Dat is so," he responded, his eyes following her graceful figure with unctuous admiration. He sighed and shook his head as she disappeared and confessed to himself, "Mees Graze is a vil-o'-de-visp; her vays I do not comprehend, she is so full off—off caprice."

Grace returned in a few moments and informed him that Beatrice not only declined to see him and emphatically refused to consider his proposition, but declared absolutely that she should never sing again.

"Vhat! Not sing again,—never at all?"

"I take it that she means in public."

The Professor fell into an attitude of the deepest dejection. "Ach, mein Gott, mein Gott! Vhat a rash resolution! Never sing again,—and such a voice! Gott in him—hah! if I might haf von vord mit her myself, Mees Graze?"

"Y-e-s, your eloquence might prevail where mine fails."

"I beg your pardon! Belief me, I meant no disparagement; it vas simply

dat I might be able to present to her dismatter in oder vays,—from de professional schtandpoint."

"I understand; but she has made up her mind, and her will is adamant."

He dropped his head and was silent. Turning the subject over and over in his mind a new view presented itself, and he looked up again.

"I suppose Mees Be-at-riche vas much pained by vhat occurred last night; Mrs. Priestly, I understand—"

Grace had a mental picture of Beatrice lying upon a bed upstairs, her arms thrown out upon either side, her dark eyes full of an unfathomable sorrow, her lips drawn and colorless.

"Pained," she repeated, her eyes flashing and then filling with tears. "She is *killed!*"

The Professor started.

"Not bodily—that would have been kinder."

He was shocked; he wondered why he had not thought of this aspect of the situation before.

"Vill you please kindly convey my regards and—sincere commiseration to Mees Be-at-riche?" he requested with profound feeling, and took his leave.

For the hundredth time, perhaps, the crystal cup of fortune was dashed from his expectant lips; but his despair was only momentary and did not interfere with the regular performance of his professional duties. He was likely, within a week or so, to have some other scheme afoot, equally propitious.

Beatrice had looked so faint and weak when they reached home that Mrs. Thompson insisted upon her going to bed, and she did not refuse. It was not that she felt a disposition to yield; she simply had no power of resistance left in mind or body. It was a large and beautiful apartment in which she lay, really the most beautiful she had ever seen. It was one in which Mrs. Thompson had expressed her finest art-feeling.

Grace was surprised. "I thought the Golden Room was too sacred for occu-

pancy," she said when she was told that it was to be Beatrice' room.

"Yes, for any other occupancy," Mrs. Thompson answered. "I have been waiting for Beatrice, you see; she is the finishing touch, the most beautiful thing that has ever gone into the Golden Room."

"O, had Beatrice' coming been heralded by one of your premonitions?" asked Grace with a smile.

"Perhaps, unconsciously; I was prepared for her—and she came."

"You dear Emma! You are so practical and yet so visionary,—so entirely matter-of-fact even in your vagaries!"

"Vagaries?"

"Well, do you not say, yourself, that this faculty of second-sight is too delicate to be clothed even with thought? If I lose my ring and you try to think where it may be found, you are as helpless as I or any other mere ordinary mortal. But if you let your mind weigh anchor and sail away into the sublimated regions that lie beyond thought, you can go and put your hand upon it. If I had your peculiar gift I would not be satisfied to exercise it only in little everyday affairs as you do, I should turn it to account in more telling ways; but that is the lovely thing about you, humble things and humble people get the best part of you!"

"You are not a humble person, Grace!"

Grace laughed. "No, thank heaven!" she said. "But I keep so close to you that you cannot overlook me. Do you know that I should be jealous of Beatrice, Emma, if I did not know that you have such a big heart?"

"Grace!"

"I am just a little bit jealous as it is. O, I am aware how contemptible it is, how mean and petty and degrading; but it is a fault of my nature,—I can't help it. I bring my mighty intellect to bear against the feeling, armed with the most excellent reasons,—reasons that would convince a jury of twelve. But feelings are like ghosts, they will not down at your bidding. Did Beatrice approve of the Room?"

"She did not appear to take any notice of it, though she was not entirely oblivious

—at least I think not, for she asked me to fetch her prettiest cambric wrapper to put on before she lay down."

"You took that to be her delicate way of complimenting her surroundings?"

"I took it that she wished to be dressed in keeping,—a mere mental habit; the poor child is too entirely stunned to think or to care about anything at present."

"Well, if she can only keep her mental habits."

"I have no fears for her mind, it is her body I am concerned about; the nervous shock was awful. But she is young, and the young rebound easily from sorrow."

"Yes, they rebound toward the hopeful future, but do you think Beatrice has a hopeful future?"

"Not from the old standpoints, of course."

"There are no other standpoints, Emma,—at least none in force. You cannot wrench yourself away from the old ideals, or prejudices, if you prefer the word,—without a deadly struggle."

"I expect there will be a deadly struggle. But the old ideals are crumbling now, many of them. If the ballot could be operated in social affairs—and people had the courage of their convictions, and were guided by reason instead of prejudice,—Beatrice would be elected to as fine a position as—Mrs. Priestly herself."

Grace curled her lip.

"I mean only in one sense," Mrs. Thompson explained. "Morally her position is far superior, in my opinion,—and that proves the weakness of our social system. Individuals," she went on, "are not cruel as a rule; but the social machinery is cruel. Each one says, 'O, I should not object, but of course society has its restrictions.' And 'I pity the poor young girl, not because I look down upon her, but because other people must.' And so we hold our individual suffrage in leash and let 'public opinion,'—which is very often nobody's opinion, but a dead letter or an aggregation of supposed opinions for which no one is willing to be responsible,—settle questions which mean more

than life and death to our brothers and sisters."

"I think you are a little bit unfair, Emma,—and that is unlike you! Society is not quite so frivolous and supercilious as you claim—if I may put my own inner consciousness in evidence. I can no more help looking down upon the colored race than I can help the color of my eyes or the height of my figure! I love Beatrice, she has qualities that commend her to my highest respect; and I am just as keenly susceptible to the beauty of her face and her whole charming personality as any of you. But notwithstanding, there is deep down in the convolutions of my secret soul that sneaking little prejudice! I don't know what it is, or why it is, but I think it has come down to me from the beginning of time! Have you, *really*, no such feeling, Emma?"

Mrs. Thompson shook her head. "None whatever."

"O, well, of course not," said Grace with a smile of affectionate admiration. "*You* are a genuine fanatic,—which is not so bad as it sounds; it puts you in the same class with St. Paul, and Savonarola, and all the heroes and martyrs who have died for an idea." She was silent for a moment or two, and when she spoke again her voice had a sharper edge. "Now Jack Vandever is not a hero, Emma,—though he may be led to commit martyrdom! He is just like a thousand other men who have veered square around from their in-born convictions under the spell of a woman's beauty."

Mrs. Thompson, who had the gift of silence when there was nothing to be said, made no answer, and the subject dropped.

Toward evening Jack called, and Mrs. Thompson told him she had brought Beatrice "home."

"O, that is kind! and it is like you," he said, "and one can not pay you a higher compliment than to compare you to yourself!"

He wished to know how it had come about, and asked a dozen questions; to which she returned discreet replies. And

he gathered that matters were not quite so bad as he had feared, and ventured the suggestion, "She would not wish to see me, I suppose?"

He had hardly expected an affirmative answer, but his heart sank when she replied, "No, I think not; she will not see anyone at present."

The following morning he sent a box of roses for Beatrice, in Mrs. Thompson's care.

In the evening he called again and was surprised to see the roses on the center-table.

"I did not give them to her," Mrs. Thompson said.

"For any particular reasons?" he asked.

"For obvious reasons."

He colored. "I do not understand, it was a simple act of friendship."

"Beatrice is a young lady, and you are handicapped in the matter of 'friendship' by being a young gentleman."

"But a mere box of flowers—"

"O, you must admit, Jack, that the situation is exceptionally delicate."

"But Mrs. Thompson, it—it is something more than friendship, I—"

"Dear Jack, keep your own counsel; wait. You know what *my* sentiments are. Don't be rash, there is plenty of time. And—forgive me! but don't let the gossips—"

"Mrs. Thompson! I—you make me feel like a blubbering school-boy."

"I only meant to give you a word of caution. You know, Jack, what a fierce light beats about such elegant and eligible young gentlemen as yourself!"

"You think I ought not to come here?"

"I do not wish to banish you, of course. But—did you know Miss Convers returned to Jersey City this morning?"

"No, I did not. To remain?"

"Yes, her mother is ill; I think the family will go South for a few weeks."

It was days before Beatrice came out of her room, and weeks before any but the members of the household saw her face. The girls at Madame Derouen's

sent her notes and flowers, but she asked Mrs. Thompson to return them. She would not compromise with any of those sweet friendships on the new basis, but sacrificed them ruthlessly.

Mrs. Thompson quite suspended her relations with the fashionable world and devoted herself to Beatrice with untiring and unobtrusive zeal.

By and by they began to drive out together on little missions about the city; and Beatrice became interested in one and another of her friend's protégés, youthful geniuses of both sexes whom she was helping to their respective careers.

Mrs. Thompson never said anything to her about her own talents, but left her entirely free. And Beatrice felt as one might feel who has died and been resurrected to a wholly different life, a life without aim or incentive. During those long days and nights when she lay motionless and wide-eyed in the Golden Room she had but one wish—to die. Perhaps in some other world her destiny would not be so cruel! But still it was hard to give up this world. And oh! to give it up—to be forced to give it up—and yet go on living, was unbearable! Her case was so hopeless; she was like a convict suffering an unjust sentence from which there is no appeal. But as time wore on her naturally buoyant spirit asserted itself and refused to be held a constant prisoner to sorrow. At home and alone with Mrs. Thompson she had delicious little bursts of gaiety. But they were so plainly attributable to momentary forgetfulness as to be almost more pathetic than her habitual sadness.

Mrs. Thompson tried in all delicate and tender ways to win her thoughts away from herself and turn them into other channels. She was a fine pianist, and Beatrice was very susceptible to her playing. One evening, when she was more than usually inspired, and had filled the room with the sweet spirit of Beethoven, Beatrice, from the easy-chair in which she was reclining, said softly, "O, when you play like that I forget all my troubles; I seem to be borne away into other worlds."

[To be continued.]



THE NECKAR -- HEIDELBERG AND ITS CASTLE IN BACKGROUND.

## HEIDELBERG.

GERMANY'S GRANDEST RUIN—LOOKING DOWN UPON THE VALLEY OF THE NECKAR.

THE EDITOR ABROAD. X.

AT MANNHEIM we cross the Rhine.

After a single curve we proceed southeast to Heidelberg through the level plain of the lower Neckar. The plain narrows, and as we near our destination the train enters a steadily narrowing valley, with vine and tree covered hills on either side. The valley is just now roofed with mist, and we seem to be entering a vast tunnel. Soon the rain falls in torrents, cutting the mist and revealing in somber tone the historic old town with its picturesque bridge and bridge-tower. But the curtain has not yet risen upon Heidelberg's famous castle. We place ourselves in the care of the Europäischer Hof, a hotel much frequented by English-speaking people. After dinner we are driven in the rain up the steep, long hill to the entrance of the castle grounds.

Passing through the enormous stone gateway, we find ourselves in the midst of a vast park or forest, dark, gloomy, grand,—fitting approach to the grandest

ruin in Germany. We cross the ancient moat and pass on beyond the outer range of defences, and through the great gate with its next to everlasting doors. The court of Heidelberg Castle is before us.

Here in brick-red stone stands the embodiment of the many paintings, engravings and photographic views which have long been drawing us to Heidelberg. Disappointed? At first, yes; but, as later the sun touches the picture, and we pass on from one new point of view to another, we feel like vigorously denying that first suggestion of disappointment.

There to the right as we enter stand Charlemagne's pillars, supporting with arches the roof which covers the deep well that for nearly seven centuries has supplied the castle with water. The pillars were, centuries ago, brought from Charlemagne's palace at Ingelheim. The view of these pillars and arches, with a part of the castle beyond, is one of the best of the series. But it doesn't include

the thousands of commonplace names penciled all over the gray columns!

The castle, as viewed from the court, possesses myriad beauties of mural ornamentation, the artistic effects of which are not equaled by any other ruin. The old castle was built in 1319. All along down the centuries, until 1764—when lightning completed the ruin begun by the French in 1688—this structure was undergoing enlargement, improvement and beautification. One and another German elector and count expended his treasure here, and scores of architects, sculptors and painters gave of their respective talents to make of this combined castle and palace an idealization of beauty in the abstract, and a lasting monument—to themselves. And there it stands to-day, its crumbling towers and roofless halls piteously exposed to the winds and rains!

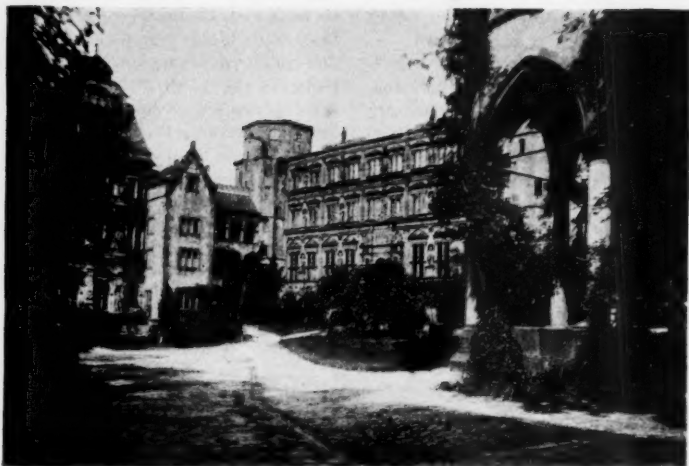
Here and there a broken bit of stone ornamentation lies upon the ground. We stand long in front of the much pictured Otto Heinrichs-Bau, a portion of the castle built in 1556, said to be the finest example anywhere to be seen of the German early-Renaissance style. The more we study it in detail, the more tragic seem its ruin. The elevated portal is supported

by huge Caryatides, whose features have been made hideous or inane by the winds and rains of centuries. In numerous niches of the façade are statues of a symbolic character. Some of these have been wrested from their original position; others have a head, or arm, or leg gone. The empty niches show that once they were occupied by busts. The four lower niches contain the statues of Joshua, Samson, Hercules, and David. The middle niches contain representations of Strength, Justice, Faith, Charity, and Hope; the upper niches, the seven gods of the planets. In the window arches are well preserved medallions, chiefly of extinct greatness. Statues more or less the worse for wear, but yet striking in their dignity of outline, stand upon the roof's edge, one of them keeled forward at a most undignified angle. Over the entrance is the bust of the founder of this notable addition to the castle, Elector Otto Heinrichs, with the elector's armorial bearings and an inscription.

With a party of English and German people we are conducted through this building, up the octagonal tower, up the so called "thick tower" (Dicke Thurm), through the chapel with its interesting



HEIDELBERG CASTLE, LOOKING WEST.



THE COURT, HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

remains of mediæval and Roman art and handicraft, through the great banquet hall, now temporarily ornamented and covered with banners for an approaching festival, and on rare occasions used by the students for feasting; thence down into the wine cellar where the enormous Tun, or cask, is to be seen, with one exception the largest cask ever made. On our left, as we enter the cellar, is a wooden statue of the grotesque Perkeo, court jester to Elector Charles Philip, whose claim to fame is based upon his capacity to hold an enormous quantity of wine,—a quantity only surpassed by the great cask itself! Many of the souvenir spoons sold at Heidelberg are mounted by a miniature representation, not of some one of Heidelberg's great scholars, statesmen or soldiers, but of this bibulous court jester. "Where is the fame which the vain-glorious mighty of the earth seek to eternize!"

We also visit the Pulver Thurm, or powder-tower. When in 1693 the French blew up the tower, its masonry was so solid that nearly half of it fell in one mass into the moat below, and there it lies intact to-day. The tower's walls are twenty-one feet thick. It was here that the German poet Matthison found inspiration

for his: "Elegy in the Ruins of an old Mountain Castle."

We then at our leisure study the Friedrichs-Bau, the large square-looking addition of Friedrich IV. It is an imposing structure of four stories, respectively Doric, Tuscan, Ionic and Corinthian, not as ornate as the other, but grander in height and general effect.

Between these two striking additions is the Saal-Bau, a gigantic mixture of Gothic and Renaissance forms. Leading from the Heinrichs addition to the Saal is a picturesque arched passage-way, well up above the entrance and the Saal-Bau. Here upon the massive stone wall we sit between showers, at our leisure enjoying the strange scene.

Taking advantage of a brief gleam of sunshine, we go through the ruin and step out upon the broad terrace extending from the Friedrich addition out over the rocks in the direction of the town. The view from this terrace is delightful, giving glimpses of the tree-embowered town with its great University, and bringing the river strangely near—so near that it would seem as though one might throw a stone into the stream. But the views of the terrace itself, taken from vari-

ous points about it, are ideally beautiful. The background of ruin and trees, the expanse of terrace with its artistic railing, the great tower projecting from one end and the ivy clambering up over the other—all this affords a basis for the view. The magic of photography, aided by a touch of imagination, presents a scene which scarcely requires the presence of a ghost, or party of ghosts, to enable the visitor by moonlight to people it with the lords and ladies of nearly three centuries ago. How much of pride, vainglory and hypocrisy, how much of true gallantry and base intrigue, what splendid pageants, what deeds of violence has this old terrace witnessed in its time!

We spend an hour in the Saal, recently restored and now a museum of curiosities. Standing before the old portraits of former occupants, looking at the armor they bore, the arms they carried, the trophies they treasured, the money they were obliged to leave behind, and studying the several drawings of the castle as it appeared when in the several stages of its rise, progress, decline and fall,—in the presence of all this Past, with its triumphs and defeats, its joys and woes, our impression of Heidelberg and its history deepens and strengthens.

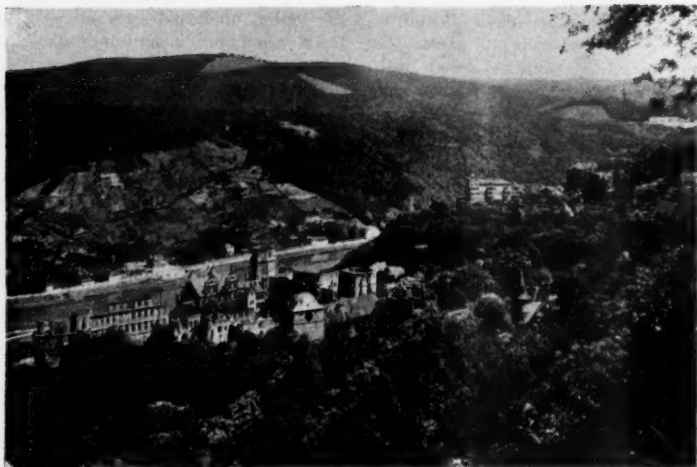
Lured by signs of clearing weather, we start out on foot for the mile-distant height called Königsstuhl (King's Seat). It is a long mile, up a steep hill all the way—so steep that the path takes a zigzag course to the top. The air is charged with rain. Upon the top of the hill is a high tower guarded by two old women with photographs to sell and a story to tell. A further climb up the hundred and fifty steps of the tower, and we stand upon the highest height between the Neckar and the Rhine. Heidelberg's castle, long since lost to view under the hill, when last seen by us seemed to be down in

the valley upon the very edge of the town,—and yet it is six hundred and fifty feet above the river.

For a time we are above the clouds. We look down upon them, "shepherded by the slow, unwilling wind," now fleeing in mass and the next moment scattered by the cone-shaped tree-tops projecting high in air. For the time the world below, with its myriad activities, is as though it were not. Only this slender tower connects us with the earth. After all this climbing, are we to get not even a glimpse of the far-famed panoramic view from Königsstuhl? Suddenly the mist becomes luminous; the clouds as if by magic disappear, and—wonder of wonders!—there below us is revealed, as though it were a dissolving view materialized for the moment only to pass away again as it had come, a scene so grand, so strangely beautiful, that I cannot



THE TERRACE. HEIDELBERG CASTLE.



THE CASTLE, FROM MOLKENCUR.

place it alongside any other view I have ever beheld. The sunlight has turned every drop of water into a crystal, transformed the distant Rhine and the nearer Neckar—scarcely released from their envelope of mist—into a molten, silver stream, and metamorphosed every gray villa and white cottage into a palace of light. Beautiful at any time, the view before us at this moment of moments has that indescribably liquid tone which charms the eye and raises in the soul strange questionings as to the reserved beauties of God's universe which the eye hath not yet seen, and compared with which the most charming landscape of earth may be found to have a suggestion of earthiness.

Below, the Neckar winds its way through the ravine, out into the level lands beyond, and there continues its winding course, as if by force of habit, until, near Mannheim, it loses itself in the Rhine. To the west shines a satiny white ribbon,—with the curl not out of it,—stretching far to the south until it is lost in a mass of velvety green and black. It is the Rhine, and its still far distant source is somewhere on beyond the edge of the Black Forest which looms yonder to the

southwest. The sun makes one last sweep over the plain and hills and mountains, lighting up scores of villages and giving glimpses, in other directions, of Heiligenberg, Odenwald and the Hartz mountains, and then all is again enveloped in mist,—and we descend.

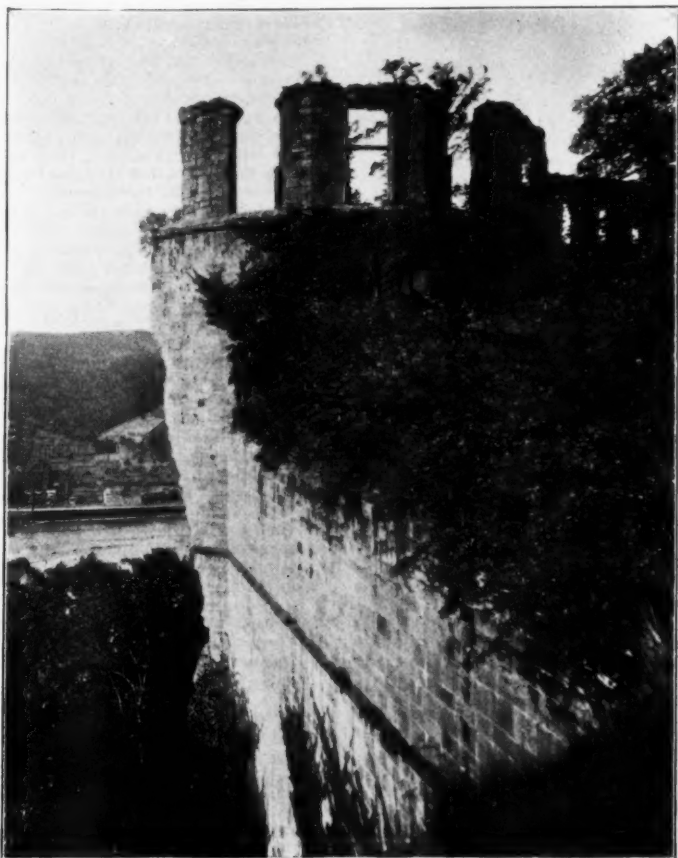
We reach the Molkencur, (nine hundred and eighty-seven feet above the river and three hundred and seven feet above the castle,) and here on the site of a former home of several Counts Palatine, in a queer little restaurant, all windows in front, we take our supper. Along with the supper a queer little waiter, with the highest forehead and the most wrinkles I ever saw, serves us with a rapid and graphic description of the view from the window,—portions of which we are obliged to guess at, so rapidly does he roll out the German polysyllables!—and then, suddenly stopping in the middle, or perhaps near the beginning, of one of his perpetual-motion sentences, he starts a big music box, relapses into silence, smilingly fixing his adder-eye upon us, as much as to say, "You find me quite a clever waiter, don't you?"

This point is one from which some of the best pictures of the castle are taken.

It gives a good impression of the extent of the ruin and the grounds, and of the commanding situation the castle occupies.

While we look, the sun again comes out, this time in a long stretch of gold, under a leaden weight of cloud; and then, in a splendor which transfigures the

earth, making it for a moment seem a paradise, the great ball of fire melts into the horizon line. Soon all is mist and rain, and, under cover of our umbrella, we seek the cog-wheel road, and a few minutes later our car is sliding down, through a tunnel in the rock, into the eastern end of the town.



THE GREAT WATCH TOWER OF HEIDELBERG CASTLE.

## PRAIRIE-LAND.\*



EVA KATHARINE CLAPP,  
Chicago, Ills.

WATCHING the sunset's glow,  
There's a sigh in my heart to-night;  
And my soul's wild fancies flow  
Toward the West with the fading light.  
They follow the sinking sun  
Till it rests o'er the prairies green,  
Where the warm sod glows with a thou-  
sand tints,  
And the broad horizons lean.  
The old sweet voices call  
Through the mist of the years gone by—  
"Come back to the rolling prairie-land  
Where the golden corn-fields lie!"

They are calling sweet and low :—  
"Come back where free winds blow,  
Where the wild red lilies burn  
By the winding creek's slow turn ;  
Where the meadow-lark all day  
Trills his sweet roundelay,  
And the resinous gum-weed's flower,  
Through the hushed hot noontide hour,  
Flaunts in the Sun's face bold  
Its petals of tawny gold ;  
Where the soft-eyed cattle graze  
Lazily through long days,  
And trail for the sheltering fold  
When the evening dews fall cold ;

Where, mocking the black-bird's joy,  
The whistling blithe herd-boy  
Treads out with his bare brown feet  
The scent of the wild thyme sweet,  
Till the mournful cry of the loon  
Rings up to the rising moon,—  
The warm red moon that climbs  
Slowly the eastern sky,  
Just as it did in the dear old times,  
In the happy nights gone by!"  
Oh! why do you call, my West?  
Why pull at my heart-strings so?  
Why grieve with a vague unrest  
The heart that doth love thee so?  
Can a daughter of thine forget  
Home soil that her first steps trod?  
Home skies where the stars, thick set,  
Drew the child's first thoughts to God?  
Or the scent of the locust trees,  
All blossoming creamy white,  
Filling with odor the languid air  
Of the still midsummer night?  
Nay, though her path lies afar  
Where the mountain peaks loom blue,  
Her thoughts fly home like a bird to its  
nest,  
Like the youth to his first love true;  
And they hover where clean winds fan  
Long billows of waving green,  
Where the brown cheek glows with its  
sun-warm tan,  
Where the broad horizons lean.  
Here first on her soul's sight shown,  
From the world over-arching ours,  
Sweet dreams and fancies—God's bright  
seeds blown  
From its mystical isles of flowers;  
And the light of those visions sweet,  
With a glory still undefiled,  
Is as gilding lamps to the weary feet  
Of thy wandering dreamer child.  
In dreams by her mother's knee  
She is kneeling once more to-night,  
In the dear home cot on the prairie sod  
Where her eyes first saw the light.

\* List! those voices calling low :—  
"Come back where the free winds blow ;  
Bring back the old heart of truth  
With thy glad, poetic youth  
To the Prairies wide and wild!  
Come back, my dreamer child!"

*Eva Katharine Clapp.*

\*This poem was accorded first place in THE MIDLAND'S September 30th Original Poetry Competition.



ST. PETER'S, FROM THE TIBER.

## ROMAN DAYS.

BY EUGENE SCHAFFTER.\*

NO OTHER place on the broad earth can compare with Rome in interest. The city's attractions are simply endless. One could devote years to the study of its antiquities; he could devote other years to the mediæval remains, to its churches, to its galleries, statues, paintings. Rome is many cities and all ages in one. Human strength halts before the undertaking to see it all, and the human mind cannot comprehend the entire picture. Only piece-meal, and, as it were, mosaic-wise, does one come to any knowledge of it. The pieces must be fitted together one by one, with the ultimate hope of forming with them a concrete design. These reflections fill one continually, as he wanders through the streets and sees on every side antiquities any one of which would form the unique interest of an entire city, were it possessed of no other. But here it is only one in thousands. And so the student must go from shrine to shrine, from temple to temple, vainly hoping to comprehend it all. The visitor who devotes only a week or so to seeing Rome (and there are many of them) is almost to be envied, because he does not in that time

even conceive what there is here, and consequently goes away with something of satisfaction. But the longer one remains, the more hopeless does it seem ever to attain a knowledge of the city.

Let me give the reader a few glimpses of the Eternal City. Let him imagine himself walking with me and I will be his guide to the best of my ability. We will not stop long in a place, and we will not probe deeply into history or archæology; but, passing rapidly along, we will glance here and there into some of the many famous places. I will not pretend to pick out even the most famous, inferring that the reader has perhaps been surfeited with descriptions of St. Peter's and the Pantheon, and would prefer to see some less renowned buildings and localities.

We will begin our excursion by going to the Janiculan Hill, from which one of the best views of the city can be had. It is reached by crossing the Tiber on the Ponte Sisto and going up a wide road to the Church of St. Peter in Montorio. This

\*A portrait of Mr. Schaffter appears in THE MIDLAND of May, 1894.

church marks the spot where St. Peter is said to have been crucified. The best thing about it for the visitor, however, is the fact that its piazza is about two hundred feet above the Tiber, and from it one has a most magnificent view of Rome; of the Alban Mountains beyond, with the town of Frascati white upon the slope; of the Campagna, dotted with tombs and broken arches of aqueducts; and, far in the north, the jagged outlines of Mount Soracte, of which Horace wrote. We have a fine day for it, too, as the sky is cloudless, and the mist only enough to beautify and not obscure the distant mountains. After looking long upon the landscape, and visiting the little church, we walk towards St. Peter's upon a fine road which skirts the summit of the Janiculan Hill. The views are constantly changing as we pursue our way, and all are charming.

Some monks, with black undergowns and white gowns over them, are walking among the green paths of the gardens skirting the road; sometimes they pass in front of old walls, or are outlined against the blue sky, as they sweep along

in converse one with another. Here also are Propaganda students, walking in long files of black, red or blue, according to their nationality. Beautiful contrasts of color meet the eye on every side. We pass the Church of Sant' Onofrio, and its neighboring convent.

Every lover of Italian literature must pause and gaze upon this place with interest and reverence, for in this monastery the ill-starred poet Tasso died on April 25, 1595, on the very day he was to have been crowned with laurel in the Capitol. When I visited the convent last, I told our guide I wanted to see where Tasso lived and died. He replied peevishly, "*Adesso! Adesso!*" and proceeded to unlock a door which admitted to the upper portion of the building. I climbed the stairs and, upon reaching a gallery on the city side, saw a bust of Tasso, while above was a delicious little work by Da Vinci, representing the Madonna and Child, and at one side the donor, or person who paid for the picture,—a big, square-headed, merchant-looking man, whose common, serious face contrasted almost ludicrously with the holy personages in the same picture.

We walk the length of the gallery, and, on entering Tasso's cell, you are startled by what seems to be another person in the room near the opposite wall. It turns out to be a life-sized portrait of Tasso, done in fresco upon a white wall, so life-like and realistic that one at first takes it for a living man in sixteenth century costume. In this room we see the poet's chairs, his handwriting, a bust made from a death-mask, the coffin in which he was first entombed, pieces of his gown, and other personal relics; for here in this room Tasso died. He was never strong. The poetical temperament made him sensitive in a high degree, and he suffered from contact with the world.

One of the most notable art collections in Rome is on the other side of the city, contained in the Casino Ludovisi, which we find to be a large new building of some magnificence, just within the entrance to the still extensive grounds of the Villa.



JUNO LUDOVISI.

We give up our permit and enter the gallery on the ground-floor of the Casino. The collection was made by the princes of the Ludovisi family, and contains at least two very famous works of art, the Juno and Mars. The Juno Ludovisi is only a head, but of colossal size and excellently preserved. The hair is arranged simply upon the brows under a sort of crown or fillet. The face is of the most stately and perfect Greek beauty, which grows upon one, becoming more impressive the longer it is studied. This work is attributed to Alcamenes, a pupil of Phidias, but no one knows surely who carved it; without doubt, though, it belongs to one of the best Greek schools. When Goethe was in Rome, a century ago, the Juno was his particular favorite. He went continually to study it, and says an ardor of pagan devotion—the only kind he could feel in Rome—led him to make before this statue his morning prayer.

The Mars is scarcely less admirable. The god of war is seated, clasping with both hands his left knee, while the right leg is extended. Through one of the hands rests a sword, carelessly held. The illusion that his limbs, so naturally posed and beautifully carved, are of real flesh and blood, is almost irresistible. The fine, calm face is meditative. No better representation of a strong man in repose can be imagined. The whole figure breathes the youth and strength and grace of old Greece, in the days

"—when God  
By man as godlike trod."

Another age, in broadest contrast with antiquity, affords us the next object of interest which we will consider. From Phidias to Loyola, from laurel-crowned Greeks to mediæval churchmen, no transition could be more startling; and yet Rome is full of just such contrasts. We visit the Church of the Gesu, which is the principal church of the Jesuits in the whole world, since within its walls is entombed the founder of the Society of Jesus—fiery, fanatical Ignatius Loyola, who from the condition of a Spanish soldier of fortune became the originator of one of the most



EFFIGIE DI TORQUATO TASSO NELLA  
CAMERA ONE MORI.

widely ramified and energetic religious orders that ever existed. We see his tomb, a gorgeous, pillared, golden altar, reaching far up towards the roof of the church, and adorned with rare marbles and metals. The columns are of *lapis lazuli* and gilded bronze. On each side are marble statues. Above, one sees figures of God and Christ, and between them the globe of the earth—a solid ball of *lapis lazuli*, said to be the largest piece in existence and of inestimable value. Beneath all this magnificence, in a sarcophagus of gilded bronze, before which lights are eternally burning, repose the remains of the saint.

While we are in the church a friar ascends the pulpit and begins to preach,—for the Jesuits do more preaching than the other orders. The people, mostly of the lower classes, group themselves under his high tribune to listen to him. We stand also and listen, but cannot make much of the sermon, as we are too far away to hear well. He makes very dramatic gestures, as all Italians do in talking, now leaning forward over the balustrade and talking down to the people, now drawing back, and using his hands

freely. Occasionally he smiles and even laughs, when he states some proposition which seems to him absurd.

From Loyola's church and times we can, by walking a bare mile, recede centuries, until we reach memorials of the earliest Christian times when persecutions had just ceased. On a fine winter afternoon we start for a long excursion towards the southern walls of the city. The way leads through wide, new streets hemmed in by buildings like barracks seven and eight stories high, and beyond them, through a long avenue of leafless trees. The sunshine is warm, and one cannot but enjoy the walk. At the end of the avenue, which is skirted here and there by bits of ruin, we come to the Church of Santa Croce in Gerusalemme (Holy Cross in Jerusalem). On entering, we find ourselves alone in a very pretty little church, evidently refitted in recent years, as the frescoes on the walls are in Nineteenth century style. But the church itself is very old indeed. It was erected by St. Helena, the mother of Emperor Constantine the Great, in honor of the true cross of Christ which she found in the Holy Land. This was in the Third century or beginning of the Fourth.

Among the relics preserved in this church is the inscription which was nailed upon the cross. I have never seen it, and suppose it is not shown except on certain great feast days.

We lift the heavy curtain before the door and go out upon the marble steps. On one side sits a soldier warming himself in the sunshine and lazily playing with a pebble. On the other side stands a young friar in his long gown, sandaled feet, and tonsured head; he is also sunning himself, having evidently nothing else to do. Both these men are picturesque and seem just in their right places upon the stairs of that old church with the bright Italian sunlight on them; but I cannot help thinking that the soldier and the priest—the two non-productive classes—are precisely the men with whom struggling Italy could best dispense at the present time. It is sad to see so many gaily dressed soldiers and well-fed priests and monks, and beside them, as corollaries, so many wretched beggars.

We come back by the Colosseum and, as the sun is setting, we stand within the vast circle of its ruins, trying to recall the greatness of the place. The sunlight streams down the east wall in a great



THE COLOSSEUM.



THE PANTHEON.

ellipse, which draws silently upward towards the rim as the sun sinks lower and lower. The scene is solemn and impressive. We sit long, looking upon the mighty fabric of brick and stone which has so often resounded with the frenzied shout of the Roman populace, or the roar of scarcely more barbarous lions and tigers. We can see the great tiers where the emperor and the nobility sat, and can imagine the flashing white togas, the crimson mantles flung over back or shoulder; the men with smooth, indifferent faces; the women magnificent in fierce and cruel beauty; and, down below, the swift exchange of blows between groups of trained athletes struggling for life as well as reputation; and the great

seething populace around, never still for a moment. I recall Bulwer's lines:

"See, the swordsmen, bold as the son of Alcmena,  
Sweep side by side o'er the hushed arena!  
Talk while you may, you will hold your breath,  
When they meet in the shock of the glowing death!"

In concluding our excursion, I can only repeat that one must live years in Rome to compass its manifold greatness. It is many nations, many ages, many peoples and many religions, all together within four miles square,—the most complex expression of man's life, his sins, holiness, manners, greatness and genius, which the world has ever afforded. It is the one unique city of this globe; no other has ever been, or can be, at all equal to it in fascinating interest.

## THUNDER-STORM IN THE BLACK FOREST.

JOVE'S fate-suggesting messengers to man  
The somber forest scan.  
In quick succession,—at the unvoiced Word,—  
Startling the drowsy bird,  
Sending a shudder through the rain-touched leaves,  
As through a heart that grieves,—  
They plunge their blades into the slumbrous shade!—  
The child awakes, afraid.

AIX LA CHAPPELLE, GERMANY, 1893.

*Johnson Brigham.*

# SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE TENNESSEE.

SKETCHES OF PROMINENT MEMBERS OF THAT ORGANIZATION.

By W. S. MOORE.

THE Society of the Army of the Tennessee, which held its twenty-sixth annual meeting at Council Bluffs October 3 and 4, 1894, is a notable organization. It is truly representative of the great generation of men that marked the heroic epoch in our national history from 1861 to 1865. Although but thirty years have elapsed since that period, the achievements of those four years are to the majority of the present generation a misty tradition.

Around the dying embers of the rebellion, on the 14th day of April, 1865, in the senate chamber of the Capitol of the state of North Carolina, thirty-three officers of the Army of the Tennessee met on call of Major-General Frank P. Blair, in whose brain the idea of such a society is said to have had its origin. General Blair called the meeting to order. General W. B. Wood was elected chairman, and Col. L. M. Dayton, of General Sherman's staff, secretary. The object of the meeting was stated to be for the purpose of perfecting a permanent organization of the officers of the Army of the Tennessee, to hold meetings in any way deemed expedient by members of the association. To this end a committee of five, consisting of Major-General Frank P. Blair, commanding the Seventeenth Army Corps, Major-General John A. Logan of the Fifteenth Corps, Major-General Giles A. Smith of the Fourth Division of the Seventeenth Corps, Major-General A. J. Smith and Brigadier-General W. B. Woods, was appointed to perfect the organization. Nine days later, at the same place, another meeting was held and the Society was permanently organized. The name was then decided upon, the "Society of the Army of the Tennessee." The membership was to include all officers who had at any time served as

officers in that army. The objects of the Society, as promulgated at that meeting, were:

"To keep alive and preserve the kindly feeling which has been one of the characteristics of this army during its career in the service, and which has given it such harmony of action and contributed in no small degree to its glorious achievements in our country's cause. The fame and glory of all the officers belonging to this army who have fallen either on the field of battle or in the line of duty shall be a sacred trust to this Society, which shall cause proper memorials of their service to be collected and preserved, and thus transmit their names with honor to posterity. The families of all such officers who shall be in indigent circumstances will have a claim upon the generosity of the Society, and will be relieved by the voluntary contribution of its members whenever brought to their attention. In like manner the fame and suffering families of those officers who may hereafter be stricken down by death shall be a trust in the hands of their survivors. For the purpose of accomplishing these objects the Society shall be organized by the annual election of a president and vice-presidents, one to be chosen from each army corps of the old Army of the Tennessee, and a corresponding and a recording secretary. The Society shall meet once in every year, and those officers who for any cause are unable to attend its meetings will be expected to write to the corresponding secretary of the Society and impart such information of themselves as they may desire and which may be of interest to their brother officers. Honoring the glorious achievements of our brothers in arms belonging to other armies whose services may have contributed in no small degree in the reestablishment of our government, and desiring to draw closer to them in social feeling, the president or either of the vice-presidents of this Society shall be authorized to invite the attendance of any officer of the United States army at any of our annual meetings."

The officers elected at this meeting were: President, Brigadier-General John

A. Rawlins ; recording secretary, Colonel L. M. Dayton ; corresponding secretary, Surgeon John M. Woodworth ; treasurer, Captain Addison Ware. Vice-presidents were selected the following year as follows : Generals John A. Logan, Frank P. Blair, Jr., R. J. Oglesby, Giles A. Smith, W. W. Belknap, and Cassius Fairchild. Of the presidents, General Rawlins served from the date of his first election, April 23, 1865, until his death, in Washington, September 6, 1879. General William T. Sherman was then elected and served until his death, in New York City, February 14, 1891. The honor was next conferred upon General G. M. Dodge, who has been president ever since, and will doubtless maintain the distinction as long as he lives. Colonel L. M. Dayton, the recording secretary, died May, 1891, and was followed by Colonel Cornelius Cadle, who still fills the place. General Andrew Hickenlooper, corresponding secretary, and General M. F. Force, treasurer, elected at the first annual meeting at Cincinnati, in 1866, still serve as such officers.

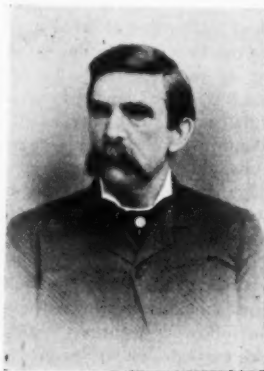
While it is proper that the origin of this great Society, which carries on its rolls many of the most illustrious names in the nation's annals, should here be given and its objects stated, it is not the purpose of this paper to give a history of the Society. It is designed more especially to present the portraits and biographies of some of the eminent persons who were at the recent annual meeting at Council Bluffs, a meeting of rare personal and historic interest. The brief sketches of these persons here given will not be uninteresting to many MIDLAND readers, and students of history and of character will find in the portraits an interesting study.

The achievements of these men are both an example and an inspiration, and their biographies teach lessons of incalculable value to every patriotic and ambitious youth. The men whose careers are briefly sketched in the following pages were, a little over thirty years ago, known to their compeers as men in the

ordinary walks of life. All of them won some measure of fame and their country's undying gratitude in defense of the flag, and most of them have since achieved eminence "in the world's broad field of battle." They are the best type of American manhood. They were true heroes in the strife.

The chief glory of America is, that it is a country in which ability and industry find their surest and speediest reward. Fame and fortune are open to all who are willing to work. Neither class distinctions nor social prejudices, neither differences of birth nor those of religion, can prevent the man of true merit from winning the just reward of his labors in this favored land. We are a nation of self-made men, and it is to this class that our marvelous national prosperity is due. The desire to know the history of those who have risen to the front rank in war and in peace is as natural as it is laudable. To healthfully gratify this desire relative to a number of the most prominent members of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee is my present purpose.

Grenville M. Dodge, the honored and beloved president of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, was born at Danvers, Mass., April 12, 1831. He graduated at Captain Partridge's Military Academy in 1850, and came to Illinois the following year, where he was engaged in



railroad surveys until 1854. He located in Council Bluffs in 1854, and made one of the earliest surveys along the Platte. In 1861 he was sent to Washington by Governor Kirkwood to procure arms and equipments for the state troops, and on June 17, became colonel of the Fourth Iowa Infantry, which he had raised, having declined a captaincy in the regular army, tendered him by the Secretary of War. He served in Missouri under Fremont, commanded a brigade in the army of the southwest, and a portion of his command took Springfield, February 13, 1862, opening General Curtis's campaign of that year. Colonel Dodge commanded a brigade on the extreme right in the battle of Pea Ridge, where three horses were shot under him. Though severely wounded in the side, he kept the field till the final rout of the enemy. For gallantry on this occasion he was made brigadier-general of volunteers, March 31, 1862. In June of that year he took command of the District of the Mississippi, and superintended the construction of the Mississippi and Ohio Railroad. General Dodge was one of the first to organize colored regiments. During the Vicksburg campaign, with headquarters at Corinth, he made frequent raids and indirectly protected the flanks of both Grant and Rosecrans, being afterwards placed by Grant at the head of his list of officers for promotion. He distinguished himself at Sugar Valley and at Resaca. For his services in these two battles he was promoted to major-general of volunteers. He led the Sixteenth Corps in Sherman's Georgia campaign, distinguished himself at Atlanta, where with eleven regiments he withstood a whole army corps, and at the siege of the city was severely wounded and temporarily incapacitated for active service. In December, 1864, he succeeded General Rosecrans in command of the Department of Missouri. The Department of Kansas and the territories was added in the following February, and in that year he carried on a successful campaign against hostile Indians. In 1866 he resigned from the army to become chief

engineer of the Union Pacific railway. In 1869 he resigned his position to serve in the same capacity on the Texas Pacific, and during most of the time since, he has been engaged in railroad construction in the United States and Mexico. He has for many years been a director of the Union Pacific railway. In 1866 General Dodge was elected to Congress during his absence from the state. He served one term, declining a renomination. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention at Chicago in 1868, and to the Cincinnati convention in 1876. His home is in Council Bluffs, though the large enterprises with which he has been identified have kept him in New York City most of the time for many years past.

Oliver Otis Howard was born in Leeds, Maine, November 8, 1830. He graduated at Bowdoin in 1850, and at the United States Military Academy in 1854; became first lieutenant and instructor in mathematics in 1854, and resigned in 1861 to take command of the Third Maine regiment. He commanded a brigade at the first battle of Bull Run, and for gallantry in that engagement was made brigadier-general of volunteers. He was twice wounded at the battle of Fair Oaks, losing his right arm. He was on sick leave for six months and temporarily engaged in recruiting service. He participated in the battle of Antietam, and afterwards



GENERAL HOWARD.

took General John Sedgwick's division in the Second Corps. In November, 1862, he became major-general of volunteers. He commanded the Eleventh Corps during General Joseph Hooker's operations in the vicinity of Fredericksburg, served at Gettysburg, Lookout Valley, and Missionary Ridge, and was on the expedition for the relief of Knoxville. He was in occupation of Chattanooga from that time till July, 1864, when he was assigned to the Army of the Tennessee in the invasion of Georgia. He was engaged at Dalton, Resaca, Adairsville and Pickett Mills, where he was again wounded. He was at the surrender of Atlanta, and joined in the pursuit of the Confederates in Alabama under General John B. Hood from October 4 till December 13, 1864. In the March to the Sea and the invasion of the Carolinas he commanded the right wing of General Sherman's army. He became brigadier-general in the United States Army December 21, 1864. He was in command of the Army of the Tennessee and engaged in all the important battles from January 4 until April 26, 1865, and participated in numerous skirmishes, terminating with the surrender of General Joseph E. Johnston at Durham, N. C., April 26, 1865. In March of this year he was brevetted major-general for gallantry at the battle of Ezra Church and in the campaign against Atlanta, Georgia. He was commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau at Washington from March, 1865, till July, 1874, and in the latter year was assigned to the command of the Department of the Columbia. In 1867 he led the expedition against the Nez Perces Indians. In 1878 he led the campaign against the Bannocks and Piutes. In 1881-2 he was superintendent of the United States Military Academy at West Point. In 1886 he was commissioned major-general and given command of the Division of the Pacific. Subsequently he was placed in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters in New York. In November last, having reached the age of 64 years, the general went into retirement by the operation of

law. At the time of his retirement General Howard was the senior major-general of the army and next in rank to the commander-in-chief. He is the only surviving ex-commander of the Army of the Tennessee. Bowdoin College gave him the degree of A. M. in 1863, Watertown College, Maine, that of LL. D. in 1865, Shurtleff College the same in 1865, and Gettysburg Theological Seminary in 1866. He was also made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government in 1884. General Howard has contributed various articles to magazines, is the author of several books, and translator and author of a "Life of Count Agenor de Gasparin." The general is a member of the Congregational church, distinguished as a Sabbath school worker, and is regarded as preëminently the Christian Soldier. He is extremely tidy in his habit of dress, social and companionable, fluent and entertaining in conversation and public speech, and possessed of all the suavity and urbanity of the cultivated American gentleman.

Wager Swayne is a son of Noah Haynes Swayne, who for nineteen years—from '62 to '81—was a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Wager was born in Columbus, Ohio, November 10, 1834; graduated at Yale in 1856, and, three years later, at the Cincinnati Law School. On his admission to the bar he



GENERAL SWAYNE.

practiced in Columbus. In '61 he was appointed major of the Forty-third Ohio Volunteers, became lieutenant-colonel in December of that year, and colonel in the October following. He served in all the marches and battles of the Atlanta campaign. He lost a leg at Salkahatchie, S. C., and was brevetted brigadier-general of volunteers. He was made a full brigadier-general in the spring of '65, and soon thereafter major-general. He was made colonel of the Forty-fifth Regular Infantry in 1866, and in the following year was brevetted brigadier-general in the regular army for gallant and meritorious services in the action of Rivers Bridges, S. C., and major-general for services during the war. General Swayne was a commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau in Alabama, where he commanded the United States forces. He was also entrusted with the administration of the reconstruction acts of Congress, organizing an extensive system of common schools for colored children. He established at Montgomery, Selma and Mobile important high schools, and also Talladega College, all of which remain to honor him. He retired from the army in 1870, and practiced law in Toledo, Ohio. In 1880 he removed to New York City, where he is counsel for railroad and telegraph companies. General Swayne is an eminent lawyer, and has perhaps the largest practice of any lawyer or law firm in the United States. It is fair to class him as one of the brainiest men in the whole number of distinguished guests at the Council Bluffs meeting. He is silver-tongued, and has a well modulated voice, which rings as clear as a silver bell. His speeches are models of conciseness and force.

One of the most notable persons at the Council Bluffs meeting was Mrs. Logan, widow of that ideal American volunteer soldier, General John A. Logan. Mrs. Logan's maiden name was Mary Simmerman Cunningham. She was a daughter of John M. Cunningham, a captain in the Mexican war. She was born in Petersburg, Mo., August 15, 1838, and was injured during her early years to the hard-



MRS. JOHN A. LOGAN.

ships and privations of frontier life. When she was a child her family moved to Illinois, and she was sent to the convent of St. Vincent, Morganfield, Ky., where she was educated. On returning from school she assisted her father, who had been elected sheriff and county clerk of Williamson County, in clerical work in his office. While thus engaged she met John A. Logan, who was at that time prosecuting attorney. She was married to him in November, 1855. She was ever after closely identified with her husband's career, and was regarded by him as his best adviser in the gravest crises of political and civil life. Mrs. Logan is a typical American woman, fitted to be a leader in society or to reign as queen of home. She is the leader in a social way of the Illinois and military element of Washington society. She looks after Illinois people, and her home is Illinois' social headquarters. Mrs. Logan is devoted to the memory of the soldier and statesman whose name she bears, and cherishes and treasures everything pertaining to his career. She possesses the energy and alertness characteristic of the West, the hospitality and social grace and tact of the South, and the accumulative genius and thrift of New England.

Miss Mary Logan Pearson has since her childhood been a general favorite

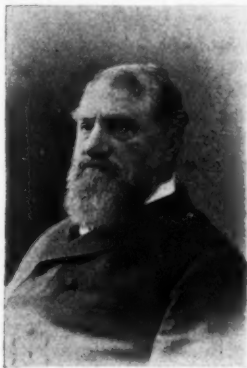


MISS MARY LOGAN PEARSON.

in the annual reunions of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and her sweet singing has added a peculiar charm to the social entertainments of the Society. She is a daughter of General Robert N. Pearson, who became colonel of the famous Thirty-first Illinois Infantry after the promotion of Colonel John A. Logan to the rank of brigadier-general. Colonel Pearson was one of the most popular officers of the Army of the Tennessee, has a gallant record as a soldier, and has been a member of the Society since its organization. Near the close of the war he was brevetted brigadier-general. He was a valued friend of General Logan, who urged him to accept a position on his staff. The honor was declined, Colonel Pearson preferring to remain with his regiment, which never made a march or engaged in battle when he was not with it. He was the last colonel of the regiment, and served continuously in the First brigade, Third Division, Seventeenth Army Corps. He is now an honored citizen of Chicago. Owing to the close friendly relations existing between the families of Logan and Pearson, the daughter was named Mary Logan, and Mrs. Logan has reason to be proud of her charming namesake. At the annual banquet of the Society at the Palmer House, Chicago, in September, 1893, she was adopted as Daughter of the Army of

the Tennessee, on motion of the gallant Colonel D. B. Henderson, of Iowa. The motion was adopted amidst ringing cheers. Miss Pearson has a highly cultivated voice of rare sweetness, and, as her portrait shows, is a young lady of pronounced beauty.

James Alexander Williamson was born in Adair county, Kentucky, February 8, 1829. He was educated at Knox College, Galesburg, Ill., but was not graduated. He studied law and was admitted to the bar. He was mustered into the military service of the United States August 8, 1861, as first lieutenant and adjutant of the Fourth Iowa Infantry. After the battle of Pea Ridge, where he was wounded, he was promoted to lieutenant-colonel of the regiment, and immediately afterward was made its colonel. At the battle of Chickasaw Bayou, near Vicksburg, December 28, 1862, he led the assault of Thayer's brigade on the enemy's lines, and was seriously wounded. By order of General Grant he was allowed to inscribe on the colors of his regiment, "First at Chickasaw Bayou." He was present at the siege of Vicksburg, and immediately after the surrender was given command of the Second Brigade of the First Division of the Fifteenth Army Corps. Colonel Williamson continued in command of a brigade or division until the capture of Savannah, when he was made



GENERAL WILLIAMSON.

a full brigadier-general of volunteers, January 13, 1865, having previously been promoted by brevet. He was also brevetted major-general of volunteers March 13, 1865. After the capture of Savannah he was ordered to St. Louis, to take command of the District of Missouri, where he remained until some time after the close of the war, when he was ordered to report to General Dodge for duty in a military and inspecting expedition of posts in the Northwest, on Laramie, Powder and Big Horn Rivers. While on this duty he was mustered out of the military service; but he did not receive the order until his return to St. Louis in October, 1865. General Williamson then returned to his home in Des Moines and resumed his profession. He was commissioner of the General Land Office from 1876 till 1881, and chairman of the Public Lands Commission created by act of congress March 3, 1879. He was elected chairman of the Iowa delegation to the National Republican Convention at Baltimore in 1864, but did not attend in consequence of his military duties. He was again elected chairman of the delegation in 1868. For several years past he has been general solicitor for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad Company. He recently resigned his position and removed to Washington, D. C., where he proposes to spend the remainder of his days in retirement from official and professional cares.

Frederick Dent Grant was born in St. Louis, May 30, 1850. He accompanied his father, General Ulysses S. Grant, during the war, and was in five battles before he was thirteen years old. In 1867 he entered the United States Military Academy, where he was graduated in 1871 and assigned to the Fourth Cavalry. During the following summer he was employed as engineer on the Union Pacific and Colorado Central Railroads. Late in 1871 he visited Europe with General Sherman. The following year he was detailed to command the escort to the party making the preliminary survey for the Southern Pacific Railroad. A year later he was



assigned to the staff of General Sherman as lieutenant-colonel, in which capacity he served eight years, accompanying nearly every expedition against the Indians. He was with his father in 1879 in the Oriental portion of the journey around the world, and in 1881 he resigned his commission. During his father's illness Colonel Grant remained constantly with him. He assisted somewhat in the preparation of the "Personal Memoirs." During the Harrison administration he was United States minister to Austria. In personal appearance, when wearing full beard, Colonel Grant greatly resembles his father. He seems to have inherited most of General Grant's personal characteristics. He is interesting in conversation, and in the hotel corridors at the Council Bluffs meeting there was constantly about him a group of interested listeners to his entertaining stories. And yet, like his illustrious father, he is the most modest of men. As a public speaker he is not likely to ever break the record of General Grant. He is yet a young man, however, and great possibilities are ahead for him. His only active participation in politics was as candidate for secretary of state in New York; but he went down with his party, not, however, with any loss of personal popularity.

One of the most promising of the young members of the Society of the Army of

the Tennessee is Mr. P. Tecumseh Sherman, youngest son of General William T. Sherman. The young man walks under the shadow of an illustrious name; but, divest him of all associations, and he will still be exceptional among men of his years. Modest in demeanor, not strong in face or figure, slightly foppish in habit of dress, his brilliant and manly impromptu speeches completely reverse the judgment an amateur physiognomist might at first glance pass upon him. He of course has enjoyed the advantage of the best schooling the country affords. He has chosen the law as a profession, and New York City as his home. If the maturity of the fruit shall be equal to the promise of the blossom, Mr. Sherman will be eminently successful in his profession.

Thomas G. Lawler was born in Liverpool, England, April 7, 1844. He came to Illinois when a child, and was educated in the public schools of Rockford. At the age of 17 he enlisted as a private in Company E, Nineteenth Illinois Infantry, serving three years and three months. He was with his regiment in every battle in which it was engaged, and with the colors of his regiment was the first man of his command over the Confederate works at Missionary Ridge. He served as private and sergeant, and was elected first lieutenant, but not mustered. He commanded his company for two months during the Atlanta campaign, was elected by his company and placed on the roll of honor by order of Major-General Rosecrans, commanding the Army of the Cumberland. He organized the Rockford Rifles in 1876, and made it one of the most efficient and best known military organizations in the West. He was for seven years colonel of the Third Regiment, Illinois National Guard, when he resigned in order to give younger officers a chance for promotion. He was postmaster at Rockford under the Hayes, Garfield and Harrison administrations, and is now engaged in the lumber and coal business. He was one of the first members of C. L. Nevius Post, No. 1,



COLONEL LAWLER.

Department of Illinois, G. A. R., which has a membership of 600. He has been the commander of his post for twenty-six consecutive years. After filling various official positions in the department, he was in 1882, by unanimous vote of the state encampment, elected department commander, his post refusing to accept his resignation during his year's service as department commander. At the national encampment, held at Pittsburgh in September, 1894, he was elected commander-in-chief. Commander Lawler is a pleasing public speaker and a truly representative man of the people. In size, build, complexion and personal appearance he somewhat resembles General Logan.

Hugh R. Belknap is a son of General William W. Belknap, who was President Grant's Secretary of War, and one of the most celebrated of the many distinguished Western men in the War of the Rebellion. Hugh is thirty-four years old and a native of Keokuk. At an early age he began railroading as a brakeman; worked himself up to the position of conductor, and later became trainmaster and chief clerk to the general manager of the Baltimore and Ohio at Chicago. When the South Side Alley I. was opened he was made superintendent, where he remained until about two years ago. He is now handling railroad matters in Chicago.



HUGH R. BELKNAP.

On Saturday, October 6, 1894, Mr. Belknap was in Des Moines on his return from the meeting of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, when he incidentally learned, to his great astonishment, that he had been nominated as the Republican candidate for Congress in the Third Illinois District, the strongest Democratic district in Chicago. It was of course a forlorn hope against Congressman McGann, who was elected in 1892 by a majority of 8,000. Belknap accepted the leadership, making from three to five speeches a day. The race was so close that a contest is the result. The count made McGann the winner by less than fifty votes on the face of the returns, the correctness of which is in question. Young Belknap is an able, genial, manly fellow. He inherits the fighting characteristics of his distinguished father, and is not likely to lay down his arms until he knows he is whipped.

We come now to a group of members of the Army who are residents of Des Moines, and prominent in Iowa Grand Army and Loyal Legion circles.

Conduce H. Gatch is the senior member of one of the strongest law firms of Des Moines. He was born near Milford, Clermont county, Ohio, July 25, 1825. He remained on his father's farm until he was seventeen years of age, during which time he attended school in the winter

season, devoting the remaining nine months of each year to farm labor. By close application to studies he qualified himself to enter Augusta College, Kentucky, where he completed a regular course. He then studied law at Xenia, Ohio, and in 1848 was admitted to the bar at Columbus. He practiced law at Xenia one year and removed to Kenton, Ohio, where he continued to reside until after the close of the war. He was elected prosecuting attorney of his county, and in 1858 was elected to the Ohio State Senate to represent the district composed of Hardin, Logan, Marion and Union counties. He was a delegate to the National Republican Convention in 1856. In 1861 he raised a company for the Thirty-third Ohio Infantry, of which he was commissioned captain. He participated in the successful campaigns in Tennessee, Kentucky and Alabama which resulted in the capture of Bowling Green, Nashville, Murfreesboro, Shelbyville and Huntsville. During the latter part of his service he was lieutenant-colonel of the One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Ohio Regiment. In 1866 Colonel Gatch came to Des Moines, where he has since resided. He soon won prominence at the bar, and being an earnest Republican, took a leading part in support of his party. He was elected to the office of district attorney, but resigned the position after little more than a year's service, as the discharge of



COLONEL GATCH.

the duties of the office interfered with his rapidly growing practice. In 1884 he was again a delegate to the National Republican Convention. In the fall of 1885 he was elected to the State Senate, where he easily took rank as a leading member of that body. After serving his first term of four years, he was reelected, in the fall of 1889, for a second term. He proved a faithful, earnest and able legislator, always fearless in the expression of his opinions, and zealous and manly in the performance of every duty. As a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, Colonel Gatch has borne a prominent and useful part in the direction of its affairs. He has twice been a delegate to the general conference. He is a member of the Masonic fraternity, of the Grand Army of the Republic, and of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion.

Hoyt Sherman is of a celebrated family, being a younger brother of the late General W. T. Sherman and of Hon. John Sherman, United States Senator from Ohio. He was born in Lancaster, Ohio, November 1, 1827. Until the age of 18 he divided his time between attending school and learning the printer's trade. He studied law with his brothers, Charles and John, in Mansfield, Ohio, until he was enabled to follow a cherished plan of emigrating West. In the spring of 1848 he came to Des Moines, and in 1849 was admitted to the bar. His first business engagement was with Thomas McMullen, school fund commissioner, as his deputy. He became connected with Casady and Tidrick, and served as deputy postmaster during the winter of 1848-9. In the spring of 1849 he was appointed postmaster by President Taylor, and held the office until 1853, when he resigned. Mr. Sherman erected the first postoffice building in Des Moines. In 1849 he was elected clerk of the district court. He was one of the original incorporators of the town of Fort Des Moines; an active member of the first city council, organized in 1851. He was for many years president of the school board, and built the first of the costly and substantial buildings now



MAJOR SHERMAN.

belonging to the city school districts. He made the beginning of the present system of graded schools. He was one of the organizers of the State Bank of Iowa, and was cashier of the same until 1861, when he was appointed paymaster in the United States Army with the rank of major. His military service was at Cairo and Paducah in the fall and winter of 1861 and spring of 1862; at Camp Morton, near Indianapolis, in 1862; at Camp Chase and Camp Thomas, near Columbus, in 1863, and at Camp Douglas, Chicago, in 1864. After his return from the army he was elected to the House of Representatives of the Eleventh General Assembly. He was one of the incorporators of the Equitable Life Insurance Company of Iowa. In 1868 he took the general management of the same, and retained that position, as secretary and president, until 1889, when he retired from active business. Major Sherman has taken deep interest in all soldiers' reunions held at his home since the war. He is an active member of the Grand Army of the Republic, a life member and one of the vice-presidents of the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, and early became a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion through the Illinois commandery. He assisted in the organization of the Iowa commandery, acting at different times as recorder, commander, and three times as

its representative in the meeting of the commandery-in-chief. His career has been in all respects both honorable and successful.



MAJOR MACKENZIE.

Charles MacKenzie was born in New York City, September 2, 1842, and came to Dubuque with his father in 1851. He graduated at Beloit College in 1863. He was for a time principal of one of the Dubuque public schools, and connected with the Dubuque *Times* as one of its editors. In July, 1861, he enlisted in the Ninth Iowa Infantry, and went with the regiment to Benton Barracks, Mo.; joined the Army of the Southwest under General Curtis, and participated in the battle of Pea Ridge; was with Sherman in the attack on Chickasaw Bayou in December, 1862, and with his regiment through the siege of Vicksburg, participating in the charge of May 22, 1863, taking part in all the operations up to the capture of Vicksburg. He accompanied the Fifteenth Corps to Chattanooga, being acting assistant adjutant-general of the Third Brigade of the First Division. He took part in the battles of Lookout Mountain, Missionary Ridge and Ringgold; was in the Atlanta campaign, and went with Sherman on the march through Georgia and the Carolinas. Major MacKenzie has lived in Iowa ever since the war, and has been in the active, continuous practice of

the law for twenty-nine consecutive years. He removed from Dubuque to Des Moines in 1893. He is an able lawyer, one of the finest orators in Iowa, and has a rapidly growing and lucrative law practice. At the Council Bluffs banquet he supplied the place of Major Warner of Missouri, who was on the programme for an after-dinner talk but could not be present. He fairly captured the army!

Milton T. Russell was born in Hendricks county, Indiana, September 25, 1836, and was educated in the common schools. He followed farming until the outbreak of the war. He enlisted in the Fifty-first Indiana Infantry, and at the organization of his company was elected first sergeant. He was soon promoted to first lieutenant and then to captain. During his service he was in the battle of Shiloh. He was in the siege of Corinth, after which his regiment followed the fortunes of Buell's command, and was in the battles of Perrysville, Stone River, South Mountain, Bowling Green, and in numerous skirmishes. At Stone River, Captain Russell distinguished himself for personal courage, being complimented by General Harker and recommended for a special



CAPTAIN RUSSELL.

medal. During a raid into northern Alabama and Georgia under Colonel Streight, the entire brigade was captured near Rome, Ga. Captain Russell was con-

fined a year and a half in rebel prisons, one year at Libby, and the remainder of the time at various prisons farther south. He made his escape three times, was recaptured twice, and the third time, after being out forty-two days and nights, was successful in reaching General Sherman's army before Savannah, Ga. He remained with Sherman's army until the fall of Savannah, when he was ordered to report in person to the Secretary of War in Washington, and, his time having expired, he was mustered out of service, and returned to his home in Indiana. After engaging for a time in the mercantile business, in 1868 he came to Des Moines. Most of the time since he has been engaged in the grain and commission business, and at present is one of the foremost and best known citizens of Des Moines. He is

commander of the Iowa Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

This great organization, the Society of the Army of the Tennessee, is slipping away from us, member by member. A Sherman gone, a Logan gone, and every year more or less names not so well known as these are transferred from the list of active members to memorial tablets. The few remaining annual reunions of active participants in the War of the Rebellion are of annually increasing interest, and the personnel of the men who were prominent in the actual work of crushing out rebellion is profitable subject matter for the study of the young. Thus viewing the subject, as fragmentarily treated in these pages, I trust that this paper may not be without interest to many and profit to some.

## THE LABORING MAN'S INDIVIDUAL PROBLEM.

BY J. L. PICKARD, D. D., LL. D.,

Ex-President of the State University of Iowa.

"THE rich grow richer and the poor grow poorer." Such is the general impression. Is it true? The rich have grown richer, the well-to-do have become rich, the poor have become well-to-do in many cases. The poor, however, are still with us. Many are found in extreme poverty. Do industrial conditions tend to extremes? Have the hoards of the rich been filled from the pockets of the poor, as is implied in the statement above quoted?

Riches and poverty are relative terms. Considered relatively, the very rich and the very poor are farther apart than ever before. This may be true and still the very poor may be at a higher point in the conveniences and even the comforts of life than was attainable in the past.

In studying the question raised, it must be remembered that better pecuniary conditions encourage artificial wants, and that under the stress of such wants

what were once considered luxuries become necessities. Gratification of artificial wants cannot easily be denied. So it comes to pass that the style of living is advanced. Financial depression checks the advance. If wisdom has ruled in the upward movement, the means wherewith to maintain the stand taken will be at hand until such times as prosperity shall return. But wisdom has not in all cases prevailed. Too often is the saying of the prophet verified, "He that earneth wages earneth wages to put it into a bag with holes." Wage-earners are not sinners above others in this regard. Their desire for a better style of living is commendable. Their unwisdom, in assuming that facilities for an advance will always be at hand, and that the limit of gratification is the last cent of daily wages, can not be commended. Want of foresight results in irritation. Display of wealth does not allay the irritation.

The laborer out of employment finds that in prosperous times he has lived up to the limit of wages earned. His former employer rides by his house in the same carriage he has used for years past. But to the eyes of the hungry man it seems grander than ever before. Love of wife and children, whose wishes he was glad to gratify during prosperous times, burns to the quick now that the laborer must deny them comforts and even necessities. The children of his employer seem to lack no gratification. Envy seizes the suffering employé. Can we rightly blame him? Sympathy will not relieve his distress. Charity is distasteful to him. Work, whereby he may secure food, clothing and shelter, is his desire. But work is not always at hand. What means can he use to secure support in times of enforced idleness? One answer rises to every mind: While employed and earning wages he should have foresight enough to lay aside a part of his daily earnings. If a member of a Labor Guild—as is for his interest—he will contribute regularly to a reserve fund, the amount of his contribution to determine the extent of his share in the benefits when necessity compels him to apply for relief.

Why should not every Labor Guild become a brotherhood insurance agency? The guild may transact its own business, as in many cases it would be perfectly competent to do, or it may become a depositor in some well managed savings

bank. Or, if employer and employé sustain relations of mutual trust, the employer may be made banker for the employé, furnishing proper security.

If the money expended in support of men who by reason of strikes are under the stress of enforced idleness were devoted to the insurance against want arising from sickness or from temporary loss of employment, it would go far toward removing occasion for strikes.

It may be said that savings banks furnish sufficient opportunity for wage earners who desire to save some part of their earnings. This is true as regarding those whose wages are such as to enable them to make what they would consider a respectable deposit each week or month. But what attraction have they for the man who can save out of his small earnings only a few cents weekly?

Postal savings banks would be a great convenience, but they have not yet become a part of our economic policy.

The laborer needs first the opportunity for laying aside small sums, and then the education which shall lead him to embrace the opportunity offered, and then the encouragement to persevere in the course begun which the example of his thrifty brother workmen would furnish.

To these points labor organizations may effectively address themselves. Laborers may thus find within their own hands the means of bettering their condition.

## A FANCY.

LEFT not a leaf of yonder maple's wealth,  
For Winter grim,  
Boldly and not by stealth,  
Has stripped each limb.

While thus bereft it stands,  
At night upon my walls  
Its weird-like shadow falls,  
And all its outstretched hands  
Seem beckoning  
The laggard Spring!

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH.

Clara J. Denton.

## MIDLAND WAR SKETCHES. IV.

EXTRACTS FROM THE HOME LETTERS OF ONE OF MISS DIX'S NURSES IN 1863.  
—A LONE WOMAN'S JOURNEY TO HER POST WITHIN THE LINES.

By LOUISE MAERTZ.

### I.

CHICKASAW SPRINGS, near Vicksburg,  
June, '63.

.....  
The powers that be, finally, after some delay decided to send me down to the Fifteenth Army Corps Hospital to assist Mrs. Colfax (a niece by marriage of Schuyler Colfax), who had been appointed to that field about two weeks previous. That matter settled, four days more were lost waiting for the boat's final orders. In military matters all things, from a mess-pan to a great transport boat, and all persons, from an obscure nurse to a splendid hero, are puppets controlled by some unseen power that binds and loosens, arrests and impels without manifest motive or goal. May patience learn to do its perfect work by these inexplicable delays and unexpected propulsions! Our name for it, in these lower regions of dense ignorance of all outside our camp, is "Government Orders." Those words to us represent omnipotence and omnipresence and unrelenting fate.

Mrs. Starr<sup>\*</sup> and I, in company with other army material—such as military stores, ordnance, soldiers—a few hundred, officers—a few score, deserters—twenty-six who were being taken back to their regiments, and some minor objects—were shipped from St. Louis on the immense steamer——, Monday, at 4 p. m.

Mrs. Starr was sent to aid Mr. Waters in establishing a Soldiers' Home at Memphis, of which she was to be matron. On entering that port we saw several steamers into which the guerrillas had fired; some pilots and privates had been killed. The pilots of these steamers are

protected as well as may be by cotton mattresses fastened to three sides of the pilot-house. There our boat was detained two days waiting for a gunboat to come from Helena to convoy us down. The shores on both sides were so infested by guerrillas that this precaution had been deemed necessary. At the end of that time answer was returned that no gunboat could be spared from the defense of Helena; so we started again in company with three other steamers detained for the same cause, one leading with a company of soldiers and two cannon.

While in port I had met Doctor Fithian, who told me that Mrs. Colfax had "passed up," ill, shortly before, and that Mrs. Bickerdyke, who had intended to take her place, was compelled by pressing need to continue at her present post. So I was to be all alone in the field hospital. The fleet did not stop long enough at Helena to enable me to meet any of my former hospital associates there. From that point I was the only female passenger on our boat—perhaps of the whole fleet.

A gunboat convoyed us to Yazoo Pass, then left us to make the way unprotected to Lake Providence. There nothing could be seen but five or six regiments in camp, a dozen steamers and several gunboats. At that point another gunboat took us in convoy for a few hours. . . . We have met about two dozen steamers not one of which had a woman aboard except the colored chambermaid. The boats always get alongside and exchange greetings and news. Bombarding is now occasionally heard. The nights are cool, and my double-gown, which I wear to be prepared for conflagration† or

<sup>\*</sup>Then a devoted hospital nurse and since the war a missionary to China.

<sup>†</sup>Many attempts were made by the guerrillas to burn our boats; several succeeded.

attack, is not at all uncomfortable.... Arrived at Young's Point, where supplies were to be discharged, we, of the cabin, after exercising patience and spending one day in watching the unloading, hopeless of any but a prolonged detention of our boat, took passage on the *Champion*, an army transport leaving for Chickasaw Bayou, which we reached in two hours. There I learned that Doctor Kitto, to whom I had been instructed to report for duty, was at Sherman's headquarters six miles distant, and that the Corps Hospital, my destined field of labor, was some miles in another direction. On learning that I could probably not be accommodated at headquarters for the night, I decided to remain on the boat, to send my letter of introduction to Doctor Kitto and to write to Doctor Darrach,\* informing him of my arrival and requesting him to come for me in the morning.

Chickasaw Bayou is formed by a fine bend of the Yazoo river in the rear of Vicksburg. Supplies to the besieging army are all shipped to that point, hence, although there is not a single house, the levee presents a very lively appearance,—teams, saddle-horses and mules, carriages and ambulances coming and going. Steamboats, of which there are about thirty in port, are constantly arriving and departing. Ice, hay, grain and sanitary barges, one or two gunboats at anchor, a little despatch boat, ever darting back and forth, in and out among other craft like a black bug on the water, carrying despatches to different points—all contribute to heighten the interest of the scene.

Chickasaw Landing is quite a town, with an exclusively male population whose houses are all hotels, whose hotels are all steamboats.

The day after my arrival I waited for Doctor Darrach until four o'clock, P. M. Then, thinking he might first look for me on the United States Sanitary Barge, I

went there and waited two hours. At the end of that time Captain Medlar, sent here from Washington in charge of artillery, came to tell me that the Doctor had been inquiring for me on the *Champion*, and from there had gone to the Western Sanitary Barge! We proceeded thither and learned, to my dismay, that he had been there twice, leaving word finally that he was going back to the *Champion* where he would await me. We again threaded our way through the crowded levee to the steamer, only to learn that he had come for the third time and departed!

My anxiety to be at my work was harder to bear than the work itself would have been. I remained on board that night and all the next day; no one came. You can imagine the wearisomeness of the delay and my impatience after so many days, almost in sight of the field of labor.

At last I summoned resolution to go to headquarters without escort. The surgeon of the hospital boat, City of Memphis, who aided me in quest of transportation, fortunately found General Sherman's ambulance at the landing and about to return to camp. I started at five o'clock P. M. The road was fearfully rough. The country surrounding Vicksburg presents the aspect of a jumble of very steep hills, separated by ravines, causing the highway to run up and down hill. The passage of every rod of the way would draw a shriek from mother, if she had to make it. Picture to yourselves such a road, and then think of our wounded soldiers being carried over twelve miles of it in those horrid, lumbering ambulances, strong enough for the roughest usage, and jolted hard enough to severely batter and bruise sound flesh!

On the way, within the short distance of six miles, we met two trains of wounded men, one of twenty, the other of forty ambulances, transporting the victims to the hospital boat. I wondered that any could survive the torture. As night fell we approached the ridge of a long hill

\*Medical director of Tattle's Division and then in the Corps Hospital, whom I had known in Quincy Hospitals.

circumjacent to Vicksburg, and passed camps on our left—the road running along the outer edge. The crests of all these hills are densely wooded. When it grew quite dark, the camp-fires under the trees, the indistinct forms of the soldiers preparing their evening meal, and the gleam of firelight on the white tents formed a striking panorama. On and on we threaded the invisible track. Had there been any fear in my composition, I could easily have found an excuse for entertaining it. I was apparently the only woman on those hills—alone—in care of an ambulance driver whose face I had not even seen, as I was assisted into the vehicle from the rear and had a back seat to myself. But a woman who fears is no more fit to be a nurse than is a man who fears fit to be a soldier. The presence of Him who commands us neither to fear nor to be dismayed was my safe retreat. I will not say that certain possibilities did not suggest themselves to my mind,—I might even say, were never absent from it; but I do affirm that I neither trembled in terror nor regretted my undertaking.

On reaching headquarters after nine o'clock I found only Doctor Macmillan, Medical Director of the Fifteenth Army Corps. He shared the tent of General Sherman who had gone with part of the Corps to the Black Water in order to check Johnston's advance. So I missed the honor of being entertained by the General and supped with Doctor Macmillan alone, each of us having a black man behind our chair to serve us. Conversation arose in which the Doctor evinced the polished gentleman and kind-hearted man that he is. Personally, he was very cordial, saying that on the strength of Mr. Yeatman's account of me and of my previous labors, they were all glad to have me enter the Corps Hospital.

After supper Doctor Macmillan offered to provide a tent for my night's lodging, but, to my subsequent regret, I declined the invitation, as he said there was a house at some distance where three rebel families from Vicksburg had taken refuge.



MISS LOUISE MAERTZ,  
Quincy, Ill., author of "A New Method for the Study  
of English Literature," and of other works  
on Literature, etc.

I was provided with an ambulance and was driven I know not how far or how long, for my watch had stopped.

The cabin of two rooms was the filthiest hole I ever saw. The bedroom was assigned to my use. I wonder now that I ventured into the bed; but I was so tired!

Being only two and a half miles distant from the defences of Vicksburg, the cannonading, which was brisk and constant all night, rattled the windows. This would not have hindered my sleeping, for it was the fifth day that I had been within hearing of the cannons' roar. But the fleas were numerous and active, and strong suspicions that the bed harbored also a third class of tenants kept me too much disturbed to get a wink of sleep.

Just before light our men began a fire of musketry, and kept up a brisk rattle for several hours. I rose at daybreak, and, as the ambulance was not to call for me until six o'clock, resolved to attempt to get a peep at Vicksburg before going down to the hospital.

The city, although partly situated on an eminence, is as completely concealed from the view of our line of siege as if nestling in a hollow,—its garrison having thrown up high defences all around from the river at its northern extremity to the river at its southern boundary. These exclude from view all but the church spires.

The fortifications are stronger and far more numerous than I could have imagined. Now, what follows will be clearer to you.

Inquiring for a guide to some point where I might obtain a glimpse of the beleaguered city, I hired a horse for myself and one for the black boy engaged to conduct me to a height within our lines that afforded the desired point of observation.

We took a bridlepath which led up and down the steepest hills imaginable, that nevertheless cannot be termed cliffs. I was often in danger of pitching over my pony's head in the descent and at equal risk of sliding off his back in the subsequent ascent. The pathway was romantic. Dense forests bordered either side, occasionally tapering down into little scrubby groves that fringed winding streamlets. These stunted groves near waters had been selected as camping grounds, and the little white tents nestled among low trees and festoons of wild grape-vine. It was a delightful ride in the alternating twilight of the ravines and the clearer dawn on the summits. The June air was pure and bracing; flowers exhaled their perfume; tangles and swaying sprays of blooming passion-flower and the musical note of the mocking-bird reminded me that I was far away from my northern home.

On reaching the base of the hill that was the objective point of my morning ride, we met some soldiers whom I had known in the hospital at Helena, who attempted to dissuade me from the ascent, declaring it to be too dangerous. But I could not get my own consent to return without a view of the doomed city, although at that moment a stray ball from

some rebel sharpshooter rolled at our feet.

On nearing the summit some soldiers joined us. They jumped into the rifle pits (then unmanned) and peeped up occasionally. They urged me to do the same. I had quite forgotten that there was danger, and now, remembering that my high bonnet might form a conspicuous target, I took it off and made my observations of the stronghold of the rebellion bareheaded, at a distance of about four hundred yards.

I wish I might tell you that I saw something to repay the pains I had taken to examine the situation. Truth demands that I confess to having gazed upon what appeared only a vast expanse of green mounds cleft by a few uprising spires.

When we returned, the ambulance was waiting for me.

## II.

### DESCRIPTION OF SHERMAN'S ARMY CORPS HOSPITAL IN JUNE, '63.

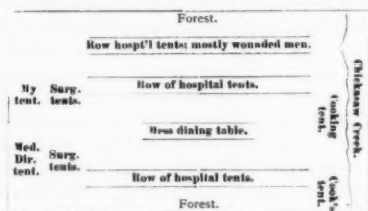
My ride to the Corps Hospital, eight miles distant from Vicksburg, was the counterpart of that of the previous evening.

Finally, after ten and a half days entirely lost in various detentions, I made my advent and was cordially received by the medical director and seven assistant surgeons. The eighth, Doctor Darrach, had again gone in quest of me!...The Corps Hospital is formed by three parallel rows of tents opening one into the other and accommodating three hundred patients. In the center of the broadest avenue between the rows, our mess dining-table is shaded by a roof tent and flanked with benches for the eight surgeons and steward. A seat formed by a board on a stake is fixed at the head of the table for me to preside over the beverages that "cheer but not inebriate." At the opposite end of the board the medical director wields the carving knife at our frugal repasts. The surgeon's tents are pitched two by two on each side of the end of the dining avenue while that of the medical director

and my own are placed twenty feet apart, side by side opposite the dining table.

A cot, a mattress, a mosquito net, a stake driven into the ground with a board nailed on top supporting a tin wash-basin, with my trunk for a seat and sacking spread over the ground, these complete the furnishings of my lodge in this vast wilderness, with its "boundless contiguity of shade" to the north, east and west.

Here is a diagram of the arrangement :



Woods surround the encampment. Chickasaw Creek flows across the southern extremity, near which are located the two cooking stoves shaded by an awning. The great distances form a serious impediment to the prompt and efficient care of the patients. It seems as if I walked miles every day in passing up and down the wards and to and from the diet kitchen. For every basin of warm water needed in haste, for every poultice to be made, or especial article of diet to be prepared and administered, there are two long walks, or runs if needed, at any point beyond the extreme south end of the row of tents. The same number of patients in one room would receive incalculably more attention than we can here bestow, owing to the loss of time. I leave my tent in the dim dawn and reach it again at nine o'clock at night.

As in Helena, I never find a moment to sit down, except at meals. All attendants are invalids unfit to serve at the front, as General Sherman allows no able-bodied man to work in hospitals. Several of them have been sick since my arrival. What care can you expect for the sick? To-day a cook is down with the ague; yesterday a nurse was disabled from duty by the aggravation of an old wound.

You can well imagine my distress in being able to accomplish so little for each one. Could we but have two nurses to each ward, the patients might almost be made decently comfortable. But I, alone, can with difficulty get to each one daily.

This must be a very unhealthy region. Chickasaw Swamps are not far away. The ground is very damp. The sun only reaches us at about nine o'clock A. M. From that time until three it pours down its burning rays upon the unshaded camp, for all trees were hewn to make room for the streets and lines of tents. After the sun disappears behind the densely wooded hills, the atmosphere begins to cool and by evening a heavy mist, slowly rising, encircles us in what seems to me a deadly embrace. The exhalation of ill-smelling plants is very offensive. I try to counteract it with the fumes of burning coffee in my tent at night. The mist is so penetrating, that, although after the tent door is tied up there is no opening except the narrow space between the canvas and the ground, every article of clothing is saturated before morning. My shoes and stockings gave me so much trouble in drawing them on that I devised the expedient of putting all my daily apparel on the foot of my cot after undressing, and covering it over with a blanket, which seems to attract and retain all the moisture. Since I have done so I enjoy the comfort of putting on dry clothing in the morning. It is not surprising that malaria rages among patients and attendants.\*

### III.

#### EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER WRITTEN AFTER THE FALL OF VICKSBURG.

....Day before yesterday it was rumored in camp that a flag of truce had been sent to General Grant at three

\*NOTE. In June the weather was comparatively mild; but, when July came, the almost vertical sun burned fiercely during six or seven hours. The scorching heat and blinding light pierced the tents as if they were but gauze. Leaning hour after hour over the sufferers, lavage their burning heads, hands and feet, it seemed to me as if a heated metal plate were suspended above my aching back and shoulders. In August, completely broken down with malarial fever and night sweats, I returned home.

different times. Early yesterday (the 4th) the glorious news reached us that Vicksburg was ours.

Doctor McDonnell and Doctor Darrach decided to go to the city in the evening and invited me to accompany them. We had just received sixty new patients and I hesitated some time as to whether it would be right for me to absent myself during the four or five hours we expected to be away. Of course I was eager to behold the city in its present condition immediately after the siege. I therefore proposed that they should defer starting until after I had seen all the new patients and prepared the special diet for the sick-est, as is my custom at each meal. They kindly consented, and some hours later, when I had nearly finished my work, Doctor Harper volunteered to take my place, attend to making the unvisited remainder comfortable, and go through all the wards again in the evening. Another surgeon offered me the use of his horse and saddle, arranging the latter so that I had a very fair seat.

It was five o'clock P. M. before we set out on the way. Doctor Harper's son formed the fourth member of our party. We enjoyed a delightful ride during the first half of the journey, on the nearly level road winding in and out between hills. The last half, having been traversed by Grant's army in the morning, was extremely dusty; it runs through bottom lands almost level. Having started so late, we galloped our horses at full speed. Fortunately for me, my mount was a swift and easy traveler.

On approaching the city the road runs over and between numerous and apparently impregnable fieldworks. Rifle-pits and breastworks laid up of sacks of earth ridge the surface; field-pieces and scattered parts of artillery ordnance add to the confusion of the entrance. Before we began to cross the fortifications we passed lines of stacked arms; we met crowds of contrabands, each with a sack slung over his shoulder, going in search of food and freedom among our camps. The Confederates were streaming out in

scattering crowds. Perhaps owing to their tanned complexions, I could not discern any marks of suffering from starvation in their faces. Mr. Plattenburg (Western Sanitary Agent) tells me that crowds of them have besieged the Sanitary Barge begging for food, and affirming that they had been on quarter rations for four weeks past. They say that the garrison was desirous of surrendering a month ago.

I never saw a city that presents a more imposing appearance than Vicksburg on entering it from the left. It is encircled by finely rounded hills, whose summits are crowned with blooming gardens and stately mansions. The city proper is built at the foot, on the flank and crest of a fine bluff. The whole expanse of it is thus rendered visible from the above mentioned road, which, before terminating in the city, extends a considerable distance along the top of a ridge of much greater elevation than that of the bluff on which the city is situated.

While crossing the defences by means of the bridge and footpaths made by Grant's army in its entrance a few hours before, I was in great danger of breaking my neck, I assure you. But army horses can do anything, climb over breastworks, jump rifle-pits, squeeze in safely past cannon, mounted and dismounted, artillery wheels and similar obstructions!

After passing the outworks, we entered a wide road cut through the hill. The cleft must be about thirty feet deep, with perfectly perpendicular walls. I suppose the garrison cut it in order that the companies of relief might pass safely to and from the defences entirely sheltered from view of the besiegers. Nevertheless the former were by no means beyond danger from shells, as numerous cavities in the walls attest. We were told that these excavations, about three feet wide by five in height, were made to enable the passers to secure shelter when the enemy's shell, screaming overhead, signaled approaching danger.

After riding through the principal streets, we visited Mr. Plattenburg on

the Western Sanitary Barge. The steamers, barges, tugs, gunboats, and despatch boats had all come down from Chickasaw Bayou and lined the shore for a distance of two miles. It was a fine sight. I had never seen such an array at one *coup d'œil*. Of course there are more in the London and Liverpool docks and at anchor in the Thames and Mersey, but we never found a point of view to take them all in at once except from a great elevation. From this point we can view the shores for miles above and below.

When we left camp, it was with the intention of returning the same night, hoping to get back by two o'clock A. M. But, the road making a circuit of about ten miles, we were unable to enter the city until after sunset. We were greatly fatigued. It was also decided that a return at night would be attended with great danger owing to the difficult crossing of the fortifications. It had been indeed as much as we could do by daylight, and none but army horses could well be induced to take such footing.

After visiting Mr. Plattenburg we went to the City of Memphis, where we pro-

cured staterooms for the night. This is an immense hospital boat come down for another load of wounded who had not yet been brought in from camps and field hospitals, consequently it was like an immense deserted hotel. I took my meals with the surgeons and matron in charge.

The gentlemen had long been gone back to camp when I arose, for it had been arranged that I should spend the day here, being so tired by the hard ride and sore and bruised above the knee from having used a man's saddle. This day of rest is a priceless boon, for no matter how tired, I cannot give up and take rest while within reach of my work.

.... Doctor Harper has come for me. He tells me that one hundred and sixty new patients were brought in last night.\* I dread going back; so much to do for each that no one but myself can do. Our nurses and cooks all convalescents, many having the ague, and only able to work on well days. It is indeed cruel for them and for the patients.

\*To the Corps Hospital.

## TWO MEN AND A MADONNA.

By MARIE EDITH BEYNON.

IT WAS the last day of the old year. For nearly a week the drifts of soft snow had been gradually yielding to the sun's persuasive warmth and melting away into slush, but a sharp touch of frost during the night had formed a thin veneering of ice which was treacherous to the unwary pedestrian. But for the most part the hurrying crowds upon the city streets realized in the midst of pressing demands of business and pleasure the necessity for caution, and walked upon the slippery pavement



MARIE EDITH BEYNON.  
Portage la Prairie, Manitoba.

with a conspicuous anxiety for the safety of life and limb that was not conducive to elegance. A short, portly gentleman, whose speed was considerably retarded by the weight of a large valise in addition to his own avoirdupois, suddenly collided with a slim, wiry-looking young fellow, causing him to reel and grasp at the air.

The elder man was profuse in his apologies. "I beg your pardon, sir; I am very sorry," he said puffily, through a thick moustache; "but this ice is to

blame. I can hardly keep from sliding on all fours. Beastly climate, sir, *beastly!* One day frost and snow, the next rain, and the next fog and ice and broken shins. Pouf! it's beastly. I wouldn't live in Ontario again for anything."

"Ditto," said the other, laughing. "I quite agree with you. I've just come from Manitoba and can't say that I appreciate this weather."

"Manitoba? What part? That's where I live," exclaimed the first speaker in his gusty accent, evidently divided between the imperativeness of speed and a desire to be communicative. "I came east to spend a week with my daughter. Ah! there's my car," holding up his cane as a signal to the conductor. "Good-bye, sir; hope I'll run against you again, more gently next time!" He started off across the street at a comical little jog-trot.

The young man continued his course, steadying himself as best he could, and, presently turning off from the main thoroughfare, paused before a shabby three-story building which displayed in a front window the familiar announcement: "Board and Lodging."

He rang the bell, and as there was no sound of voice or footstep in answer to the summons, he rang a second time more peremptorily, glancing with ill-concealed disgust at his poverty-stricken surroundings. There was a shuffling of feet inside, a slow, heavy movement which told that somebody was at last aroused, and presently the door was opened and a stout, brawny Irishwoman, with flushed face and eyes more hazy and limpid than nature had intended them to be, stood facing him in a peculiar attitude of inquiry and defiance.

"Does Robert Fitzgerald live here?"

"Yis, he does, an' sorra I am to say it. Shure it's in a big hurry ye air, to be alarmin' the house to ax sich a question as that. Can't I sit down to me own fire-side an' tak' a dhrap in pace and quietness widout bein' shook up wid the door-bell? 'Can't I?' says I. 'Bekase if I can't,'" she continued with maudlin logic, "'I mane to move. This is the third toime

I've sthirred the sugar in the whisky an' niver a dhrap have I had, an' all along of the door-bell.' Ye may well ax kin ye see that same Robert Fitzgerald, for he's here to-day an' to-morrow he's gone, for by all the powers o' St. Pathrick he'll be out on the shtrate afore anither wake if he don't pay some rint. 'Kin I kape lodgers on nothin' an' make it pay?' says I. 'Kin I? Bekase if I kin I don't mane to do it, an' that's the truth,' says I. An' ye may go 'long upstairs an' tell him so with Missus Murphy's compliments, bein's as ye're his frind. 'Moight as well lodge a tramp as a artist,' says I, 'for niver a cint kin ye git out of ayther o' thim.' First door to the right. Don't take the throuble to knock, for when he's dabbin' at his picters he wouldn't hear the crack o' doom, worse luck to him for a good-for-nothin' spalpane!"

The newcomer, still pursued by the indignant complaints of the irate landlady, mounted the rickety stairs and was met on the landing by a tall, handsome young fellow whose dreamy brown eyes and wavy hair brushed carelessly back from a broad, intellectual forehead were strikingly suggestive of his profession. He lounged forward with an indolent grace that was habitual.

"Hello, Henry!" he said, heartily, giving the newcomer his hand. "I'm awfully glad to see you. I expected you'd drop in when I heard you were in the city. Come into my den."

As he spoke he ushered his visitor into the presence of the most incongruous assortment of furniture, bric-a-brac and rubbish that one could well imagine. Paintings were scattered all over in various stages of evolution, some of them standing upon easels and shelves, a number of them huddled together in out-of-the-way corners, and a few ignominiously prostrated face downward upon the floor. Boxes of paint-tubes, brushes and bottles of oil adorned the window-ledge, in utter disregard of systematic arrangement. The uncarpeted floor in its grimy coloring testified to a strained and uncivil acquaintanceship with soap and water.

Evidently it was a long time since they had met on equal terms. The furniture was meager in quantity, and of the old-fashioned shape and texture which characterizes the saleable matter of auction-rooms and second-hand furniture shops. From one large hair-cloth chair the straw stuffing protruded indecorously, while another, which had flaunted in its younger days in a gaudy chintz cover, now bore on its faded surface the ravages of wear and tear. There were unmistakable indications that this was a bachelor's apartment. Nothing seemed to have a place of its own, nothing looked at ease in the unsuitable place to which it had been consigned. Two old cast-off hats lay in one corner among the pictures, and in close proximity to several pairs of boots was a plate which contained a half-loaf of bread and a small pat of butter.

"Not very tidy in here," said Fitzgerald carelessly. "Step over the stuff and take a seat. I house-clean once a week, but before the regular day comes around things are in rather a bad state. Now just keep quiet for a moment, like a good fellow, while I add the finishing touches to this portrait, and then I'll be at your service 'altogether intoiely,' as my amiable landlady would say."

He returned to his easel and made a few cautious, hesitating strokes with his brush, then drew back and regarded the effect somewhat dubiously.

"Come here and take a look at this, will you?" he said. "I am not satisfied with it."

His friend obeyed with alacrity, placing himself in a position which showed the picture to the best advantage.

"Do you know that man?" asked Fitzgerald.

"Why, yes! that's Judge Vetterson."

"Does it look like him?"

"Well," returned the other cautiously as he stepped a pace backward and assumed the pose of a connoisseur, "it does and it doesn't. I can't say that it is a natural likeness. There is something about that eye—is it straight, do you think?"

"As straight as your eye, Henry. But if you say the picture doesn't look like the man—that settles it, though I don't suppose you know a good painting from a chromo."

He laughed mirthlessly and, snatching the canvas from the easel, hurled it across the room where it descended ingloriously among the boots and bread-and-butter. Somerset laughed too at the sudden contact of ethereal art with the unlovely details of sordid existence. "That's my lunch," said the artist observing that his friend's glance rested on the plate. "Sometimes I am too busy to go out for my meals, so I keep a snack up here, but that's stale now, let it go."

"I ran in to have a talk with you about the ball to-night. T'was good of you to get me an invitation; but I've been out of society so long that I have no desire to go back to it. I never did care a great deal for that kind of thing. I would rather have a quiet chat with you here, about old times, than to go to the grandest ball of the season."

"I'm flattered by your preference, but you see I am going to this affair to-night. I wouldn't stay away for anything. I am afraid the cold of Manitoba has penetrated your system. 'Twas not always thus, Henry! It can't be possible you've grown impervious to the charms of the fair sex? They're almost all that make life endurable to me. All the elite of the city will be at this ball—beauty and aristocracy, as well as a generous sprinkling of worthy but less favored mortals. Oh! by the way, I've a picture here I would like you to see,—something rather beyond the ordinary." As he spoke he crossed the room to a shelf whereon rested a large canvas which was securely screened from the vulgar, prying eyes of the inartistic comrades who sometimes chose to congregate here of an evening for purposes of social enjoyment. Almost reverently he lifted the covering and, holding the picture in a good light, asked with ill-concealed triumph:

"Well, old man, how does that strike you? Don't give vent to any sacrilegious

expressions of admiration, for it is the Virgin Mary you are gazing at. It wouldn't be necessary to give this preliminary information to everybody, but you're a little bit obtuse in matters of art, you know."

Somerset gave no attention to this piece of amiable raillery, but devoted himself unreservedly to a contemplation of the picture.

It represented the holy girl-mother, in an attitude of devout meditation. The calm, pure face was framed in masses of light brown hair; the large, trustful blue eyes were raised heavenward,—a soft, filmy drapery rippled away from the exquisitely curved neck and shoulders like a mist shot with sunlight,—a drapery which was adapted to enhance rather than conceal the beauties of nature's own handiwork.

"Capital!" exclaimed Somerset as he concluded his scrutiny. "It isn't exactly a new idea, but you seem to have improved on it in some subtle way that I can hardly describe. You were fortunate in securing such a saintly model; who is she?"

"She's a poor girl—one of the shabby genteel class whom it is a real charity to help," said Fitzgerald as he returned the painting to its place. "Her father lost his wealth in some insane speculation, and then died in the most inconsiderate way, leaving his two daughters to face the cold world and support themselves and their mother as best they could. They had never been taught to work, so, of course, they had to go in for something in the decorative line, though I believe this one, the elder, has become very practical and is the mainstay of the family. They had heavy debts to pay last summer and had hard work to pull through. She asked if I had need of a model and on the spur of the moment I said 'yes,' and wondered afterwards why I said it. As a matter of fact, I didn't need her at all; but—well, I felt sorry for the girl, and she is so beautiful that it is an inspiration to look at her, so she sat as my model for the Virgin Mary

—I couldn't think of a subject more appropriate for her—and that is the result," nodding toward the picture. "A waste of time and money, you will say, Somerset; you were always practical to a fault; but I don't look at it in that light."

"What do you intend to do with the picture? Sell it?"

"Perhaps. I may exhibit it next season in the Academy; I have no immediate use for it."

Somerset laughed somewhat cynically. He was of a robust, practical mould, and had never shown signs of weak sentimentality. "I am sorry for you, Bob," he said pityingly. "You will never be rich. The idea of paying for models when you don't need them! That is just one in a hundred of your shilly-shally ways. You don't know any more about business than a hen, and you are as impulsive as a child. I don't want to make you angry," he added apologetically, "but it is the truth."

"Thank you," returned Fitzgerald with an elaborate bow and a good-natured laugh. "Don't allow any unnecessary consideration for my feelings to interrupt your philosophical remarks; I find them interesting, and you must know by this time that anger is not one of my failings." He was reclining at ease in one of the shabby arm-chairs, his limbs stretched out at full length, his feet resting on a footstool. In these respects it was a man's ordinary everyday attitude; but it was his droll expression of pensive resignation as he raised his arm and laid his cheek against his hand, woman-like, that gave it a peculiar piquancy.

"Now, I have never been considered clever," continued Somerset, his tone rising as he began to enjoy this new turn in the conversation which allowed him to expand his own interesting individuality, the while he administered reproof to a needy companion. To do him justice, he was not egotistical nor pedantic, but he knew that he had more than the average amount of sound common-sense, and he was more than willing to give anyone else the benefits of it second-hand. "I

never distinguished myself at college; I had to work hard for the little I did accomplish. It was the other way with you; everything came to you so easily you were not obliged to work for it. When my father's affairs got so badly involved and we were all thrown on our own resources, there was a poor lookout for me. But I did then what I would do now a hundred times over under the same circumstances; I accepted the first honest job that came to me and took hold of it firmly, even if it wasn't the genteel thing I wanted. I pocketed my pride. I managed to save money on these odd jobs that fellows like you would scorn to handle, and by and by I had enough money to invest in Manitoba land."

"Henry, I know all about your self-made career; it has been a phenomenal success," said Fitzgerald in his drawling tones.

"Yes," said the other conclusively, drawing a long breath of satisfaction, "I'll venture to say I can make more money in one year on my farm than you can in ten years at your sublime profession."

"O ye gods! hear this sordid monster talk!" exclaimed Fitzgerald, running his fingers tragically through his long hair. "He measures the extent of human happiness by paltry gold! He has no fine sensibilities—no sensuous delight in the mere pleasure of existence! He would rather till the ground and be honest than revel in the ecstatic delights of beauty and art, and—and keep his landlady in arrears," he ended somewhat irrelevantly. "By the way, Henry, did you observe what a sweet-spoken person she is? I heard her exchanging pleasantries with you as you came up the stairs. What a gentle voice! What an amiable, dove-like temperament!" He broke off with a rollicking laugh, which his companion, however, did not reciprocate.

"You shouldn't treat her as you do," he said reprovingly. "You ought to pay her."

"Was the lovely Mrs. Murphy so inconsiderate as to discuss my indebtedness

with a man who, for all she knew, might be a stranger to me? Yes, I see she was. Well, I agree with you that I ought to pay her and a good many other people besides. My debts are legion. The spirit is willing—but the purse is empty. It is no pleasure to me to be dunned and threatened every hour of the day. I am a naturally peacable man. I dislike very much to be disturbed by disputes about money. I have better uses for my time." He went to a table and opened a box of cigars, which he passed to his visitor.

"No, thank you," returned Somerset, almost curtly. "You know I never smoke."

"I had forgotten. You were always a good boy, Henry. You haven't any vices, large or small, have you?" He helped himself to a cigar and lighted it.

Somerset was evidently wrapped in profound meditation.

"Then you admit that you are making no progress financially and are unable to meet your liabilities."

"I am progressing backwards, and I meet my liabilities at every turn,—the trouble is to dodge them. But don't allow yourself to be worried about me. I am fairly comfortable. Man was not born to have everything he wants in this unsatisfactory world. When money drops into my coffers I am duly thankful; when it doesn't, I live in the expectation that it will some day. I live on as little as possible; my wants are not numerous and I am sure it wouldn't be possible for me to practice closer economy, unless I crawled into a hole and pulled the earth in after me. As long as I am above ground there are a few things I *must* have."

"Cigars, for instance?"

"Yes, that's one of the things; but I buy them at wholesale."

"And balls?"

"Yes. I should have to be very poor indeed to deny myself such innocent and edifying recreations. I go to these affairs in fairly good style, too, considering the poverty-stricken condition of my wardrobe."

Somerset noticed now for the first time his really shabby appearance. "Is that

the best suit of clothes you have?" he asked, half contemptuously.

"It grieves me to admit it," replied Fitzgerald. He stood up, with his hands thrust into his pockets, and looked down at himself with an expression of mingled mirth and self-commiseration, inexpressibly droll, and so contagious that it was with difficulty that Somerset could refrain from laughing. But he was determined not to be beguiled into any flippant treatment of his friend's shiftlessness.

"Behold this elegant suit of French tweed,—changeable, shot tweed I should call it, for no two inches of it are of exactly the same color. Observe how the brown gradually merges into paler shades and becomes translucent at the knees. See the fringe of tangled underbrush which overhangs my foot-gear! My dear boy, there is something unique about these trousers. I call them an autumn poem. And the coat isn't much worse. It is in such a good state of repair that there isn't much of the original fabric left. Do you see the patches I put on myself with the aid of mucilage and small carpet tacks? And yet you would insinuate that I am extravagant. Ah, Henry! retract while you behold this positive proof to the contrary!"

"You *are* a seedy looking specimen. I've seen men who worked for a dollar a day present a more respectable appearance."

"I believe you, but they were not geniuses, Henry. Genius is known by its rags. Cleverer men than I have lived and died in debt. I am not trying any original trick. Oh, no! It's an old story. When I am inclined to be disheartened I take to reading the histories of famous men, and that cheers me wonderfully. I recognize that we are all in the same boat."

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Somerset. "Clever people will always make money if they are well-balanced and ambitious enough to try."

"Well-balanced! Oh Henry! That is the unkindest cut of all."

"You ought to get married; that would settle you and bring you to a realization of your responsibilities."

"Do you know I have thought of that in my moments of weakness, when these dunning trades-people have irritated me into mercenary projects? The idea has come to me in the form of a temptation. It might be a good scheme—a business-like arrangement, with money on one side—her side, of course—and gallant protection on the other. There are times when I am half inclined to try it as the only way out of my difficulties. But, no; perish the thought! I haven't sunk as low as that yet. I have a little self-respect if I haven't much else."

"It would be all right if you were to love a rich girl," pursued the other philosophically, "though, I must confess, I haven't much use for that kind of thing myself."

"For me to love one woman, rich or poor, would require a miraculous contraction of my organs of affection," replied Fitzgerald in tones of deep conviction. "I belong to the whole adorable sex. I admire all pretty women, love—in a platonic sense—all lovable women, and reverence all good women. But to bind myself with the shackles of matrimony to any particular one would be to break faith with the rest. No, I couldn't do it."

"I am one of the old-fashioned kind, I suppose, never having visited Paris and consequently not imbued with the latest ideas about love and marriage," returned Somerset with a touch of sarcasm; "but I must say I have no sympathy with that kind of talk. Every man ought to look forward to a happy marriage as one of the most desirable goals of existence,—the thought of some day uniting his life with that of a noble woman, will be a great incentive to him in business and a source of strength to resist temptation. Yes, marriage is the right thing for every man."

"No, not every man; draw it mild," said Fitzgerald in his lackadaisical manner. "If he is cut out for it and his inclinations run in that direction, why, all right; but if he isn't a marrying man,

and would grow restive under conjugal discipline, then he ought to stay out of it; for, if he married, he would only make some woman unhappy. A common recognition of the truth of this precept would save the world a lot of misery. No, my dear fellow, you can't teach me anything on that score. I've thought it all out with more deliberation and conscientiousness, perhaps, than you credit me with."

Somerset rose to go. "I am sorry for you, Bob," he said again; "I hoped to see you more comfortably fixed. If you need money at any time, you know, consider me your banker and draw to any reasonable extent."

The artist clapped his hand heavily on his friend's shoulder and looked down into his face with an odd expression of mingled gratitude, amusement and self-deprecation.

"Bless you for this token of confidence, Henry! If it were not for a few such men as you, life would be insupportable. You look upon me as an unlucky sort of a chap, who, though endowed with a fair share of ability, will never amount to anything. Don't deny it; my keen preception is seldom at fault. Well, I don't blame you; but, see here, old man, I wouldn't change places with you for the world. You hobble along with your feet tied to the earth; I rise above dull, prosaic experiences and soar upward higher than you can see."

"Much good your soaring does you," said the other with a short, ironical laugh. "If you don't soon get down to earth and adopt practical methods, first thing you know you will grovel."

"Oh, what a melancholy man you are! Always borrowing trouble!" laughed Fitzgerald. "I remember that as a boy you took everything hard, from measles to religion. Will you be around to-night and go to this affair with me?"

"I'll think about it—yes, I might as well. But how can you go if that is your best suit?" he inquired suddenly.

"Ah! thereby hangs a tale. I am the fortunate possessor, by proxy, of an ele-

gant dress-suit. You remember Charlie Dingle? One of the liveliest fellows in our set. Well, he has married and become a tame domestic animal; he is also the gloating father of twins, and, as his wife is rather delicate and money isn't any too plentiful, society sees no more of Charlie. I've blessed those twins many a time. You see Charlie has no more use for his swell clothes, so he loans them to me,—*nice*, obliging fellow is Charlie. The suit I am sporting this season is only his second-best. The last time I was at a party in his best turn-out, I was so unfortunate as to sit down in a plate of salad. I don't think anybody noticed the performance as I backed out of sight as cautiously as possible, but of course it didn't improve the trousers. Charlie vowed he wouldn't let me have that suit again; but I think I can manage it for to-night if I promise, as he would say, 'not to trot around with my head in the clouds.'"

Somerset buttoned his overcoat in significant silence, his firm under lip curling scornfully. He wondered how any man could so demean himself as to wear borrowed clothes.

As they emerged from the room and stepped out upon the landing, a startling apparition rose before them.

It was Mrs. Murphy, her watery orbs more moist and limpid than ever. She was holding her hands behind her back with an air of mystery and leered at the two gentlemen in a triumphant and threatening manner. She had evidently been imbibing too freely.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mrs. Murphy," began Fitzgerald in his most suave tone.

"A word with you, sir," she demanded peremptorily; "jist a whisper."

"Certainly," he replied, lowering his head with an elaborate gesture of gallant concession.

"Pay me some rint!" she shouted in a voice so loud and raspy that he started back involuntarily as if he had been struck.

"Och! what a gentle whisper! It was like the blast of a fog-horn!" he exclaimed, laughing, as he rubbed his ears.

"And is it hard up for funds ye air, Mrs. Murphy?"

"Yis, it is. Little enough do I git, and small thanks to you for the same, sir. Pay me some rint or take this over yer empty head," bringing her hands from behind her back and flourishing the broken end of a broomstick over the luckless Fitzgerald, who by a clever dodge evaded the blow.

"Arrah! be aisy now," he said coaxingly; "and where did ye git the shillalah? Shure this reminds me of the good ould toimes in Ireland when McGinty took a club to McHooligan and yelled, 'money or yer loife!'"

"No more of yer impidence, ye blatherin' spalpane. I'm disprit, I am,— 'Kin I kape lodgers an' make it pay an' not git a cint of rint?' says I."

"Don't run from the battle-field, Somerset," said Fitzgerald, as his friend was about to beat a hasty retreat for fear of serious and complicated developments; "this is only a little of Mrs. Murphy's billingsgate playfulness."

"And by that same word mebbe ye'll git more of it than ye loike," was the leering reply.

"Let us consider this matter in a calm spirit," said the artist, dropping his bantering tone and Irish brogue. "I regret that I cannot pay you at this moment, Mrs. Murphy. This has been a dull month, but my prospects are good, and I promise —"

"Yis, yis, yis! Yer prospects an' yer promises are allus very foine, but its rint I am afther," was the impatient response, though she lowered her weapon and appeared somewhat mollified.

Somerset's hand was in his pocket in an instant. "No, no; don't do it," advised Fitzgerald in an aside; "I object on principle to bribing Mrs. Murphy when she is in her present condition; it encourages her to have recourse to the same tactics another time, and has a general demoralizing effect upon her character. I prefer to use moral suasion."

"I'll tell you what I will do, Mrs. Murphy," he said with a lofty air of disapproval and self-sacrificing generosity.

"Rather than have you driven to these unseemly fits of violence through any fault of mine, I will cart my stuff to some tumble-down shed and live there. I am a gentleman, as you know, and accustomed to the refinements of civilization, but I make the sacrifice of my preferences willingly for your sake. These tempers, Mrs. Murphy, in which you are apt to indulge, are injurious to your health and complexion. You are not as fresh and blooming as you were when I came here. It grieves me to think that I am the cause of this change in you."

Somerset did not wait to hear more of this interesting interview, but whatever doubts he may have entertained as to its ultimate conclusion were set at rest a minute later. As he stepped into the street, Fitzgerald raised the window and thrusting his head and shoulders out called down in a shrill falsetto:

"*Au revoir*, Henry; the foe is vanquished."

When Somerset entered the ball-room at nine o'clock that evening in company with Fitzgerald, the scene was almost painfully dazzling to his prosaic vision, unaccustomed as he had been for years to anything but the most ordinary and moderate festivities. For the first few moments he struggled with an almost irresistible desire to flee from this strange, bewildering and uncongenial environment, but in a little while he became sufficiently interested in his surroundings to wish to stay, in the capacity of a spectator, if not as a participant. He weakly resolved to himself that he would not dance—but even as the thought passed his mind he felt sure that in all probability he would. His attention was chiefly attracted by the large number of handsome, elegantly dressed ladies. He had never seen such an array of beauty and fashion at one time and place.

The building which had been chosen for the ball was an immense public music hall which was furnished with every convenience and showed artistic skill in the decorations. The electric lights shone

in variegated splendor beneath cunningly devised shades of soft, translucent texture. The orchestra, on a dais, was surrounded by innumerable, luxuriant hot-house plants, ferns and palms, from which myriads of tiny Chinese lights shone fitfully like fireflies. The polished floor offered unrivaled facilities for dancing. At the end of the long apartment a festooned archway opened into a smaller room, which had been temporarily fitted up as a drawing-room. The cosy arrangement of chairs and tête-à-têtes, and the coquettish draping of pretty alcoves presented well-nigh irresistible temptations; but Somerset, who observed these details from his point of vantage in the doorway, regarded this eden only as a possible means of escape from the giddy whirl of the dance, and remembered the newspaper which he had tucked provisionally into his coat pocket before starting.

Fitzgerald bustled about, looking his handsomest and most genial self in Charlie Dingle's best dress-suit, and proceeded to make Somerset acquainted. He introduced him right and left, adding spicy comments of his own to the formal ceremony which helped wonderfully to place his friend on a familiar footing with his new acquaintances and make him feel entirely at his ease.

"He is a money-grubbing farmer, who has been buried for five years in a hole in Manitoba," he said, as he presented him to a bevy of bright girls, who had been eyeing the tall, distinguished-looking gentleman with furtive interest from a distance. "He has resurrected himself for the holiday season to try life again for a change and see how he likes it."

"Oh, really?" exclaimed a blonde young lady, whose kind eyes evinced a desire to make the change as agreeable as possible.

"How funny!" said a pretty girl with black eyes, and she looked at Somerset over the top of her fan in a way that was daringly mischievous. The others laughed in chorus and looked interested.

"And have you enjoyed being buried, Mr. Somerset?" inquired the first speaker seriously.

"Oh, very much, thank you, Miss Meredith," he replied laughing. "A man who is obliged to work and hustle for his living, as we say out there, must be socially buried to some extent, no matter where he lives. And I would prefer to be buried in dry cold Manitoba than to be swamped in Ontario."

"Oh! Mr. Somerset!" they all exclaimed simultaneously, with exaggerated emphasis; "how *can* you talk so!"

"Isn't it rank heresy?" said Fitzgerald. "That is the way he goes on all the time. He is chuck full of Manitoban egotism!"

"But you have dreadful blizzards out there, and wolves and wild Indians—how *can* you like it? People freeze to death—oh! I shouldn't want to live there," said an elderly lady who had joined the group, in accents of undisguised horror.

"It isn't quite so bad as that," laughed Somerset. "We do have blizzards occasionally, but they are comparatively harmless. In five years I have only known one which resulted in loss of life. Of course we must guard against the excessive cold. By experience we learn when to take the outside air and when to stay at home. As to the Indians, they are tame as mice, and the wolves are scarce, I imagine; I haven't yet seen one."

The orchestra now gave signs of a sudden musical inspiration; there was a prefatory piping and scraping of the instruments, which presently burst forth into a volume of melody. There was the slight hum and flutter which precedes the waltz. Then the dancers glided over the floor in a mazy rhythm to the ecstatic measures of "Dreamland."

Somerset chose as his partner a fair *debutante* who happened to be nearest him. She was a shy, clinging little dot, who was evidently accustomed to depend upon her masculine protector for support as well as guidance in the dance, and, after the first few unsuccessful attempts to keep in step with her, he found to his infinite chagrin that it was going to be as much as he could do to navigate himself. He had not danced for eight years; in his palmiest days he had never been a

sylph, but now it was apparent that his none too flexible joints had stiffened considerably from disuse. He tried to hide his embarrassment in the polite common-places of conversation, which are often effectual in affording a temporary diversion from a dilemma; but he was in a very unenviable state of mind. The music sounded shrill and discordant to his distempered fancy, and the graceful movements of the waltz seemed to him to be a series of ridiculous contortions which resolved themselves into a mode of penance for past delinquencies. He was fast becoming victimized by the apprehension that he and his helpless partner would soon become hopelessly entangled in the intricate labyrinth of moving feet. It was a great relief to him when the dance was over, and he drew a long sigh as he escorted his companion in distress back to her maternal chaperon. He stood irresolute for a few moments, apart from the others, and watching the pretty scene with interest, but having no more a desire to take active part in it.

Fitzgerald was moving in and out among the throng in search of a young lady who had promised him the next dance.

He caught sight of Somerset and threw him a whimsical, mocking smile. Presently he passed him and paused long enough to remark with the bland effrontery which never offended anybody:

"Hello, old man, how do you feel now? If you can't be ornamental, go and sit down somewhere and keep out of the way. That niggledy-piggledy prancing step of yours may be in vogue among the Indians, but it is out of date here."

Somerset laughed indifferently as he looked after his handsome friend. Fitzgerald was in his element; his fine features were kindled with animation; he carried himself with dignity, and comported himself with characteristic self-assurance and conscious power. He was making the most of his opportunities,—flitting hither and thither on butterfly-wings through this expansive garden of feminine buds and roses!

Somerset was puzzled as he watched him. This inconsequent gaiety was a revelation to him of the strange possibilities that are inherent in human nature. How *could* a man be happy, he asked himself, when his studio table was littered with the duns and unpaid bills of irate tradespeople, when disgrace and abject poverty stared him in the face, and his landlady might be lying in wait for him at any moment armed with a stout club! And yet, for all the indication there was to the contrary, Fitzgerald might be the wealthiest man in the room—the heir presumptive to fabulous millions! He could not understand it, but felt that perhaps nature in her subtle, far-seeing methods had ordered it wisely.

His mind still occupied with the question of adaptability of temperament, he drifted leisurely in the direction of the drawing-room, which appeared to be empty. The subdued lights and aromatic odors of hot-house flowers, which were palpable through the arched entrance, promised a soothing balm for his restlessness. His own footfall, resounding softly on the thick carpet, was the only sound that greeted him as he pushed aside the heavy curtains and entered. There were several draped alcoves that resembled opera-boxes. There was no need to uselessly exercise the will in the matter of choice; they were nearly alike and apparently unoccupied. He naturally turned to the one that came first, and, as he parted the silk hangings, he extracted the newspaper from his pocket. Ah! now he had reached a desirable retreat; he would be free to amuse himself in his own practical way! But he started back in astonishment. The vision of a beautiful girl, with head thrown back against the cushioned seat, her eyes half-closed, almost took away his breath. She stirred languidly, then sat upright and looked about her in a startled way as she instinctively became aware of his presence.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Somerset. "I didn't know—ah! I supposed—" And with this vague apology

he fled in more agitation than could be satisfactorily accounted for by the mere incident. Why was this girl's face so strangely familiar? Where had he seen those liquid eyes and that Grecian face? Ah! now he remembered! She was the subject of Fitzgerald's picture—a veritable Madonna in the flesh! He groped aimlessly among conflicting sensations and contradictory impulses; was presently seized with an overwhelming desire for an introduction, and wondered, with a pang of self-reproach, why he hadn't thought of it before.

He hurried back to the ball-room, gazing about him in quest of Fitzgerald. The music had ceased and there was a lull of intermission. The dancers were seated or chatting in small groups, but the artist was nowhere to be seen. Somerset, in his new-fledged anxiety and enthusiasm, was too much in earnest to care how he might look. He walked the full length of the room, glancing wildly from right to left, precipitating himself into select, conversation circles, bobbing in and out with dexterity and making incoherent apologies when he failed in his object of finding his friend. His progress was observed with general amusement; he looked like a forlorn country swain in search of a truant sweetheart. The black-eyed, mischievous girl tittered behind her fan and exclaimed, "Oh, here comes that resurrected Manitoban; isn't he funny!"

Her companion laughed as he leveled his eye-glass in the direction indicated. "How vewy clevah you aw! The wese-wected Manitoban! Ha! ha! ha! What a wick joke!"

Fitzgerald's bushy, black head appeared at last in the midst of an animated group of ladies. In answer to Somerset's emphatic gestures he reluctantly disengaged himself and hurried forward.

"Well? What is it?" he asked, puckering his face into a comical expression. "Are you in for a bill of damages? You've put your foot in it, I suppose, and torn the train of a five hundred dollar silk dress. I wish you knew how ridiculous you look!"

"No, it is nothing of that sort," was the impatient reply, "and I am not concerned about my looks. It is that madonna of yours,—the Virgin Mary."

"The Virgin Mary!" repeated the artist, in low tones of awe-struck bewilderment. For the moment he had no recollection of his picture. "Be careful how you talk, or people will think you are crazy. What have you had to drink, Somerset?"

"You know what I mean,—that girl—your model. She's in the drawing-room and I want an introduction."

"Oh, I comprehend the situation," laughed Fitzgerald. "By all means, my dear fellow; happy to oblige you in so small a matter."

It seemed to Somerset that he must have spent nearly an hour in hunting Fitzgerald, and he began to have misgivings that his fairy had mysteriously flown during the long interval; but no, she was sitting exactly where he had left her.

"Miss Valerie, may I have the pleasure of presenting to you my friend Mr. Somerset?" said the artist, bowing courteously and making certain elaborate gestures which were becoming to him, though they would have looked foppish in the majority of men. "He would give me no rest till I brought him to you, and his importunity deserves its reward. Mr. Henry Somerset, Miss Valerie. A queer fellow, I warn you; the sum total of his earthly ambition is to successfully run a farm in Manitoba! But don't presume to pity him; he takes pity with a bad grace. I give him over to your tender mercies; deal gently with his weaknesses."

"What are they?" inquired Miss Valerie, in a sweetly modulated voice, as she smiled comprehendingly.

"Oh, Manitoba climate for one thing. He doesn't consider it extremely cold, you know, only dry and exhilarating, and he has lived in solitude so long that he thinks our society events a dreadful bore! Worst of all, he is a woman-hater; doesn't say so in so many words, but would give that impression."

"No, no, don't believe him," interrupted Somerset, who had no wish to be estimated by this fair young girl in such a formidable light; "it isn't true, I assure you."

"Set him going; he can talk. If he has any good points, Miss Valerie, they ought to develop speedily beneath the sunshine of your smiles." As he spoke, Fitzgerald bowed himself off, and left the two alone together to make the first hesitating advances toward friendship.

Somerset was so deliciously agitated that he forgot the natural use of his tongue and remained stupidly silent, staring at this slim, dainty maiden who impressed him as no other type of womanhood ever had. His easy, good manners deserted him; he felt rough and clownish and dreaded the sound of his own voice; it would surely be harsh in contrast with her musical tones. She was perfectly self-possessed and, entirely unconscious of the effect she was producing, talked pleasantly, giving him time to recover himself. Somerset thought he had never seen such heavenly blue eyes. They were large, clear and luminous, with a frank, steady expression that was restful and reassuring, and suggested pleasing, poetic fancies. They were like a placid summer sky, to which weary toilers in the heat of earth's strife might look with gratitude and longing,—the kind of eyes whose loving glance would do a man more good than anything else in the world after a hard day's work. So thought Somerset, wondering not a little at his own imaginative invention,—for he was one of the most matter-of-fact men living. Her pale, creamy complexion, without a tint of bright color, was thrown into relief by waving masses of sunny brown hair which, according to the prevailing fashion, was piled high upon her daintily-poised head. Her mouth was neither large nor very small, but firm and sympathetic. She wore a dove-gray Grecian costume of soft material, which followed accurately in clinging folds the round curves of her graceful figure, and was almost Quaker-like in its simplicity. It was cut away

slightly at the throat, revealing one row of genuine pearls. A small spray of pink roses completed an attire which, to Somerset, was emblematic of the wearer's good judgment and refined taste.

"You must have thought it strange that I should desert the ball-room and hide myself here," she said in her musical voice. "I must have been dozing when you came the first time. I sat up last night with a sick neighbor, and I remember feeling very sleepy when I sank into this comfortable seat."

"You shouldn't sit up with sick people," he replied; "you should take better care of yourself, Miss Valerie."

"I don't mind it at all; I rather like it. And I am so strong that I think I am specially fitted for it, in that respect. It is such a privilege to be able to be of service in cases of sickness. Indeed, I have been thinking of becoming a hospital nurse. I must get steady work of some sort, and I can't think of any occupation that would be more congenial."

"Don't, Miss Valerie; let me advise you. You would never be able to stand the hardships and sacrifices of such a life. That you would prove an invaluable acquisition to the profession I haven't a doubt; I am sure there must be a wide field for the services of refined women; but you should consider yourself and not decide hastily to swell the list of martyrs."

He smiled down upon her kindly. He was delighted with her earnestness and her candidly expressed purpose of earning a livelihood; but as to the actual realization of such a purpose, he had certain intuitive convictions. No, this was not a hardy nature formed to wage victorious battles against the conflicting elements of the world; but a fine, sensitive, highly organized creature, to whom manly protection was a necessity. Not a girl to work, but a girl to be worked for. She looked strong and healthy, yet he liked to fancy that he saw in her all the traditional weakness and dependence of her sex.

"It isn't settled yet; I am only thinking of it," she said gently. "I don't enjoy dancing parties very much. I am

afraid I can never be fashionable. I find efforts at display most tiresome and unsatisfactory."

"Please don't try to be fashionable," he exclaimed impulsively; "you are so much better as you are." Then realizing that this was an awkward speech and not in the highest degree complimentary, he plunged headlong into conversation to divert her mind from his clumsiness. "I understand what you mean; I can sympathize with you from experience. When I was a young lad I was painfully shy; I may have outgrown that failing to some extent, but I am never free from a desire to escape from a crowd."

"I came principally on account of my sister. She is younger than I, and very gay. There are only the two of us at home, and it seems a pity to deny her such pleasures because I do not appreciate them. There she is,—do you see her?" There was an almost motherly pride in her voice which Somerset did not fail to notice, and which went to strengthen his opinion of her womanliness.

He looked through the archway and saw a fair girl with fluffy, yellow hair, who, however, bore but a slight resemblance to the immaculate creature by his side.

"She is like me, don't you think so?" asked Miss Valerie, wistfully.

He wanted to say quite bluntly that she was not one-half as beautiful, but he restrained himself and replied quietly: "Not very much—a slight family likeness, perhaps." Then fearful lest he might have offended her, he added quickly, "but she is pretty, very." And again he felt that his remarks were ill-chosen.

Helen Valerie was not a clever girl, in the popular acceptance of the word, and had never been considered a brilliant conversationalist; but she possessed in a remarkable degree the qualities of sympathy and tact, combined with the faculty of making other people talkative—those charming characteristics without which the cleverest women are lacking in true companionship.

In a short time Somerset was surprised to find himself relating not only his pioneer experiences in Manitoba, but his

whole personal history. The conviction that already he loved this pure-faced, sweet-voiced girl was so overwhelming that he felt powerless to struggle against it, and he recognized the hand of destiny in his approach to this blissful retreat; moreover, he was not unwilling to follow humbly and gladly in whatever course that hand might direct. It must be remembered that he was not like the majority of young men who fritter away the heart's best affections in numberless insipid flirtations. All the love of which his strong, reserved nature, with its hidden reservoirs of feeling, was capable, remained intact, to be bestowed in one act of surrender to the one woman whom he judged to be worthy of it. To such natures Cupid's revelations are apt to be sudden. The stronghold is stormed and taken, almost before the gallant defender has reason to suspect that the citadel is in danger. Already, in imagination, he pictured her moving to and fro in his home, a domestic, invisibly-winged angel, adding new luster to the homeliest duties and making everything bright with her looks.

"A guardian angel, o'er his life presiding;  
Doubling his pleasures and his cares  
dividing."

He wondered if it were not a monstrous piece of absurdity to think of asking her to share his quiet, ungilded life; and yet, according to her own admission, her young spirit was not bound in slavish fetters to the pomps and vanities of the world. Thank heaven! she would not need to work. He had sufficient means to enable him to live in comparative luxury whenever he might choose to do so. If his wife wearied of the monotony and limitations of Lake Dauphin district, there was nothing to prevent him making his home in Winnipeg, which, as the cultured and embellished social center of the province, compared favorably with Ontario cities of its age. He was sure she was too sensible a girl to ask him to pick up stakes and leave the country, in the interests of worldly ambition. That he could not do, even for her. He had learned to love the prairie land which was so intimately associated with his struggles and successes, and had

long since resolved to be a loyal Manitoban.

His reverie was interrupted by a chorus of harmonious chimes from the belfries of the city, which rang out the death-knell of the old year and the birth-song of the new, drowning the music of the orchestra and the monotone of tripping feet. It was a solemn moment. A subtle, sacred emotion seemed to palpitate in the perfumed atmosphere which was perceptible to Somerset's quickened senses.

There was a pensive, reverent expression in Miss Valerie's eyes as she turned toward her companion, but neither of them spoke till the chimes had died away into stillness; then he said gently: "I wish you a happy New Year, Miss Valerie. You see we are beginning it together."

"Thank you," she returned in a voice that was slightly tremulous. "I trust that it will be a happy year for both of us." Something in the way she said it led him to hope.

The dance had begun again with renewed vigor; misty, white-robed figures floated airily by, and the orchestra had evidently imbibed fresh inspiration.

Somerset proffered his arm. "The first waltz of the year—please do not deny me, Miss Valerie."

"But I am afraid I dance wretchedly," she demurred.

"Not as badly as I do; but I have a particular fancy to enjoy this dance with you."

She made no further objection, and presently they were out in the midst of the whirl. Strange to say, Somerset danced very well this time and had no uncomfortable apprehensions. For some unaccountable reason, his joints were now sufficiently flexible for the purpose. No doubt it was the lightness of his spirit which surmounted physical difficulties, and his improvement was entirely due to the triumph of mind over matter.

One morning, a few weeks after the ball, Somerset ran into Fitzgerald's studio to bid him good-bye. His visit had been protracted far beyond his original intention, owing to circumstances which, it is to be presumed, he did not wish to

order differently. He found the artist busily at work upon a canvas from which he did not take the trouble to raise his eyes.

"Hello, Henry!" he exclaimed absently, still vigorously plying his brush. "Step over the stuff, hang your hat on the floor and sit down. Don't talk; I'm busy,—got a new idea; get one so seldom, I must make the most of it. So you're off in the morning? Can't stand the conventionalities of civilization any longer, eh? I've heard of such cases. It gets to be a sort of mania in time."

"I expect to return in a few months," said Somerset, cheerfully.

Fitzgerald wheeled around suddenly and looked at him keenly. "You do?" he said slowly; "what does that mean?"

For answer his friend smiled in a mysterious way and, crossing the room, paused before the picture of the Virgin. Reverently he lifted the drapery, took a long, lingering look at the sweet face and turned away with a sigh.

"I don't want you to exhibit this, Bob," he said with a grand air of proprietorship; "I hope to purchase it before long. In the meantime, take care of it for me."

"Whew! So that's the way the wind blows," said the other in unfeigned astonishment. "I must say, you quiet fellows have a sly way of doing things! Well, you are a brave man if you can stand so much sanctimony."

Then Somerset fired up, as well he might. "I wish *you* could get a little of it from some quarter," he said, hotly; "you need it."

Fitzgerald threw back his head and laughed, but sobered almost instantly and, holding out his hand, said cordially, in the penitent way which no one could resist:

"Shake, old man. I congratulate you with all my heart. You've secured a treasure! If I had been one of the marrying kind, you may be sure I should have cut in ahead of you; but as it is—tra-la-la, and joy go with you!"

The following August Fitzgerald received a dainty invitation to the wedding, and, slipping it carefully into his pocket, he went to ask Charlie Dingle for the loan of his best dress-suit.

## JERRY WALTON'S PROSPECT.

BY JOHN H. MASON.

THE old year is dying,—but not without a struggle, for the elements have been warring and the gulches and canyons along the scarped sides of the Sierras are almost filled with snow. The enveloping mantle has smoothed over many of the rough, rocky projections and is steadily transforming the face of nature. Old miners nod approvingly and tell one another that it will be a "good water season."

The soft, crystal banks, which pile up many feet deep in the upper regions and rugged fastnesses of the mountains are the treasure-vaults of the placer miners. When genial spring unlocks the cells and fills all the gulches with running water, the miner is busily engaged washing out the gravel deposits and gathering the gold from his flumes and riffles. If the water season is protracted and the supply of fluid copious, he will make a satisfactory "clean-up"; but unless there have been heavy snows during the winter the miner suffers, as does the farmer whose crops are withered by drought. But, while spring is the seed-time of the farmer, it is the placer miner's harvest season.

The storm has ceased, and for twenty-four hours the elements have been at rest. The lead-colored sky is, however, every moment more threatening. The angry-looking clouds are slowly drifting across the mountain's brow. In the little valley, —merely a rift between the opposing giants of earth and rock,—all is silent as the grave; but away above, on the mountain's crest, up where the air is thin and the snow lingers all the year, where the grizzly still maintains his solitary haunt, and the deer scuds swiftly through the forest glades,—from that high region comes a continuous, ominous roar, a sound not unlike the rumble of a heavy train. Louder and more threatening it grows. The human beings below know it is the

storm howling through the gigantic pines. The sound has to them an evil portent, for it is a prophecy of coming fury. As the mournful chant continues and the storm brews and grows in strength, many a mighty pine succumbs in the conflict and goes down among its fellows with a crash that fills the soul with quaking fear and dread.

Down in the little vale between the mountains, in a small cabin built of rough, unpainted lumber, a miner lies tossing restlessly upon a rude bunk in a corner of the one square room. The man is roughly clad in the garb usually worn by laborers of his class, and his grizzled locks and emaciated face proclaim him to be well advanced in years. His wasted cheeks and glittering eyes tell of sickness and suffering, and, were there any one present to observe the symptoms, it would be apparent that death could not be far off.

But there is no friend to note or care what may become of the dying man—none save Bruff, the black, shaggy dog that lies on the floor with head between his paws, lazily blinking at the smouldering fire. Little knows Bruff of sickness and death, and all unconscious is he of the impending calamity which threatens to take from him his only friend and constant companion.

"Bruff," says the man, feebly; "Bruff, are you hungry?"

Bruff rises and eagerly wags his tail, saying, as plainly as dog can say, that he certainly is very hungry. Wearily his companion staggers to his feet and drags himself to the table, which, in reality, is a greasy dry-goods box spread with the few iron dishes deemed essential for the full development of the culinary art in mining camps. Both table and dishes have done continuous duty in their present capacity for twenty years.

No meat, no food of any kind is to be found, and, though starvation stares both man and dog in the face, no disaster can entirely quench the vein of humor in the hardy old miner, and, turning to his dumb comrade, he repeats, with a twinkle in his eye—

"Old Mother Hubbard  
Went to the cupboard  
To get her poor dog a bone."—

but a dizziness seizes him and, staggering to the corner, he falls heavily upon his blankets.

Jerry Walton, the man thus alone in his destitution, was one of the indomitable flung high up in the mountains by the flood-tide which swept these regions when the news of the gold-fields was borne by the winds through all the world. When the ebb came, and his successful companions sought the coast or returned to the East, he, like many others, was left stranded in the hills, with nothing to stead him but his pluck and a strong hope in the future. He was like the ocean shell-fish which, riding on the crest of the wave, is thrown high upon the sand and left to struggle for existence.

The roaring of the wind on the mountain reaches the sick man's ears and, half delirious, he imagines it to be the waters of the Yuba dashing over the rapids. His mind is turning backward, and the scenes of early days pass in retrospection through his brain. Again he lives over those feverish times when the river washings were bright with gold. Never before has Walton lived over in detail his early life. Though youth has long since faded, the same bright hopes have still animated and spurred him forward, while fickle Fortune, the tantalizing jade that she is, has ever danced just beyond his grasp and mocked his tireless efforts.

But the deluded man realizes now, for the first time in his life, that his golden dreams will never be fulfilled, and the moan of the laboring storm on the mountains bears him back through the dim aisles of the past. He is again a young man, vigorous, eager, with hope and ambition bounding through his veins. How

greedily, with that motley crowd gathered from all ends of the earth, does he shake and rock the sand through his round, shallow pan; how deftly he learns to wash all the gravel and débris to the edge of his pan and gently rock them out, while the same motion settles the "good red gold" to the bottom.

Ah, those days of tense, throbbing activity! Gold everywhere! Gold in the sand, in the gravel, on the hill; sacks of gold-dust in every man's pockets; rumors flying in the air,—rumors of richer workings on beyond; golden streams up the mountains, in the valleys; nobody satisfied, nobody stationary; none but are afraid of being outstripped in the mad race for wealth; men rushing hither and yon and returning again, only to be carried off in another direction by some new rumor! Ten dollars for a shirt; twenty dollars for a pick,—what matters it? Nobody who is able to swing a pick or shake a pan can think of stopping to meanly barter for wealth.

At length the news of the Gold Lake struck the camps on the rivers. Two men belonging to a party of emigrants coming through the mountains became detached from their companions while hunting for fresh meat and were lost in the wilderness. In their wanderings they stumbled upon a small lake high up the mountains, and discovered great quantities of gold lying loose in the sand upon the shore. Peering into the waters, the bed of the lake seemed to be lined with the gleaming metal. But, suddenly, they were startled by a shower of arrows from a hidden band of Indians. One was killed and the other escaped by a precipitate flight. When he reached the mining camps he told his story and exhibited the chunks of gold he had found. Great excitement prevailed, and expeditions began immediately to fit out for the purpose of finding the Gold Lake.

One morning Jerry Walton hastily entered the tent where his partner was cooking breakfast, and excitedly exclaimed, "Tom, I'm going to the Gold Lake, and

you must come with me. The party is all made up, and we must pack our traps to-morrow."

The look of dismay and protestation which Tom Hart gave him Jerry Walton never forgot. From the same village, the two stalwart young men had come, and together they had braved the hardships and dangers on the plains and in the mines. But Tom's thoughts were ever winging their way back to the quiet village, for was not Annie Farrell, his own beloved Annie, still there, waiting and watching for his return? And was not all this struggle for wealth made in order that they might buy a little place, get married and settle down?

"We have fifty thousand in dust," said Tom, "and why should we struggle for more? That's a fortune for us both; let's go back and live again among civilized folks."

"No!" answered Jerry, vehemently. "I will never return until I can take with me one hundred thousand dollars. We can easily get that, and only be a few months longer here," he added eagerly, "for the Gold Lake is lined with gold, and our party will be led by the man who has seen it and we can't fail. I only hope we may be the first to reach it."

Still Tom protested. Love urged him eastward. One by one companions dropped into the tent. They had joined the expedition, and all were enthusiastic with the project. They *could* not fail. A little exertion, and each would be a millionaire. Already they were planning how they would spend their wealth,—and young imagination when given free rein needs no running-mate. Already Tom began to yield. Avarice is a strong pleader, and the young man soon joined heart and soul in the enterprise.

The memory of that expedition was drastic to Jerry Walton's soul. Like all the other attempts that have been made to discover the mythical Gold Lake, it was a miserable failure.

No words are adequate to portray the hardships endured by Jerry's party.

Their guide became bewildered and they wandered from one point to another, discovering nothing but disappointment. Winter blocked them in the mountains and starvation thinned their numbers.

When at length Jerry Walton again reached the valley he was alone and penniless. He left the bones of Tom Hart bleaching in a mountain forest, and only by a desperate struggle did he and a few of his companions manage to reach the lower country.

Blue-eyed Annie Farrell may have grown sick and weary with waiting for her lover; may have thought him faithless, or may have mourned for him with a grief that knows no language; but, be that as it may, tidings from her lost lover never reached her. Many another bonnie lassie of '49 waited in vain the return of a sweetheart from the gold-diggings.

Nothing daunted by his reverses, young Walton again takes pan and pick, joins a mining camp on the Feather river, and is soon in a fair way to retrieve his fortunes. The swiftly rolling waters of the Feather buried great quantities of gold in the long sand banks, and Rich Bar has become a noted mining camp.

In a few months he again has a respectable fortune. But, regardless of his bitter experiences in the search for the Gold Lake, he decides to again risk all in an attempt to discover that fabled spot.

For months the patient searcher travels the wild regions of the rugged mountains, alone in his venture, with the few utensils and necessary provisions strapped on his back, traversing rocky canyons and gloomy forests, oblivious alike to the hardships of the journey and to the beauty and grandeur of wild nature about him. Although his fortune is dissipated and his venture unsuccessful, the infatuated man does not lose faith in the object for which he is searching. At length the firm belief takes hold upon him that a huge landslide, such as often occurs in the Sierras, has buried the lake—a theory to which many old miners still cling.

As the vivid memory of the sick man recalls the scenes in his peculiar career,

the day when hope took tangible form is fondly recalled. He has found the spot where the treasure lies buried! He is sure of it. No signs could be plainer. It is just the spot his imagination has pictured. A rough, rocky mountain, on one side of which a large section has evidently been detached and precipitated to a basin below. A canyon with a dashing stream winds along the broken side of the mountain, and a small valley opens beyond. In this valley he builds a cabin and begins tunneling into the broken side of the mountain. As if to strengthen his convictions, rich washings are found in the stream below, showing that a "feeder" is somewhere hidden in the mountains above.

Gold-bearing quartz veins are discovered and soon a small village springs up in the little valley. But the noisy clang of the stamps as they crush the ore in the quartz mills disturbs Jerry Walton not a whit.

Weeks, months, years go by, bringing to the old miner gray hairs and loss of physical vigor; but no jot or tittle of his faith in the existence of the hidden lake departs from him, and every day he works with the same dazzling vision dancing before his eyes. Sometimes he is visited by his old friend, Judge Gray. The two have mined together on the Feather. One was content to retire with a moderate fortune, has studied law, been honored by many positions of trust, and is known and respected far beyond the confines of the mountains. The other man, scarcely less talented, not content with drawing less than a grand prize in Fortune's lottery, is yet struggling, with the prize "just ahead."

"It's just beyond," Walton would remark to the Judge. "It's just a little way beyond and I'm bound to reach it soon. It'll probably be several weeks, and it

may be months, but I'm bound to reach it, and there's millions waiting for me when I strike the channel."

Tunnel after tunnel was laboriously driven into the mountain, but they were never started quite right. Either they were too high or they were too far to one side or the other; and, though never a "color" was found in the débris, the prospector was always confident that the next time he would arrive at the right spot, and the rich channel of the hidden lake would yield him its treasure. His only method of sustenance was gained by washing the sands of the stream that ran by his cabin and exchanging the "dust" for provisions at the store in the village.

No woman's shadow ever darkened the doorway of the rude cabin which was to him a home.

"Yet it will not be always thus," he was wont to say to himself, "When I get my fortune, then I'll live!"

Twenty years passed and yet Jerry Walton's fortune was "just ahead." He began to grow feeble, and it became a difficult matter to obtain gold enough to provide for his meager wants, but he was too proud to partake of charity, and his wants were carefully concealed. Still he thought it was a question of but a few days when he would strike the channel.

The old year is dying and the wind is moaning through the pines on the mountain. The clouds gather, and the storm breaks and sweeps down the mountain side. The wind rocks the little cabin, rudely pounds at the door and rattles the shakes on the roof, but finds no response within. The cold clay of the old miner lies beneath the blankets in the corner of the room. The undaunted spirit has crossed the dark channel from whose farther shore no prospector has ever yet returned.



## AWARDS AT THE COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION.

BY EUGENE SECOR.\*

MANY have doubtless noted in newspaper and other advertisements claims that some article advertised received "the highest award" at the World's Fair, or that somebody's something got "first premium," or that Blank's baking powder was awarded "highest honors" or "outstripped all competitors." It is to correct some erroneous impressions respecting the plan of judging, and show the meaning and value of the awards to successful exhibitors, that the following is written.

It is true, in one sense, that every person receiving an award got "the highest honors," because only one style of medal is to be given, and every award will be "the highest." But if these enterprising advertisers should tell the exact truth, or hint that possibly their competitors received the same recognition as themselves, it would not look quite so attractive and perhaps would not serve their purpose.

The Columbian Exposition was not conducted on the competitive plan. The system of judging was not the same as is practiced at most of our State, district and county fairs. There were no first, second and third premiums, except, possibly, in the Department of Live Stock or in the Dairy Exhibit,—and these, I think, were supplemental to the awards proper, and offered, not by the Exposition authorities, but by associations for the purpose of stimulating the interest in that particular department.

John Boyd Thacher, Chairman of the Executive Committee on Awards, in a speech before the National Commissioners explaining the system of judging adopted by the Committee under the authority of the Commission, said :

"There is no such thing as drawing a comparison between A as an exhibitor and B as an exhibitor, or the products of A and the products of B; but if there is

any possibility of the idea of competition entering into this thing, it is on the standard of supreme excellence, and not as between two exhibitors or individual products."

This system might be called the Single Expert Judge System, and was first adopted and carried out at the Centennial Exposition in 1876, and the plan has been followed at all the World's Fairs since that time. General Walker, in a report to the Director-General of the Centennial Exposition, said :

"A hundred illustrations might be given to show that the word 'good' as applied to industrial products is a relative term, and that, for the purpose of the public, the judges of an International Exhibition ought to say what a product is good *for*. Whether the word 'best' should ever be used in such reports may fairly be open to question; but in general it must be said that an intelligent and discriminating judge can always say something better of a product than that it is best. If indeed it is the best, it must be so from the possession of properties which can be and should be stated. That word is, however, more often the refuge of incompetence, indolence or partiality."

Instead of the old plan of a Board of Judges who got together, and by vote, or a system of marking, decided to whom a premium should go, thus dividing or avoiding all responsibility in the matter, a single expert judge examined the entries assigned him by the Executive Committee. Quoting again from Mr. Thacher on this point :

"The individual judge is selected because of the personal responsibility which can be fixed upon him. That is the essential feature. I want a man who is known the world over as the best expert to examine a given individual object, in order that if he does wrong we may stick a knife into him, and if he does right we may put upon his brow a wreath. There is no other possible way of finding indi-

\*Hon. Eugene Secor was sole Judge of the Apiarian Exhibit at the Columbian Exposition.

vidual responsibility except by having an individual judge."

When a product or article was ready for examination, a judge in that group and class was handed an entry card on which was the number of the entry, the department, group and class to which it belonged, where located, etc. The judge was instructed to make on the card two reports. In the first report, he was to state the date of receiving the card, the fact that the article had been examined, and the date of the return to the office. But nothing was said in that report as to the findings of the judge. It was simply a memorandum for the bookkeepers showing that that particular entry had been examined. But instead of returning this report at once to the office from which the blank was received, it was sent to a Departmental Committee consisting of other judges belonging to the same group. This committee of judges organized by electing from its own number a president and a secretary. It met at such times as would best serve the interests of its members. The judge's individual report was passed upon by this committee, and if an award was recommended the following report was filled out and returned to the Executive Committee on Awards:

#### COMMITTEE OF JUDGES.

DEPARTMENT \_\_\_\_\_ REPORT NO. \_\_\_\_\_ 1893.

HON. JOHN BOYD THACHER,

Chairman Executive Committee on Awards,  
World's Columbian Exposition.

Sir,—We beg to advise you that the individual Judge, Mr. \_\_\_\_\_, assigned to the following exhibit, viz.: Group \_\_\_\_\_ Class \_\_\_\_\_ No. \_\_\_\_\_, has examined the same, and reports to this Committee that he deems the exhibit WORTHY OF AN AWARD. In this conclusion this Committee coincides, and gives the following "as the specific points of excellence or advancement which, in its opinion, warrant the award, viz.:

In accordance with the order of our Committee, this action is transmitted to your Committee on Awards. The assignment cards of the exhibit named above, with the report of the individual Judge, are enclosed herewith. Very truly,

Secretary.

Pres. Dept. Com. on Awards.

So that every award was not only recommended by the judge, but had to pass the Departmental and the Executive Committees, and until approved by the latter was subject to review. The fact

that one exhibitor got an award did not preclude his competitor from getting exactly the same thing if his exhibit was considered worthy by the judge. The "specific points of excellence" might differ, but the value of the awards would be to all appearances equal. Everything stood on its own merits, measured by a standard of excellence which the judge had set up for that purpose. And as the particular reasons were set forth why the recommendation for an award was made, attested by his own signature, it is easy to understand why an expert was required.

It might be interesting, too, to give a little information regarding the manner of appointment of judges. It was not enough that some person known to one or more of the National Commissioners should be nominated by them for the position. That was a pleasant duty on the part of the Commissioners, no doubt. But Mr. Thacher and his Committee did not purpose "farming out" the Exposition to favorites of the Commissioners. He had other ways of obtaining information as to the fitness of such nominees. In answer to the question, "How are you going to make up your opinion of the character of men?" (for judges), Mr. Thacher replied:

"Several months ago, I addressed a communication to about 2200 technical journals in this country and abroad, asking them to coöperate with us in the selection of the best men known to them. Now, in all these matters, in every one of these departments, there are technical journals published which relate to that. The character of these men are common property; they are known."

So, in addition to the recommendations of Commissioners or friends, he probably got the indorsement of some one outside the pale of personal or party friendship. He had information as to the nominee's fitness outside and independent of the Commissioners. If a technical journal or society endorsed the Commissioner's nomination, the way was easy and pleasant to the appointment. Mr. Thacher was a man of convictions, courage and executive ability. Things had to go, and they generally went his way.

A little incident occurred one day when the writer was in the office of the "Chief of Awards" which showed the character of the man. He emerged from his private office and thus addressed his chief: "Sir, I notice more or less smoking in your division. This must be stopped. No *gentleman* will smoke in the presence of ladies," and disappeared in his den. Not another word was spoken by either party, but it seemed to be understood by the clerks that the head of the Executive Committee on Awards meant what he said.

The evidence of an award will be a bronze medal containing the name of the exhibitor, and a diploma,—the latter containing the specific points of merit or excellence of the exhibit receiving the award. There will be no medal without a diploma, but it will sometimes happen that more than one diploma will accompany a medal. "If the exhibitor receives more than one award, he is entitled to a medal and diploma for each separate group and a diploma for each separate class."

## IF.\*

A FLICKER of loving in Cupid's sky,—  
 The old, old story the years repeat:  
 A maiden's trust and a whispered lie,  
 Two hearts a-flaming with passion's heat;  
 The wings of a soul that tried to fly,  
 Trailing a life in its own defeat.  
 A flutter of snow from a dappled sky,  
 A flare of light where the two ways meet,  
 A man in a carriage, rolling by,  
 Bends over a face that is strangely sweet;  
 A pistol's flash, and a startled cry,  
 And a crouching form in the darkened street!  
 Were the arrows of vengeance always nigh,  
 On the track of the wily tempter's feet;  
 If a deathless wrong with a man could die;  
 If guilt could hide in his soul's retreat  
 The human wailing that reaches high,—  
 Then the sum of sorrow were less complete.

LOS ANGELES, CAL.

*Emma Playter Seabury.*

## DE NEW YEAH'S SAINT.

I 'SE bad in watermilyun time  
 Foh, someway, de Ole Scratch  
 Jes' hipnertizes me at night,  
 An' totes me to de patch!  
 De res' de time de chicken roos'  
 Keeps leadin' me astray;  
 But I sweahs off an' am a saint,  
 W'en it comes New Yeah's Day.  
 De preachah pats me on de back,  
 De sistahs gib me ham,  
 An' folks all say, "Dar' some hope yit  
 Foh dat dar wicked Sam."  
 But my wife knows me, and remarks,  
 Her sinuatin' way:  
 "Yo want ter sabe 'im, see't he dies  
 Fore midnight, New Yeah's Day."

*Lu B. Cake.*

\* This poem was awarded a prize in the September 30th Competition.

## UNCLE EBEN'S PHILOSOPHY.

(*The Chadron, Nebraska, Journal Philosopher's Conclusions down to Date.*)

FOR THE MIDLAND MONTHLY.

### A CORN-FIELD SONG.

(*By Uncle Eben.*)

De oriole am swingin' in de branches ob d  
elm;  
De sunshine am a-beamin' hot to mel: de  
cohn-stalks grow;  
De catfish am a-lyin' in de bottom ob de  
stream,  
An' de blacksnake am a-creepin' whah de  
summer grasses blow.

Hoe, dahkies, hoe,  
Make de cohn-stalks grow,  
Massa comin' down de lane —  
Hoe, dahkies, hoe.

De groun' am gittin' hotter underneath de  
dahkies' heel;  
De dahkies' back am achin' an he han's am  
mighty soah;  
Ol' massa am a-cussin' when he come into de  
fiel'  
An' de dahkies am a bendin' o'er deir cohn-  
row mighty low.

Hoe, dahkies, hoe,  
Yellow cohn mus' grow,  
Massa come out de lane —  
Hoe, dahkies, hoe.

At night de moon am shinin' fom he place up  
in de sky;  
An' de lady-bird sit wahrmin' de eggs inside  
de nes';  
De summer breeze am sighin' in de trees as it  
pass by  
An' de dahkies am a-singin' all de tunes dey  
lub de bes'.

Helgho, dahkies, ho!  
Let de cohn-stalks grow!  
Massa sleepin' in de house —  
Helgho, dahkies, ho!

You cyarnt always tell 'bout a man's  
Christianity by de way he trousers am  
wohrn out at de knees.

De man who brag de mos' ob he brav-  
ery usually got mighty long legs.

De man who slap yoh on de back an'  
tell yoh how mighty glad he am to see  
yoh well again ain't speak half so loud as  
de man who say nuffin' but who am foun'  
at yoah bed-side when yoh am sick.

De man who win de cake-walk ain't  
always de bes' han' in de cotton-fiel'.

It mek a heap ob diffunce in de way  
some men drike a hoss whedder it belong  
to dem or to deir neighbor.

Trouble am a mighty good thing to sift  
out yoah true fren's.

De wise crow keep mighty quiet when  
he am in de cohn-fiel'.

De clean cohn-row speak louder dan  
de lungs.

De trouble wif de religion ob a good  
many men am dat it am only 'dapted to  
some odder worl'.

De fool always got better lungs dan de  
wise man.

It am mighty easy to be hones' when  
dah ain't no water-melon patch aroun'.

It mek a heap ob diffunce in de taste  
ob a fish what kin' ob water he lib in.

De man who carry good many black-  
snake mahrks cyarnt kick kase he neigh-  
bors distrusts' him.

De man who got de mos' self-respec'  
usually talk de leas' 'bout heself.

Indiffunce am de fadder ob failure,  
chile.

### NIGHT AND MORNING.

(*By Uncle Eben.*)

De stars shine bright in de sky at night an'  
de clouds hab passed away.  
De sun am at res' in he bed in de wes' at de  
end ob a summer's day.  
De cat-birds cry in de hedges high an' de  
banjo music rings,  
An' a mammy croons to her baby 'coons, an'  
dis am de song she sings:

Res', res'  
On mammy's breas'  
Safe from all danger an' hahrm,  
Sleep, deep,  
Little one, sleep,  
Safe on yoah ol' mammy's arm.

De moon am high in de soufren sky, an' de  
dahkies am gathered roun'  
De cabin doah to sing once moh while de  
banjo sweetly soun's.  
De babe am at res' on he mammy's breas', in  
de dream-lan' tree he swings,  
An' she lays him down in he crib on de groun'  
an' dis am de song she sings:

Res', res'  
In yoah little nes'  
Neaf de sof' covers so wahrn,  
Sleep, deep,  
Little one, sleep  
Feah not de snow an' de storm.

De lahrk soars high in de light blue sky, into  
de sunshine gold,  
De gay brown thrush in de bramble bush am  
a-singin' he lub songs ol',  
De dahkies go to deir long cohn-row an' de  
hoe on deir shoulder swings,  
An' a mammy smiles as she kisses her chiles,  
an dis am de song she sings:

Wake, wake,  
Daylight done break,  
Ope yoah eyes, honey, an' smile,  
Rise, rise,  
Ope yoah black eyes,  
Mammy am callin' her chile.

## EDITORIAL COMMENT.

LI HUNG CHING walks in his garden daily, by actual count taking five thousand steps every day. This is the man chiefly responsible for China's recent reverses. The Japanese war minister isn't taking garden walks for his health.

\* \* \*

PROFESSIONAL paupers are finding much aid and comfort in the defense of their worthlessness which the much talked of "law of heredity" affords. A poet in *Home and Country* satirically exclaims, "What a pity that our gran'pas weren't good!"

\* \* \*

HYPNOTISM is the latest refuge of criminals caught in the act. For the protection of society a few alleged victims of hypnotism should by legal process be put out of harm's way. Such course would correct the tendency of incipient criminals to put themselves in the way of undue influence.

\* \* \*

THE proposed Nicaragua canal is so clearly the opportunity of the century for the United States that the wonder is that legislation to this end is allowed to wait on party measures and proposed class legislation.

\* \* \*

A LETTER from Minister Buchanan to THE MIDLAND comes marked "via Europe." Are we as a people not old enough to be ashamed of our old-time prejudice against the word "subsidies"? Why should not the two Americas come together on a mutually advantageous American policy?

\* \* \*

WITH this number THE MIDLAND MONTHLY enters upon its third volume. Its readers have but to compare this latest number with the one of six months or a year ago to be convinced of the success and growth of the magazine, and of the certainties and possibilities of midland literature. This past year has been one

of unceasing and more and more encouraging toil. It has been a year of achievement. THE MIDLAND is now firmly imbedded in the life of every community in Iowa and hundreds of communities in Nebraska, Kansas, Missouri, Illinois, Wisconsin, Minnesota, and the Dakotas, and has a fast-growing circulation in the East, the South, and the far West. From Boston to San Francisco THE MIDLAND is already regarded as the exponent of the literary talent and ambition of this great "heart of the world's heart," the midland region. For the enthusiastic support of its friends everywhere we are duly grateful. With the same hearty assistance and coöperation during the coming year, the magazine's phenomenal success will be beyond all question. THE MIDLAND is the magazine of the people, accessible to all, partial to none, giving its readers the choicest literature obtainable, appreciably raising the popular standard of literary judgment, and always furnishing genuine, restful, literary entertainment along with much solid and permanently valuable reading. With the magazine already paying its own way financially, and with ample provision against every form of possible loss in the future, the editor and publisher promises its readers that, come what may, THE MIDLAND MONTHLY has found its field and its mission and, with renewed vigor and confidence, is going to fill that field and fulfill its mission.

\* \* \*

THE influence of first books on the impressionable mind of youth finds another illustration in the career of Napoleon as developed by Professor Sloan in his life of Napoleon, begun in *The Century*. The revolutionary views of Rousseau, in brief that the state is a private corporation to be used by the sovereign authority without consideration of other interests, were unquestioningly accepted by young Bonaparte while yet in his

teens. These views, coupled with the early conviction that the institutions of France were no longer adapted to the occupations, beliefs or morals of her people, and that revolution was a necessity, gave purpose and direction to a career which revolutionized France and turned all Europe upside down.

\* \* \*

MRS. L. H. CLEMENT, of Chicago, whose prize paper on Japanese Art appears in this number,\* will soon return to Japan and will contribute to future numbers of *THE MIDLAND* on themes relating to that interesting country and people.

\* \* \*

A CLEVER writer in the *Arena* coins a phrase worth including in our circulating medium. He says: "You may disprove Jonah, the flood, the desirability of the mediæval saints; you may show her the very papyri of the Egyptian negative confession from which the commandments were constructed—but you cannot stop her from going to church. Men have sneered at this and said she was stupid. Not so. She is right and her happiness is saved to her because she is *not blinded by brains!*"

\* \* \*

"THE LOUNGER," without whom *The Critic* would still be a very good breakfast, but lacking the essential piquancy supplied by the new Autocrat's presence, renews a suggestion that the magazine editors each publish a "consolation number," containing only the effusions in prose and verse of oft-rejected, never-accepted contributors. There is not much prospect that any magazine editor will act upon the suggestion. It might result in a mercenary demand from the publisher's department for a reversal of the magazine's editorial policy.

\* \* \*

THE LONDON *World* speaks of "the cantankerous cat in modern fiction, the hysterical, self-conscious, self-torturing shrew." "Women of this class," says the *World*, "are generally hailed as true types of *fin de siècle* femininity." That such women exist in life and are rampant

in fiction is too true; but it is far from true that they are generally taken as true types of present femininity. They are pitied and avoided in life and deplored in literature.

#### GOSSIP WITH CORRESPONDENTS.

Those of our readers who are not interested in the ambitious purpose and anxieties of the would-be magazine contributor will find the following answers to correspondents extra-skipable matter. Several of the questions here editorially considered are almost daily duplicated. All of them were raised in good faith. They are in the same good faith answered, not with a purpose to discourage any; but, rather, to give the reader who would write for public edification a clear view of the conditions under which an editor passes upon what shall and what shall not go into his magazine. Among the many questions continually raised in varying forms and combinations by correspondents widely scattered throughout the country, we select for present consideration the following:

1. A lady writes us from a distant state informing us that she desires "the position of furnishing you [our] excellent magazine with poems and short prose productions." There is no such position within our editorial gift. The purely literary productions which appear in *THE MIDLAND* are not written to order, but are separately submitted on their respective merits and are accepted or returned according to the measure of their availability.

2. A young lady offers us the use of a poem already accepted by the publishers of "Poets and Poetry of Iowa." One acceptance is enough for one poem. By the way, we infer from the correspondent's letter that Iowa is threatened with another edition of that fearfully and wonderfully made work! And yet they tell us there are already too many prohibitory laws upon our statute books!

3. Here is one of the saddest of cases that come to the notice of an editor. A letter, with an accompanying MS., came

to us some time ago, from which the following is an extract: "I am confined to the house by sickness and am in extremely destitute circumstances and the MS. is proposed in the hope of realizing a small sum to help me in my present distress." O, for the princely income that would enable us to financially do the generous thing in all such cases! But how inconceivable that any magazine editor could be induced to publish anything simply for charity's sake! One such laboriously prepared but wholly unavailable paper as that which in this case was offered would do a magazine more injury than could be overcome in a whole year of abundant fruits mete for repentance. Any special plea for the publication of any contribution, whether the plea be necessity, personal obligation, friendship, locality claims, influence, individual desire to obtain a foothold upon fame's ladder, etc., is a plea for the abdication of the editor and the substitution of an uncertain court of last resort whose ways would be to the public past finding out, and on the whole so devoid of individuality, so erratic, so disappointing, as to speedily rob the magazine of its most valuable possession,—the good will of the public. No editor is rich enough to abdicate, even in a single instance.

4. A young lady in a neighboring city sends a number of poems and says: "The only recommendation I can give them is, that they were written by me without a particle of assistance, while still keeping up my studies." This writer needs to be reminded that the poem that "comes well recommended" comes too well recommended! Poems speak for themselves, and the conditions under which they are produced have nothing to do with the question of their availability.

5. A complainant whose MS. was received by the editor only a few days, or weeks, before his letter of complaint was dated, says: "While it is your right and duty to reject it, if in your judgment it is not suitable for publication, common fairness should dictate its return when I furnished the postage." Common fairness

should presume that the editor is the friend, not the foe, of the contributor, and that, like the hard-worked western organist, he is doing the best he can. A note or postal card requesting the speedy return of a manuscript, if not found available, will at any time hasten a decision, without resort to the complaint of unfairness.

6. A young man of talent sends us a paper which he says "has been highly complimented by the best authorities here, [at his home] including Judge —, our ablest lawyer, and Rev. —, our most popular preacher." The editor must take either anything, or nothing, on recommendations. Which shall it be? If everything, or even anything, then he virtually steps down leaving the make-up of the magazine to hundreds of local bureaus of recommendation, each with a different theory as to what should fill its pages. The wealth of all the multi-millionaires in the country couldn't keep life and soul in a magazine thus conducted.

7. To hundreds of correspondents we would say, if you have anything you think the editor wants, don't engage him in correspondence about it, don't put at him any hypothetical questions. Time is fleeting and every minute of his working day is occupied. The proof of a MS. is the reading, and in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, he won't commit himself to the paper he hasn't seen.

8. "To what extent do grammatical inaccuracies adversely affect your judgment on a contribution? I can see, for example, that you couldn't well afford to refuse that excellent sketch by — in the — MIDLAND, because of the little ungrammatical expression that crept into the —th paragraph. But wouldn't one such break be enough, ordinarily, to ensure rejection?" Thus writes a young lady who is a stickler for the extreme of accuracy in every detail of writing. Our answer would depend upon the conditions. If there were but little of merit in an article, a slight grammatical inaccuracy might decide the question; but a mistake which is clearly the result of careless writing or

copying is too easily corrected to weigh heavily upon the editor's mind, if the contribution itself be extra-available. Did it ever occur to our young lady friend that "in the course of [grammatical] justice none of us should see salvation?" Homer and Miss Harridan nod alike, at times. Let us examine some of the distinctively literary papers — the pile of periodicals on our magazine stand — not for the petty purpose of finding flaws in the work of our best writers, but to point the moral that, though the grammarian is taking too frequent vacations nowadays, the making of readable magazines and of current literature goes right on just the same.

In the very first paragraph of "Carlyle's Place in Literature" by Frederic Harrison, in the July *Forum*, occurs this sentence: "And a time has arrived when we may fairly seek to weigh the sum total of influence which he left on his *own* and on subsequent generations." The word "own" here seems to have been robbed of its own, and to have been compelled to affiliate with "subsequent" as qualifying "generations." Modern usage might justify this form of words, but — it would not have passed muster in the old days.

On the second page of "Love in Idleness," by F. Marion Crawford, in the July *Century*, the novelist informs us that "the young man who had just given Professor Knowles an account of his hostesses was naturally inclined to be communicative, *which* is a weakness, though he was also frank, *which* is a virtue." The student of grammar must go outside the sentence to find a noun to which he can attach the pronoun "which" and make it stay.

In the first paragraph of "Whittier's Religion," by W. H. Savage, in the July *Arena* we find this sentence which, Mr. Savage himself will admit, is bettered by the addition of the word inserted in brackets: "Seeing, as other men did not [see], the divine art that was trying to express itself upon a world-stage, he made it possible to his fellows, as they were able to discern it."

The fifth paragraph of Philip Gilbert Hamilton's critique on the painting, "The

French in Holland," in the July *Scribner*, contains this clause: "A study done in one sitting by his swift and practiced hand looks as if it had taken four." Four what? The writer has simply left the word "sittings" to be added by the reader, for four cannot qualify sitting, as does the corresponding number "one."

Howells in his interesting bits of reminiscence, in the April *Ladies' Home Journal*, says, "It seems to me now that people met oftener then than they *do* now in most country places." Allowable, perhaps, but the present tense "meet" would clearly have been better.

Were one to foolishly read "Marcella," or "Trilby," or any other of the novels of the period, with eye intent upon grammatical inaccuracies, he would doubtless get his poor reward — and miss the real feast provided.

An error in grammatical construction is a flaw and nothing less, whether it be found in a Shakespearean tragedy or in a modern love tale; and as such it depreciates the value of the work. But infinitely to be preferred to grammatically flawless commonplaces is the unbroken chain of actual thought, or the artist's touch of description, or the poet's flash of inspiration, though there be a flaw in the mechanical work of recording the thought, the picture or the uplift of soul.

9. A public school teacher asks: "Where do you draw the line on slang? For example, do you object to the phrase 'to boot.'" One must be his own judge as to what is slang. Mrs. Humphry Ward in "Robert Elsmere" says, "He was unmarried and a misogynist *to boot*." A good rule for detecting slang on one's own tongue is this, "Does the word (or phrase) make my meaning clearer; or am I using it because I think it's smart?"

10. A young lady writes: "This is the first story I have ever written. It is all true." THE MIDLAND is not printing "first stories" as such. Nor is it using any stories the probability, or possibility, of which needs to be vouched for. Hence the information kindly given was not necessary.

## THE MIDLAND BOOK TABLE.

A GRATIFYING feature of the progress noted within the last decade in the bookmaker's art is the improvement made in the printing and illustration of books for children. But the improvement made by the publishers is not confined to books for children. It is stimulating the efforts of the best literary minds to undertake the work of writing and editing books that will be comprehended and enjoyed by the child mind, and at the same time will add to the child's storehouse of knowledge and suggestion. Chief among the publishers in this interesting and profitable field is the publishing house of Ginn & Company, Boston, and chief among the publications having in view the ends above indicated are the "Classics for Children,"<sup>1</sup> two volumes of which are before us. The "Stories from Plato and Other Classical Writers," by Mary E. Burt, is drawn from Hesiod, Homer, Aristophanes, Ovid, Catullus and Pliny as well as Plato. The twenty chapters in this little book are an inspiration to the child mind. They lead it back to the very sources of our classic literature. The child of to-day dreams over again the dream of Socrates which inspired the youthful Plato; sits under the Cumæan poplars with the youths and maidens of Æolian Cumæ, and listens to the "blind old man and poor" from "Chios' rocky shore," as he relates the story of Ulysses' wanderings in foreign lands, or of the "Old Man of the Sea." The other book referred to in this series is "Grimm's Fairy Tales," Part I. It is edited by Sara E. Wiltse and illustrated by Caroline S. King. That these tales needed the purifying and eliminating process is apparent to all who have read them entire. Many of the choicest and most healthfully suggestive are presented in this little book.

"John Brown Among the Quakers and Other Sketches," by Irving B. Richman, consul-general of the United States to Switzerland, is published by the Historical Department of Iowa.<sup>2</sup> This little book of 239 pages makes a valuable addition to the history of that far-reaching movement which culminated in, or rather began, with the Harper's Ferry tragedy. It interestingly pictures the life of John Brown's followers at Springdale, Iowa, while waiting for the striking of the long

anticipated blow, the discouragements their leader met with, and the character of the men thus strangely gathered together. But the book contains much more of interest, including a vivid sketch of Joseph Smith and the Mormons at Nauvoo, a valuable historical sketch of Black Hawk and the war he waged, and other matter of much historical interest—all written in excellent taste and style.

"Memoirs of the Prince de Joinville,"<sup>3</sup> translated from the French by Lady Mary Loyd, with many illustrations from original drawings by the author, is an odd and interesting book. Its illustrations are a key to the subject matter. Instead of being the serious work one might expect from a man who had taken part in revolutions, been saddened by the overthrow of royalty with which he was closely allied, been instructed by long observation in foreign lands and been exiled from his native country for twenty-two years, returning only to gaze upon "the horror of invasion and dismemberment and the terror of the Commune," the Memoirs are in the main light, sketchy, anecdotal, often gay, and at times humorous. The book covers a period in French history from 1818 to 1848. Much space is filled with description of travels and incidents in the life of a French officer in other lands. Europe, Asia, Africa and North America were visited by the prince, and the "impressions," mere surface impressions, are recorded in half-serious terms, the description interpreted by original but crude drawings, many of them grotesque. There are passages in the book which are strikingly serious, as, for instance, the prince's account of the revolution of February, 1848, which overturned the throne upon which his father, Louis Philippe, had long sat. He speaks of the striking of the fatal hour, "the 'too late' that comes with every revolution." Then follows a strong plea for hereditary monarchy as distinct from "the July Monarchy." The latter, "born of one insurrection, was overthrown by another. Set up on the electoral principle, it fell, as though in mockery, with a full electoral majority behind it." These "Souvenirs" are doubly interesting because they were written by a man who, during the first half of his life, had the opportunities of a king's son, and for twenty-two years

<sup>1</sup>Ginn & Co., Publishers, Boston.  
<sup>2</sup>Address L. B. Abdlil, Des Moines.

<sup>3</sup>Macmillan & Company, Publishers, New York. 22.25.

thereafter was a shadowy suggestion of a remote possibility—that of the return of the Bourbons to the throne of France.

A new name was added to the long list of Scotchmen in literature when Mr. S. R. Crockett gave to the reading world "The Raiders." "The Stickit Minister" removed all remaining questions as to that fact. And now comes "Mad Sir Uchtrede,"\* making even more emphatic this young author's claim to permanent place in literature. There is in the madman Mr. Crockett has pictured and in the mountain scenery described a suggestion of Shakespeare's incomparable Lear—only a suggestion, however, for Uchtrede is a creation, not a copy. Having turned traitor to his covenant, his service to the king in closing the kirk brings down upon him the curse of God, as pronounced by the minister whose services he has rudely interrupted. The curse has its effect. Uchtrede becomes a maniac and takes up his abode in the mountains, a wild-cat his sole companion. His younger brother, Randolph, false to him before, now seeks to win the beautiful wife of Uchtrede. The madman, through a window, sees his brother pressing his suit for the heart of the bereaved wife, and dramatically interrupts by announcing his presence and claim. He then flies to the hills. The true wife, preferring death at her husband's hands to the loss of her husband's confidence, seeks him on the heights. Night overtakes her and she sleeps. The madman watches over her while she sleeps, and, departing early, leaves his signet ring near her. Joyfully she returns home, assured by the ring that all will yet be well. The treacherous brother, eager for possession of Uchtrede's wife and estate, organizes a hunt for the madman. In the course of the hunt his leg is broken. Then follows an intensely dramatic interview between the hunter and the hunted. The sound of the distant kirk bell falls on the madman's ear, recalling his mother, and the purpose to kill the false brother is turned to one of helpfulness. Again hearing the kirk bell, Uchtrede descends the hill and takes his seat at the door of the kirk. Then follows another dramatic scene, the removal of the curse, the restoration of the man's reason through the offices of his little son, the wife's joy, and the distraught mind's rest and peace in the knowledge of God's forgiveness and

his wife's love. The story is charmingly Scotch. Through its warp and woof is seen the covenant's stern religion and unflinching belief. The beautiful and gay Lady Philippa, saddened and dignified and made heroic by sorrow and suffering, is next to mad Sir Uchtrede the best character work of the book. The whole is a vivid picture of "the time of shutting kirks and testing ministers," when covenanters sang psalms in death's presence, and troopers of the king were ever "ready to kill man and kiss maid in the king's name." A strange inaccuracy has crept into this otherwise remarkably complete story. On page 9 Randolph is a half-brother of Uchtrede and a half-dozen years younger; but on page 155 the brothers are twins! But the story is too strong to be weakened by the inaccuracy.

#### OTHER BOOKS RECEIVED.

"Teachers' Manual for Teachers using Arithmetic by Grades," by John T. Prince, Ph. D. By mail, 90 cents. Ginn & Co., Boston.

"Arithmetic by Grades for Inductive Teaching, Drilling and Testing." Numbers from 1 to 20. Each by mail, 25 cents. Ginn & Co., Boston.

Annals; Grand Lodge of Iowa, 1894, A. F. & A. M. T. S. Parvin, Secretary, Cedar Rapids.

"Glimpses of Sunshine in Woman's Century," Carrie Ashton Johnston, Rockford, Ill.

"Woman's Wages," Catharine G. Waugh, A. M., Rockford, Ill.

"The Suffrage Dime Speaker," Carrie Ashton Johnston, Rockford, Ill.

"A Talk to Mothers and Teachers," Francis Tomlinson Johnson, Council Bluffs.

The Children's Second Reader; edited by Ellen M. Cyr; published by Ginn & Co., Boston.

"Five Hundred Places to Sell Manuscripts, a Manual Designed for the Guidance of Writers in Disposing of their Works." Compiled by James Knapp Reeve, The Chronicle Press, Franklin, Ohio.

"Recollections of a Civil Engineer," by D. H. Ainsworth, Newton, Iowa, is an interesting record of a pioneer civil engineer's varied experiences in New York, Iowa, Nebraska, Dakota, Illinois, Missouri, Minnesota and Colorado.

\*Macmillan & Company, New York, Publishers. \$1.25.



BIRDEYE VIEW OF SIOUX CITY.

## SIOUX CITY.

THERE is probably no city of its age in the United States more widely known than the young commercial giant located in the extreme northwestern corner of Iowa, in the very heart of the greatest agricultural empire in the world. The enterprising character of the people of Sioux City and the energy they have displayed in the development of the various branches of business in which they are interested have made the name of their city familiar in every part of the Union. "The Sioux City way" has long been a synonym for all that is aggressive, modern, incomparable and unconquerable. It has accomplished wonders in the past; its future achievements will be measured only by the possibilities presented. Far and wide it is known as "The Corn Palace City," and thousands of people have flocked to its gates during the seasons when "King Corn" has held carnival, to witness the magnificent and surprisingly unique palaces created out of the principal cereal of the great northwest. The Corn Palace is distinctively a Sioux City invention. It has served its day and purpose, and served it well.

In 1848 Joseph Leonias built his cabin on the present site of Sioux City. He was the first white man to locate there. There he lived in almost utter seclusion for six years, trapping, hunting and trading with the Indians, who were very numerous in that region in those days. In 1854 other settlers joined him, and during that year quite a settlement had been formed. The town grew rapidly, the farming region in the vicinity was soon populated, and a profitable trade was es-

tablished along the river. In 1856 the county seat was removed from Thompsonville to Sioux City, and in the following year the *War Eagle*, the pioneer newspaper of that section, was established, and the city was incorporated. From that date its growth has been rapid and in many respects phenomenal.

Sioux City is beautifully located. The site slopes gradually upward from the Missouri river to the high table land on the east and north, and comprises an area of about thirty square miles. The territory essentially tributary to Sioux City comprises twenty-seven of the northwestern counties of Iowa, twenty northern counties of Nebraska, and the state of South Dakota, making a total area of 122,760 square miles. It is within easy access of the great forests of the Missouri and Big Sioux valleys, the coal fields of Iowa and Nebraska, and the untold wealth of the Black Hills region. No similar



MAJOR FLETCHER.



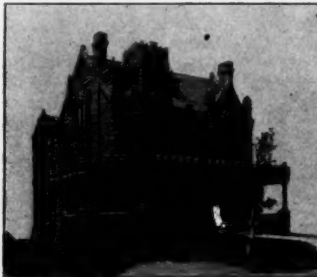
HON. ABEL ANDERSON,  
City Treasurer.

area on the globe is capable of producing so large an amount of food staples and mineral wealth combined. With the irrigation methods now being adopted in Nebraska and Dakota, all danger from crop failures will be removed, and with it all possibility of any noticeable period of trade depression. The center of the great corn belt is now found within a hundred miles of Sioux City, within which is produced one-quarter of the entire corn crop of this country.

Time was when the Missouri river was largely utilized by Sioux City as an outlet to the markets of the world, but owing to the completion of that vast network of railroads which covers the valley between the two great rivers, extending like mighty arteries over that resourceful region west of the Missouri, steamboat-

ing on the upper Missouri is almost a thing of the past. The levees are deserted. The slow-going, flat-bottomed steamer, the noisy mate and the shiftless stevedore have vanished with the Indian before the steady and resistless march of civilization and progress. The government boats employed in the improvement of the upper river have their headquarters in Sioux City, the government having constructed a suitable ice harbor at the mouth of the Sioux river. Occasionally a steamer bearing supplies to the Indian reservations in South Dakota makes a toilsome journey up the river. No passenger business is attempted. Considerable freight is shipped by water to Bon Homme and Charles Mix counties in South Dakota, which are not at present reached by railroads. These are two of the richest agricultural counties in that state, and afford no small amount of traffic to the freight boats which ply between Sioux City and Pierre. The treacherous channel of the river, which changes so suddenly and so often, renders it unsafe for steamers to travel by night, and even freight traffic is therefore slow and expensive.

The present population of Sioux City is upwards of 45,000. It is at present feeling to some extent the general business depression in this country, but is still maintaining its prestige as a commercial and manufacturing center. The total failure of the crops in Nebraska and South Dakota, and the partial failure of the corn crop in Iowa, have been severely felt by



RESIDENCE OF JOHN PIERCE, ESQ.



RESIDENCE OF CRAIG L. WRIGHT, ESQ.



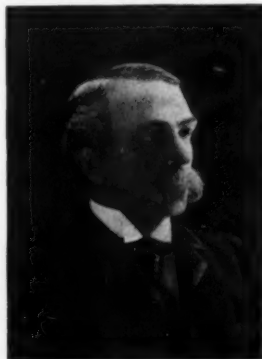
HON. P. A. SAWYER,  
Attorney at Law.

the business men of Sioux City, who have been compelled to extend credit to their patrons. But there seems to be no diminution in the volume of business. The tonnage of the railroads entering the city is even larger than it was last year, and the wholesale merchants report an increase in their business over 1893. The one thing that has most seriously affected Sioux City is the injurious and to some extent erroneous impression created in the minds of outsiders by the failure of several large real estate boomers, who went beyond the limits of prudence in speculative ventures. Millions of eastern capital were invested there on the over-confident assurances of certain local agents, and when the period of business depression set in, these enterprises were the first to feel it, and the first to succumb. But with all these wild and oftentimes visionary speculative schemes the regular merchants and manufacturers of the city had nothing to do. In fact, the commerce of the city was but slightly affected by the failure of the boomers. If the crops in Iowa, Nebraska, and Dakota had been up to their usual standard this year, Sioux City would to-day be more prosperous than ever.

What has generally been regarded as Sioux City's greatest calamity is in reality her richest blessing. The real estate speculative craze has been stifled almost

in its incipency — long before it reached the feverish and dangerous stage realized by Wichita, Kansas City, Denver, and other western cities. It has the finest of office buildings, and more of them, than any other city in Iowa. It may take ten years for the city to grow up to them, but they are there for use whenever needed. They were built by eastern capital and contribute their share of taxes on a valuation of millions of dollars. Nearly three hundred eastern banks are interested in Sioux City to the extent of six millions, and must necessarily have a deep concern in the future of the city. These banks have united in what is known as the Credits Commutation Company, pooling their claims and interests, and will make a vigorous effort to realize on their investments. Already the beneficial effects of this organization is being felt in the reviving of some important industries and the acceleration of business in different branches.

From the nature of its position and surroundings, Sioux City is necessarily an important jobbing point. The most conservative estimate places the city's jobbing trade at not less than thirty millions of dollars for the year 1893, and the general average has been maintained during the past year, while in some lines there has been a marked increase. Two wholesale grocery houses alone do an annual business of nearly four million dollars.



E. W. RICE,  
President Merchant's National Bank.

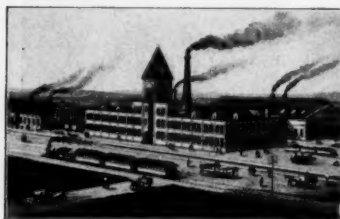


HORACE F. CHESLEY,  
Superintendent Union Stock Yards.

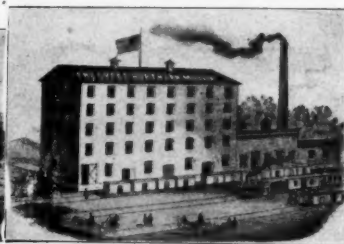
During the past few years Sioux City has largely increased her manufacturing industries. The live stock and packing business is one of its most important interests. About six years ago the Union stock yards were established, but were destroyed by the flood which swept along the Floyd river in 1892. New yards were built on higher ground on a much more extensive plan. The new stock yards Exchange Building is portrayed in this article, together with a portrait of Mr. Chesley, the new manager of the yards, who has done so much toward making them the most important element in the city's business. There are five packing houses, the combined daily capacity being 13,000 hogs, 3,000 cattle and 1,600 sheep. The market for live stock at the yards is always the best, and shippers have learned that they are sure to receive the highest market prices and fairest treatment.

The Sioux City Engine and Iron Works is not only the leading manufacturing institution of the city but of the Northwest. Its plant is located at Leeds, a suburb of Sioux City, an illustration of which accompanies this article. A few years ago these works turned their attention to high-grade engine building, and now the Sioux City Corliss is known and recognized by all steam users in the West and middle West as the best finished, closest regulating and most economical engine built. The large increase in trade enjoyed by this institution during the past year indicates that steam users are awakening to the great difference in steam economy in engines. During a period of five months, the past year, there were forty-one Corliss engines sold in Iowa, and of this number the Sioux City factory put in thirty-seven. Among recent orders are a 300-horsepower engine for the Duluth Imperial Mill Company—the largest mill in the world; a 200-horsepower compound for Logan and Sleeper, Sheldon, Iowa; a 465-horsepower for the Leavenworth Street Railway Company; a 300-horsepower for the Utah Portland Cement Company of Salt Lake City, and numerous others. The company also manufactures a complete line of well-making machinery, and numerous specialties in the implement line. Its officers are: W. M. Thompson, president and general manager; C. Bevan Oldfield, vice-president; E. H. Buckman, secretary and treasurer.

The flouring industry is also a large one—fully half a million dollars being invested in the manufacture of flour, oat-



SIOUX CITY ENGINE WORKS.



GREAT NORTHERN FLOURING MILLS.



UNION STOCK YARDS EXCHANGE.



LINSEED OIL MILL.

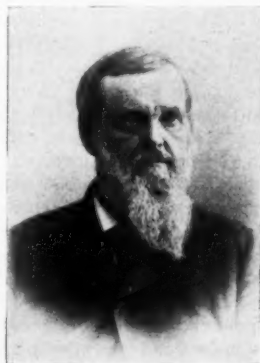
meal and feed. The G. Y. Bonus Mills, located at Leeds, are the largest of their kind outside of Minneapolis. They are compelled to operate day and night in order to meet the demands for their unexcelled brands of fine family flour. Mr. Bonus, their manager, is one of the best known mill men in the West. The establishment of this mill was one of the levers by which a monopoly long enjoyed at Minneapolis was broken down.

Sioux City is in the center of the great flax belt of the United States. It is a fact not generally known that over one-half of the entire flax crop of this country is raised within a radius of one hundred and fifty miles of Sioux City. The Sioux City Linseed Oil Works is the largest establishment of the kind in the United States, having a capacity of 800,000 bushels of flaxseed per annum. The works are operated day and night. It ships only to the large markets, and supplies the adjacent region with oil-cake.

Sioux City is a surprise to the visitor. It has a metropolitan air not common to Western cities. There are twenty-five miles of paved streets and forty-one miles of sewerage within the corporate limits. Its public buildings are worthy of mention. The city hall and public library building cost \$120,000; the court house, \$110,000; union depot, \$300,000; Y. M. C. A. building, \$60,000; high school, \$135,000; besides police headquarters, fire stations, and thirty fine public school buildings. A federal building to cost \$250,000 will be completed in 1896. The business blocks and office buildings are the finest in the West. The handsome Security Bank building and the magnificent Toy block are shown herewith.

The transportation facilities are excellent. Eight railroads enter the city, over which forty-two passenger trains are run each day. There are four lines of street railways, with an aggregate length of forty-seven and one-half miles. Each line is owned and operated by a different company. Electricity is the motive power used. One line extends to the manufacturing suburb of Leeds, and another to the Pierce addition, in which are located some of the handsomest and costliest residences. Another line runs to Morning Side, where many fine homes have been built. The magnificent residences of John Pierce and Craig L. Wright, shown in this article, will give the reader an idea of the residence feature of the city. These are only samples of many others. Sioux City is a place of beautiful homes.

There are fifteen banks in Sioux City—seven national and eight private—with a total capital of \$2,375,000; surplus and



W. L. JOY,  
President Sioux National Bank.



HON. J. S. LAWRENCE,  
Attorney at Law.

undivided profits, \$671,381; deposits, \$5,750,875. The banks are all in splendid condition, and passed safely through the late financial struggle. They are ably and conservatively managed.

The finances of the city are not in a very satisfactory condition, owing to reckless expenditures in the past. But the present administration is accomplishing wonders in the way of economy. Mayor Fletcher is the man for the emergency. He was elected in March, 1894, and at once inaugurated new methods in the management of the city. He has compelled compliance with the mulct law, closed the gambling and bawdy houses, and cut down expenses in every direction. He is ably assisted by City Treasurer Abel Anderson, and the two officials propose to handle the heavy floating city debt and reduce it to \$300,000 within six months. They have already cut down the monthly expenses of the city from \$30,000 to \$14,000, and intend to reduce them to \$10,000. Mayor Fletcher is a splendid executive and Mr. Anderson an able financier, and the city is to be congratulated on having secured their services.

The public schools of the city are among the best in the state. No expense has been spared to bring them up to a high standard of excellence. The magnificent high

school building tells its own story, and illustrates in a measure the care and pride which the people of Sioux City take in educational matters. There are thirty public school buildings, a corps of 150 teachers, and a total enrollment of 5,525 pupils for 1894. Over \$600,000 are invested in school buildings. Superintendent Kratz, who has charge of the city schools, has proved highly efficient in that capacity.

There are thirty-eight church buildings in the city, some of them very handsome and costly. These have various active auxiliary societies, that are each doing excellent work along missionary and charitable lines.

The water supply of the city is unexcelled. The fire department is one of the best in the west. All the various professions are represented by able men, some of whom have won distinction outside of their own state. Among the able members of the legal profession are found ex-Senator J. S. Lawrence and ex-Representative Pierce A. Sawyer. The latter, although only a resident of the city for four years, has won high distinction as a lawyer and a citizen—having been chosen to represent his county in the last legislature.

There are three daily and several weekly newspapers in the city. The *Daily Journal*, published by Hon. George D.



L. L. KELLOGG,  
Supt. Sioux City Electric and Gas Light Co.



FRANK HUNT,  
Proprietor New Oxford Hotel.

Perkins, and the *Daily Tribune*, by Hon. John C. Kelly, have an enviable name and business all over the great northwest. The editors of both papers hold important official positions—Mr. Perkins being the member of congress from the Eleventh district, and Mr. Kelly the United States revenue collector for the northern district of Iowa.

There are over thirty hotels in Sioux City—the principal ones being the Garretson, Booge, New Oxford, Fowle and Richards. The Garretson and Booge were caught in the late financial flurry, and a change in ownership is soon expected. This in no way, however, affects their management, and they are still as popular as ever. Landlords come and landlords go, but Frank Hunt, of the New Oxford, goes on forever. There is no question as to who owns or manages the New Oxford. The "fine Italian hand" of Frank Hunt is seen in everything about

that hostelry. The New Oxford isn't a very handsome building. It covers a good deal of ground space, being built on the earth rather than in the air, and that is why so many people like to stop there. One could jump out of the window of any room in the house in case of fire, and not be injured. It is a veritable "home" for the traveler, and hospitality and good cheer are liberally dispensed. Landlord Hunt is a good deal like his hotel. He covers a good deal of ground space, but he is a prince among landlords. He gives personal attention to the comfort and care of his guests, and if there is anything wrong in the New Oxford from cellar to attic he knows it and makes it right. The chief clerk, W. W. MacIndoe, is an able assistant, and one of the most genial and efficient clerks that ever wore a diamond or swore at a bell-boy.



A. W. ERWIN,  
President Commercial Exchange.

In the circumscribed space allotted to this article, many things of more or less interest concerning Sioux City must be omitted. The chief purpose, however, is to bring out only the more important features or characteristics of the city. In this connection it must be said that much of the prosperity of the city is due to the fact that the citizens are always united in every movement which has for its object the advancement of its interests. The Commercial Association has been an in-



THE NEW OXFORD.



JAMES V. MAHONEY,  
Secretary Commercial Association.

valuable factor in the promotion of every business interest in the city. Its president, A. W. Erwin, is manager of the large wholesale dry goods house of Jandt & Tompkins, and one of the most enterprising and active citizens. He is ably

assisted in all his efforts to enhance the interests of the city by the secretary of the association, Mr. James V. Mahoney, who is regarded as one of the best informed men on railroad rates and transportation facilities in the Northwest. He gives the duties of his office his undivided attention, and the association, ever active and alert, is accomplishing a vast amount of good.

In closing this brief sketch of Sioux City, mention must be made of the Inter-State Fair Association, which held its first meeting last fall. The association claims it has the best mile track in the state, and the fastest, as has been fully demonstrated. Its first meeting was a success, and great hopes are entertained of the one next season. The location of the grounds is excellent, easy of access, and the buildings are strong and substantial. Secretary Martin has wrought wonders thus far, and if properly sustained will do greater things in the future.



THE TOY BLOCK.  
Property of Jas. F. Toy, Esq.



SECURITY BANK BUILDING.  
Cost \$850,000.00.

